THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Fo[illegible]in

Volume 201, Number 27

JAN. 5, 1929

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 201 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 5, 1929 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 27

"YES, SIR; THANK YOU, SIR"

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"But I am Settled, Said Millie in a Far-Away Tone. "I'm Going on the Stage." "Going on the Stage!" Exclaimed Archer and Clarence in Chorus

ARCHER PRINDALL had come to London early in October, and, of course, the proud and expensive hotel where he habitually stayed had not turned on any steam heat. He began to sneeze and shiver and sniff; his throat hurt. When he made protest at the hotel office the slick-haired, cutaway-coated princeling in charge looked at him from far, far away and said, off the tips of his front teeth, "Isn't it coming up?"

"What is there to come?" asked Archer.

"I will speak about it, sir," said the princeling, as though he had not heard the rude American question.

"I could bear it if you did something more effective than speak about it," said Archer, his tone implying: "And damn your accent."

"If your room is too cold I will instruct the housekeeper to have a fire laid in your grate, if you wish it, sir," went on the accent.

"Well, that will be something," conceded Archer.

"It will be three shillings a day," said the accent.

The reply amused Archer so much that he couldn't go on rowing about the lack of heat, though his cold was getting worse by the minute and made him feel rotten all over. He decided not to run round to Sovrani's for luncheon but to go back upstairs and get into bed, and maybe by this act of precaution he might dodge influenza or quinsy or pneumonia, all of which seemed imminent. So upstairs to bed he went and was lying there in his loudest pajamas—the sunset-in-the-Grand-Canyon pair—when Millie came in to start the three-shilling-a-day fire. Millie was the floor maid. She took out all the pleated white paper which filled the grate and laid a nice little fire, which, though smelly and sulphurous, certainly warmed the room. Millie did this very silently and deftly, but Archer did not see her. He was beginning to be feverish and sleepy. He dozed off and did not wake until teatime. He ached all over; his sleep had done him no good. A touch of the bell brought the valet and waiter, and through their good offices a doctor was summoned. Within an hour Archer Prindall was condemned to stay in bed till further notice, and two sorts of tablets, pink and white, and a dark and nauseating liquid decorated his night stand. No nurse for the present, the doctor decreed, though later one might be needed.

Archer submitted without protest. His cold was very bad; the pink tablets made him dull and drowsy. For the next two days he was in semistupor; the valet gave him his medicine, the waiter brought him tea and broth, and Millie tended the fire, but the doctor said he was not going to have anything serious. And on the third day he felt much better and began to be restless and fussy. Then it was that he observed Millie.

Dimly he had been aware of her, a blue-frocked, white-aproned and white-capped silent little figure who appeared at certain hours with heavy scuttles of coal and tended

the fire with guarded movements, so that he was not disturbed. Now he saw that she had fair fluffy hair, pink cheeks and big gray eyes, very well set, a really lovely little red mouth with sad and wistful curves, but she was marred by three great protruding moles, one on her right temple, one on the left side of her nose and one on her chin—the ugliest moles, dark and fleshy and comic, full of little bristling hairs!

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Archer weakly as these moles first came directly in his line of vision.

"Did you want something, sir?" asked Millie. And she had a clear, gentle voice.

As she stopped beside his bed, with the light full on her face, the moles fairly leaped at him and turned her delicate prettiness into something raw and grotesque, almost horrible. Archer shut his eyes.

"No, no, nothing," he said, hoping that when he looked again she would be gone.

And so she was. But the memory of her stayed with him and he began to think of her tragedy. Archer Prindall was a good-looking man, and though he wasn't overvain, his mirror gave him a certain amount of gratification. His hair hadn't thinned, he was straight and lean, his face had matured, but it hadn't fallen into lines of indulgence or greediness or avarice. And he had an excellent assortment of features—yes, he knew that—and there had always been plenty of women to confirm this knowledge. Often he thanked heaven that he had not let himself get fat around the middle and that baldness or scar-producing carbuncles on the back of his neck had not been his portion. But imagine having moles like those of Millie. A man—any man—would regard them as a curse; so how much more a girl must hate them; what a handicap they must be to her socially. That made him wonder about the social life of English hotel maids. Did they go to parties and dances, did they have boy friends who took them to the movies and for rides on motor bikes? He did not know, he could not imagine.

But he did know something of feminine psychology and he was certain that Millie loathed her blemishes. When she came in again he looked at her sharply. There was a composure about her which was unusual. She went about her task intently and did it well.

"You're awfully thoughtful about the fire," said Archer. "I've been too sick to say anything, but I appreciate the way you've kept it up. I'd have died without it."

"Thank you, sir," said Millie, without turning her head. Her tone was absolutely impersonal.

"Aha," thought Archer. "She's schooled herself to disregard everything but the work in hand."

"When will my laundry be back?" he asked. "I'm running short of handkerchiefs."

"This evening after eight, sir," Millie hesitated, halfway to the door. "If you need any emergency work done, sir, I'll see to it."

"Would you mind looking to see if I've any clean handkerchiefs? They're in that third tray in the closet."

"There's none there, sir," reported Millie.

By the time the matter of the handkerchiefs was arranged Millie had thawed a trifle, and when Archer asked her if she would buy him a menthol pencil and a special mouth wash when she went off duty, and have the chemist send them in, she was willing to oblige. Doing this favor thawed her a bit further. She inquired if his pillows were right, and if he needed more covering on the bed, and if she should open the window. All these questions indicated that she had intelligent ideas about comfort, and they were all uttered in that same clear, gentle voice, with no dropped aitches or cockney mispronunciation.

Archer's wallet was on the table beside the bed, and he took out a pound note.

"Buy the things I want and keep the rest and go to the movies," he said.

A brighter color flew into Millie's pink cheeks and her eyes lit with pleasure. For a moment Archer forgot the bristling moles; she was so alive, so charming.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she said. "But it's too much. It is, really!"

"No, it isn't," said Archer. "You've taken good care of me and I'd like to feel that you had a little treat."

Millie came a step nearer to his bed and clasped the money tight. "Would you mind, sir," she asked breathlessly—"would you mind if I saved the money instead? I'm saving every penny I don't actually need ——" She stopped, bit her lip, dropped her eyes in confusion.

"Do just what you want with it," said Archer, "of course."

"Oh, thank you, sir," she said, her voice singing. "Oh, thank you. You are kind." And she was gone.

A Dark, Quick Suspicion Came to Him. "Have You and Joe Made It Up?" He Asked

It occurred instantly to Archer that she was saving to have those incredible moles removed, and the thought relieved his mind. He would, he determined, give her a huge tip when he left the hotel—something startling. He could afford it, for his business was ultraprosperous and he was a bachelor with no extravagances in taste save collecting Chelsea and Bow. It occurred to him that he might also ask the doctor who was the best man for facial surgery in London, for it would be a criminal shame if Millie fell into the hands of a disfiguring quack. When the doctor came in the morning, Archer was told that a certain Hayton Jessup was a wonder at that sort of thing, most reliable—oh, most reliable indeed. But costly. Archer wrote down the name and address. The problem now was how to convey the information to Millie, for Millie, Archer felt certain, was bitterly sensitive. He must proceed warily; he must not make the matter too important or treat it otherwise than as a commonplace.

So when Millie came in to tend the fire, Archer thanked her for sending the menthol pencil and the mouth wash, and when she replied with her usual courtesy—not quite so remote as heretofore—he went at the matter on his mind.

"I've been wondering why you want to save money so much," he said in a grandfatherly tone. "Most young people nowadays want to spend, not save."

Millie slipped off the glove with which she had been lifting lumps of coal and shook it confusedly. Color flamed up under her fair skin. "I'm going to be married, sir," she half whispered. "I'm saving toward the furniture. I want to have things nice. Even if I don't get much, I want it nice."

This threw Archer all out; he didn't expect it. "That's splendid," he said at last, heartily and kindly. "I hope your—your intended is a fine chap. I'm sure he is or you'd never have chosen him."

Millie's shyness and confusion fell away from her. Her words came in a rush of eager pride. "He's the very best, my Joe; he's that steady and clever. He's been out of work, but now he's got on at the telephone company and everything's all right. Of course, we can't get married for quite a time, sir—he's got his mother and little sister to look out for—but what I always say is, things can't be worse, so they're bound to get better, and so they have, sir." She was not self-conscious or aloof now; she came near the bed and spoke out her heart as to a friend. "I might not buy the furniture at all. Sometimes Joe and I think maybe we could get a little shop instead, and live in the back of it, and his mother and sister Min could help with it and he could keep at his job and we'd get on fine, and they'd not feel they were a drag on us. It's hard for people to feel they're naught but a burden to others, sir. But a shop's very costly, sir—very. Still, I'd be willing to let the furniture wait, though I've always said I didn't think marriage was marriage without a polished oak bed and dresser." Suddenly she realized her freedom and drew back. "I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir, to speak so much about myself."

"I was glad to hear it," said Archer Prindall, and meant it. "You're a fine, brave girl and I'm sure you'll be very happy with your Joe."

But Millie had gone very shy and remote again. "Yes sir; thank you, sir," she said, and snatched the scuttle and hurried out.

Archer Prindall lay in bed and thought about her with admiration. What a little sport she was—what a corking little sport! He wished some of the greedy, grabby young things of his own world had her spirit, her unselfishness. Apparently this Joe of hers wasn't half good enough for her, didn't appreciate her, and was only too willing to let her work and deny herself. And Millie seemingly asked nothing better in life than to sacrifice herself for him and his people.

"She's nothing but their drudge, even now, before she marries, poor little tike," he decided indignantly. "It's not fair, it's not right. I'd like to give that lout of a Joe some straight-shooting talk. I'd like to ask him where he gets off, with this girl saving her money to take care of him and his mother and sister as if it was a privilege. He listens to me like a mighty poor piece of work. 'Let the women do it' is his motto." When Millie came in again he spoke at once.

"I've been thinking about what you told me about your marriage," he said. "It seems to me you're doing too much for your young man. He ought to save and buy the business himself, and not wait for you to do it."

Millie, startled, dropped the poker with a crash. "Oh, sir, no; you're not fair to Joe. I get my good wages and tips, and many times ladies give me dresses and hats and shoes, and I've nobody dependent on me. So it's very soft for me, sir. But Joe's had it hard. The unemployment's terrible, sir; you've no idea. He said he'd starve before he'd go on the dole. And there was always his mother and sister, and his father was on him, too, till he died two years back—a very lazy old man he was, and bad. Joe'd like nothing better than to save; he's putting by a shilling a

week now, though he's not got but the one shirt and all their things are in pawn. Joe," she hesitated and then brought it out triumphantly, gloriously—"Joe's the very best, sir. He is really!"

And then she uttered the words Archer had expected before: "It's not so easy, sir, for a girl like me, with such—such comic-looking marks on her face, to get married. Men don't like to walk out with a girl that folks look at and laugh at and make hateful jokes about. I'm very lucky, I am. Joe says he wouldn't care if I had marks like these," she touched the bristling horror on her chin, "all over my face; he says I'm the girl for him. If you'd been laughed at and teased and tormented cruel ever since you was a baby, sir, because of the marks on your face, you'd know what that means to me." Her eyes swam in quick tears, her color paled with emotion. "The times I've looked in the glass," she cried, "and wished I was dead!"

Archer Prindall was moved by her voice to say something which until that moment he had not dreamed of: "Look here, Millie; I'll send you to a good doctor and have those moles taken off your face. It'll hurt, probably, but when it's over you'll never know you had 'em. I'll pay the whole bill; it'll be my wedding present to you and Joe. Wouldn't you like to have them off?"

Millie stared at him, her soul in her eyes. "It'd be heaven, sir, after hell," she said slowly, as if speaking to herself. Then, vehemently, pitifully: "Oh, sir, you don't mean it; it's not real! It couldn't be done, could it, honest? Don't tell me aught but the truth!"

"Of course it can be done. It's done every day. And I do mean it. The minute I'm over this cold I'll go to see the doctor and you can have it done at once."

She was still staring at him. "I suppose I ought to say I couldn't take such a kindness from a stranger and a gentleman, sir, me being what I am, and working and all. But if you knew—if you knew. . . . Oh, do you truly believe they can come off and not come back?"

"Sure I do. Your face'll be as smooth as a baby's."

"Not to have the fellows laughing at me, not to have the girls mock at me, not to have strangers stare and snigger at me in the tram, not to feel I'm branded and set apart! Oh, what'll Joe say?"

"Suppose you don't tell Joe until after it's done. It'll be a gorgeous surprise for him."

"There's a girl—her name's May," went on Millie—"who's always been after Joe, and the jokes she's made to him about me ——"

"Did he tell you what she said?"

"Yes, sir, he told me. He wanted to show me he didn't mind. But it was like sticking knives into me. Joe can't understand why I hate my marks so; he never can understand it. He says, 'Wel', there they are and what of it?'"

Archer Prindall felt a certain complacency to have his unfavorable view of Joe strengthened. Joe was evidently insensitive on more subjects than money.

"It'll be much better not to tell Joe about it until it's done," he repeated. "In fact, don't tell anyone." He began to grow enthusiastic, he felt better, his inaction irked him. "I'll go to see the doctor tomorrow morning," he said, "and I'll come straight back and let you know. Run along and don't worry. You're going to be as pretty as—as Mary Pickford—prettier, because you're younger."

"I don't care about being pretty," breathed Millie. "I only want these 'orrible marks off me." In her excitement she dropped an *h*; the omission made Archer suspect that Millie was more clever than he had supposed, for she must have deliberately and consciously improved her speech. "A girl who can do that," thought Archer, "is nobody's fool. She has possibilities."

It was difficult to make an appointment to see Doctor Jessup, but Archer's insistence finally won out. The next morning, feeling a bit shaky and pale, but jolly to be stirring again, he braved a murky London day and saw the specialist. Doctor Jessup was short in height, short in speech and the least bit inclined to be short of breath. He was also overwhelmingly important. Archer saw and used this. With the softest, sweetest deferential salve of compliment he presented the case of Millie Covings, arranged for her to come for an examination, paid a whopping fee and departed gayly, though he knew that both Doctor Jessup and his assistant read the worst possible motives into his interest in the girl. But for that Archer didn't give a tinker's dam. He had meant to leave London as soon as he was well enough, but now he determined to stay on awhile and see the second act, at least, of this little drama. He wanted to justify his own belief that Millie would be startlingly pretty after the operation and he wanted to see how she would react to it. It would be exciting to observe, unique in his experience. An intelligent, sensitive girl whose looks made her a butt for ridicule suddenly given back her normal appearance, and one of more than usual attractiveness—what a situation for a humanist!

As for Millie, when she returned from her first visit to Doctor Jessup she was in a state of silent ecstasy. She had been assured that the operation was quite simple and that she would have no scars. The doctor had been rather severe with her; he had, from Archer's description, expected something which would offer greater difficulties to his skill. He was disappointed, and more so because it was impossible, after talking to Millie, to believe that there was at present, had been or would be, anything improper in her relations to Archer. In short, it was a case with no complications at all, physical or psychological; just a routine affair! Doctor Jessup felt cheated out of a sensation.

Nevertheless, he did his best. Millie went to him on her weekly day off and explained the slight bandages she wore for a short time thereafter to her fellow workers in the hotel as being for neuralgia. "And I told Joe that Rosie—she's the other girl on this floor—was sick and I'd have to work double shift," she confided to Archer while she tended the fire he still kept up. "That way he won't see me till I'm all right. It's the first time I ever told him what wasn't the truth. I do hope he won't mind when he finds out."

Her eyes were starry. "But I know he won't mind. And even if it's wasteful, I'm going to ask him to take me to the dance palace at the end of our road next Saturday night, so that May can see me. She won't have anything to say about me now, she won't. Oh, Mr. Prindall, I'm fair lightheaded with happiness, I am. It's hardly right for a girl to

(Continued on Page 157)

"By Golly," He Said at Last, "Millie, You're the Cats! You Look Like Emma Hamilton—You Do Indeed"

T. A. E.—A Great National Asset

An Interview With Thomas A. Edison

"We Have Not Yet Begun to Realize the Possibilities of Automatic Machinery"

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE American people are intelligent. They are far and away the most intelligent people on earth. And that is the fact always to be reckoned with when anyone starts to prophesy disaster coming to this country from the machine age or any other kind of age.

"We are in the age of semiautomatic machinery. We shall soon see a large extension of full automatic machinery. That will create new problems about which we as yet know nothing; just as the greater use of machinery in industry has already created a farm problem.

"You can always depend on the intelligence of the people asserting itself when necessary. There has lately been a resurgence of talk about the menace of overproduction, of the dangers of replacing men with machinery and of the perils of this, that and the other thing. Leisure, for instance, was once upon a time a state to be achieved. Now those who are so wise that they admit it view the actual approach of leisure with high alarm."

Common Sense the Common Factor

THIS is a new age—which is in itself not remarkable. The age we are living in is always a new age. However, whatever this age may or may not be, the man most responsible for it is Thomas A. Edison. To him we owe, directly or indirectly, most of the inventions and discoveries which have made today so very different from yesterday. Even the automobile, as far as its electrical equipment is concerned, would be difficult to operate had it not been for Mr. Edison's pioneer work. Therefore it seems that if anyone could be considered as an authority on this age, most certainly it should be the man who made it. He does not pretend to be a prophet. He refuses to discuss anything on which he has no data. He will not even guess as to what the world may be fifty years hence. He knows too much for that. Mr. Edison, although it is not generally realized, is one of the most widely informed men in the world.

"This general intelligence," he went on, "is not the result of anything that the educators have done. Formal education seems to paralyze curiosity. It makes the important subjects so dull as to give the youngster the notion that everything which is important has to be dull. Many less important things out of school are made more interesting. And thus the world gets upside down. There is no question in my mind that our education has not kept pace with the quicker intelligence that almost everyone has today as compared with only twenty-five or thirty years ago. It has not kept pace with the general common sense of the people, and one of the best illustrations of that is to be found in the discussion of nearly every public question.

"Most public questions get around to common sense applied to the data in hand. The majority will, if given a chance, eventually decide every question on the common sense and the data. That was strikingly shown in the presidential election. But the educators—or at least a number of them—seem to have a way of lining up on the side which has neither common sense nor data.

"Our people have steadily refused to have anything to do with Socialism or Bolshevism or any of the European theories on how life ought to be rearranged. The radicals who advocate these theories always call themselves intelligent and take the absurd ground that those who disagree with them are not intelligent. Quite a lot of our educators are radicals, and it is surprising that more of them are not that way, because of the stunting of their observation. A really intelligent man—which means an observing man—cannot be a radical, for all radical theories are based not on facts but on notions of what the facts ought to be.

"A radical is always profoundly ignorant of the actualities of our complex social system and also of the real nature of man. He plays in a world that does not now and never did exist. Radical teachings are harmful and should, beyond a point, be suppressed, just as a medical school should be suppressed if it taught that poisonous drugs were harmless.

"Several years ago I said that the greatest need of our people was for education in economics—which is only the business of living. There was at that time no interest at all in economics, for it had been made into a very dull subject. This presidential campaign has demonstrated to me that the intelligence of the people has brought them around to an appreciation of practical economics based on the affairs of their everyday lives. They want to understand more about how the machine works, and they are going to find out, and in the process they will distinguish the true from the false."

Increasing the Length of the Day

"THIS acute perception is a result of the quick intelligence that the modern citizen cannot get along without. His intelligence has been mechanically developed. The electric light has cut down the general allowance of sleep—which is unequivocally a good thing, for too much sleep is dulling. It would be interesting to calculate just what the incandescent light has done to this country in the way of increasing both production and consumption merely by increasing the length of the day. The automobile has accustomed everyone to speed, to quickness of action and to

control, as well as removing the mystery from machinery. The motion picture has increased the quickness of perception to a really remarkable degree. In our first motion pictures we had to make our arrangement of scenes perfectly obvious and simple. The most ordinary and commonplace picture that is made today would have been over the heads of the first audiences. They had not been trained to visualize more than one thought at a time. Their memory faculties had not been developed at all.

"The motion picture—no matter what one may think of the pictures presented—is the greatest quickener of brain action we have ever had. Everyone is now trained to follow and remember the scenes and keep them coherent. Without training, these scenes would be only a confused jumble. I know that from experience in making pictures. This is even more apparent in the titles. The average audience today—and we work on averages—grasps a title in somewhat less than half the time which formerly we considered necessary. The titles today can be of almost any length, but in the beginning, if a title ran beyond six or eight words, a fair proportion of the audience failed to get it. We collected a great deal of data on that in order to determine how many words we could use and how long those words should stay on the screen and still be comprehended by an average audience. Today a title of from twelve to fifteen words is shown in about twelve seconds and is understood by 95 per cent of the audience without effort. Thirty years ago only 10 per cent of the audience would have understood it."

The Universal Five-Day Week

"THAT suggests an educational use of the motion picture for brain quickening. But that is another subject. The point here is that it has already had an educational value entirely distinct from the value of the matter presented.

"These various mechanical devices have had the effect of opening the minds of our people to the trying out of new methods of living and of new devices to aid in the comfort of living. There is none of that dull, stupid resistance to change which used to characterize everyone. The people are quick to take up a new idea if it seems to be good, but they are equally quick to put it down again if it proves to be bad.

"One of the effects of machinery has been to increase general intelligence. As more machinery is introduced that general intelligence will be further quickened. That is directly opposite to the opinions of people who, not having any data, think that the use of machinery dulls men. In the machinery itself you have the answer as to the effect of machinery on the human race. A machine age cannot be a stupid age. It has to be a highly intelligent age. A workman who is only a human machine without intelligence cannot operate or supervise a highly developed piece of machinery. We already have some machines which would considerably decrease the costs of production if only we could get men of high enough intelligence to operate them. A machine age demands a high level of human intelligence.

"As our intelligence rises we shall use still more machines, but we have no reason to bother about men turning into automatons. That is just one more of those theories worked up by men who have never studied the facts. And likewise we do not have to bother about eventual overproduction and stagnation and all that; for enough additional intelligence will by then have been created to solve the problems which the new conditions create.

"We have definitely reached the period when less work than ever before is required to earn a decent living. Through the further use of power and machinery, the amount of work that a man will have to do in order to support himself and his family will measurably decrease. The eight-hour day is already universal and the five-day week will be within a very few years.

"It is necessary to have more leisure or more consuming time—whatever one likes to call it. The universal five-day week will step up consumption in much the way that the electric light and the eight-hour day have stepped it up. The development has to come naturally through improved methods of manufacturing. The eight-hour day was not brought about by legislation; it was made possible by the ingenuity of manufacturers in adopting inventions and engineering and, above all, in so designing their products that they could be made by machinery of a semiautomatic character. Now we are ready for the full automatic machine. It is already in use to some extent, and as its use becomes more widespread we shall have the universal five-day week.

"The immediate result of the automatic machine will not be a large unemployment but the increasing of the family income to such a point that the members who work will be amply able to provide for those members who now work but who ought not to be at work. There will then be no reason why an old man should work unless he wants to. There will also be no reason why married women with husbands and children should work unless they want to.

"Of course I believe in work and I intend to quit the day before my funeral—I have already enough intensely interesting problems to keep me until at least then. But I recognize that there are many people at work who for physical and other reasons really should not be at work. It is quite clear to me that the larger incomes which the automatic machines will create—both absolutely in money and relatively in purchasing power by the lowering of the price of goods—will make it possible for a family to be supported by the work of one member. It is not conceivable, however, that there should ever be widespread involuntary unemployment by reason of automatic machinery."

Pulling Things Out of the Unknown

"THE machinery has to be made and it has to be kept in condition. And there must be in waiting thousands of kinds of goods and services which we now know nothing about but which one of these days will be absolute necessities. Nature has many surprises left and, incidentally, it is great fun to dig into the unknown and pull something out of it."

Mr. Edison has pulled more things out of the unknown than any man since the world began. His inventions are fundamental in motion pictures, telephones, electric railways, electric lighting and power, electrical supplies and fixtures, phonographs, electric-car shops, dynamos and

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"A Radical Plays in a World That Does Not Now and Never Did Exist"

THE PERFECT LIFE

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

WHEN he came into the dining room, a little tired, but with his clothes hanging cool and free on him after his shower, the whole school stood up and clapped and cheered until he slunk down blushing into his seat. From one end of his table to the other, people leaned forward and smiled at him.

"Nice work, Lee. Not your fault we didn't win."

Basil knew that he had been good. Up to the last whistle he could feel his expended energy miraculously replacing itself after each surpassing effort. But he couldn't realize his success all at once, and only little episodes lingered with him, such as when that shaggy Exeter tackle stood up big in the line and said, "Let's get that quarter! He's yellow." Basil shouted back, "Yellow your gra'mother!" and the linesman grinned good-naturedly, knowing it wasn't true. During that gorgeous hour bodies had no weight or force: Basil lay under piles of them, tossed himself in front of them without feeling the impact, impatient only to be on his feet dominating those two green acres once more. At the end of the first half he got loose for sixty yards and a touchdown, but the whistle had blown and it was not allowed. That was the high point of the game for St. Regis. Outweighed ten pounds to the man, they wilted down suddenly in the fourth quarter and Exeter put over two touchdowns, glad to win over a school whose membership was only one hundred and sixty-five.

When lunch was over and the school was trooping out of the dining hall, the Exeter coach came over to Basil and said:

"Lee, that was about the best game I've ever seen played by a prep-school back, and I've seen a lot of them."

Doctor Bacon beckoned to him. He was standing with two old St. Regis boys, up from Princeton for the day.

"It was a very exciting game, Basil. We are all very proud of the team and—ah—especially of you." And, as if this praise had been an indiscretion, he hastened to add: "And of all the others."

He presented him to the two alumni. One of them, John Granby, Basil knew by reputation. He was said to be a "big man" at Princeton—serious, upright, handsome, with a kindly smile and large, earnest blue eyes. He had graduated from St. Regis before Basil came.

"That was pretty work, Lee!" Basil made the proper deprecatory noises. "I wonder if you've got a moment this afternoon when we could have a little talk."

"Why, yes, sir." Basil was flattered. "Any time you say."

"Suppose we take a walk about three o'clock. My train goes at five."

"I'd like to very much."

He walked on air to his room in the Sixth Form House. One short year ago he had been perhaps the most unpopular boy at St. Regis—"Bossy" Lee. Only occasionally did people forget and call him "Bossy" now, and then they corrected themselves immediately.

A youngster leaned out of the window of Hepburn House as he passed and cried, "Good work!" The negro gardener, trimming a hedge, chuckled and called, "You almost beat 'em by y' own self!" Mr. Hicks the housemaster cried, "They ought to have given you that touchdown! That was a crime!" as Basil passed his door. It was a frosty gold October day, tinged with the blue smoke of Indian summer, weather that set him dreaming of future splendors, triumphant descents upon cities, romantic contacts with mysterious and scarcely mortal girls. In his room he floated off into a perambulatory dream in which he walked up and down repeating to himself tag ends of phrases: "by a prep-school back, and I've seen a lot of them." . . . "Yellow your gra'mother!" . . . "You get off side again and I'll kick your fat bottom for you!"

Suddenly he rolled on his bed with laughter. The threatened one had actually apologized between quarters—it was Pork Corrigan who only last year had chased him up two flights of stairs.

At three he met John Granby and they set off along the Grunwald Pike, following a long, low red wall that on fair mornings always suggested to Basil an adventurous quest like in The Broad Highway. John Granby talked awhile about Princeton, but when he realized that Yale was an abstract ideal deep in Basil's heart, he gave up. After a moment a far-away expression, a smile that seemed a reflection of another and brighter world, spread over his handsome face.

"Lee, I love St. Regis School," he said suddenly. "I spent the happiest years of my life here. I owe it a debt I can never repay." Basil didn't answer and Granby turned to him suddenly. "I wonder if you realize what you could do here."

"What? Me?"

"I wonder if you know the effect on the whole school of that wonderful game you played this morning."

"It wasn't so good."

"It's like you to say that," declared Granby emphatically, "but it isn't the truth. However, I didn't come out here to sing your praises. Only I wonder if you realize your power for good. I mean your power of influencing all these boys to lead clean, upright, decent lives."

"I never thought about that," said Basil, somewhat startled: "I never thought about ——"

Granby slapped him smartly on the shoulder.

"Since this morning a responsibility has come to you that you can't dodge. From this morning every boy in this school who goes around smoking cigarettes behind the gym and reeking with nicotine is a little bit your responsibility; every bit of cursing and swearing, or of learning to take the property of others by stealing milk and food supplies out of the pantry at night is a little bit your responsibility."

He broke off. Basil looked straight ahead, frowning.

"Gee!" he said.

"I mean it," continued Granby, his eyes shining. "You have the sort of opportunity very few boys have. I'm going to tell you a little story. Up at Princeton I knew two boys who were wrecking their lives with drink. I could have said, 'It's not my affair,' and let them go to pieces their own way, but when I looked deep into my own heart I found I couldn't. So I went to them frankly and put it up to them fairly and squarely, and those two boys haven't—at least one of them hasn't—touched a single drop of liquor from that day to this."

"But I don't think anybody in school drinks," objected Basil. "At least there was a fellow named Bates that got fired last year ——"

Because of a Neat Glide or an Awkward Stumble Careers Were Determined and Engagements Were Made or Broken, While the Tall Englishman and the Girl in the Dutch Cap Called the Tune

"Let's Take the Bag Upstairs Before the Maid Comes In"

"It doesn't matter," John Granby interrupted. "Smoking leads to drinking and drinking leads to—other things."

For an hour Granby talked and Basil listened; the red wall beside the road and the apple-heavy branches overhead seemed to become less vivid minute by minute as his thoughts turned inward. He was deeply affected by what he considered the fine unselfishness of this man who took the burdens of others upon his shoulders. Granby missed his train, but he said that didn't matter if he had succeeded in planting a sense of responsibility in Basil's mind.

Basil returned to his room awed, sobered and convinced. Up to this time he had always considered himself rather bad; in fact, the last hero character with which he had been able to identify himself was Hairbreadth Harry in the comic supplement, when he was ten. Though he often brooded, his brooding was dark and nameless and never concerned with moral questions. The real restraining influence on him was fear—the fear of being disqualified from achievement and power.

But this meeting with John Granby had come at a significant moment. After this morning's triumph, life at school scarcely seemed to hold anything more—and here was something new. To be perfect, wonderful inside and out—as Granby had put it, to try to lead the perfect life. Granby had outlined the perfect life to him, not without a certain stress upon its material rewards such as honor and influence at college, and Basil's imagination was already far in the future. When he was tapped last man for Skull and Bones at Yale and shook his head with a sad sweet smile, somewhat like John Granby's, pointing to another man who wanted it more, a burst of sobbing would break from the assembled crowd. Then, out into the world, where, at the age of twenty-five, he would face the nation from the inaugural platform on the Capitol steps, and all around him his people would lift up their faces in admiration and love. . . .

As he thought he absentmindedly consumed half a dozen soda crackers and a bottle of milk, left from a pantry raid the night before. Vaguely he realized that this was one of the things he was giving up, but he was very hungry. However, he reverently broke off the train of his reflections until he was through.

Outside his window the autumn dusk was split with shafts of lights from passing cars. In these cars were great football players and lovely debutantes, mysterious adventuresses and international spies—rich, gay, glamorous people moving toward brilliant encounters in New York, at fashionable dances and secret cafés, or on roof gardens under the autumn moon. He sighed; perhaps he could blend in these more romantic things later. To be of great wit and conversational powers, and simultaneously strong and serious and silent. To be generous and open and self-sacrificing, yet to be somewhat mysterious and sensitive and even a little bitter with melancholy. To be both light and dark. To harmonize this, to melt all this down into a single man—ah, there was something to be done. The very thought of such perfection crystallized his vitality into an ecstasy of ambition. For a moment longer his soul followed the speeding lights toward the metropolis; then resolutely he arose, put out his cigarette on the window sill, and turning on his reading lamp, began to note down a set of requirements for the perfect life.

II

ONE month later young Mr. George Dorsey, engaged in the painful duty of leading his mother around the school grounds, reached the comparative seclusion of the tennis courts and suggested eagerly that she rest herself upon a bench.

Hitherto his conversation had confined itself to a few hoarse advices, such as: "That's the gym." . . . "That's Cuckoo Conklin that teaches French. Everybody hates him." . . . "Please don't call me 'Brother' in front of boys." Now his face took on the preoccupied expression peculiar to adolescents in the presence of their parents. He relaxed. He waited to be asked things.

"Now, about Thanksgiving, George. Who is this boy you're bringing home?"

"His name is Basil Lee."

"Tell me something about him."

"There isn't anything to tell. He's just a boy in the Sixth Form, about sixteen."

"Is he a nice boy?"

"Yes. He lives in St. Paul, Minnesota. I asked him a long time ago."

A certain reticence in her son's voice interested Mrs. Dorsey.

"Do you mean you're sorry you asked him? Don't you like him any more?"

"Sure I like him."

"Because there's no use bringing anyone you don't like. You could just explain that your mother has made other plans."

"But I like him," George insisted, and then he added hesitantly: "It's just some funny way he's got to be lately."

"How?"

"Oh, just sort of queer."

"But how, George? I don't want you to bring anyone into the house that's queer."

"He isn't exactly queer. He just gets people aside and talks to them. Then he sort of smiles at them."

Mrs. Dorsey was mystified. "Smiles at them?"

"Yeah. He gets them off in a corner somewheres and talks to them as long as they can stand it, and then he smiles"—his own lips twisted into a peculiar grimace—"like that."

"What does he talk about?"

"Oh, about swearing and smoking and writing home and a lot of stuff like that. Nobody pays any attention except one boy he's got doing the same thing. He got stuck up or something because he was so good at football."

"Well, if you don't want him, don't let's have him."

"Oh, no," George cried in alarm, "I've got to have him. I asked him."

Naturally, Basil was unaware of this conversation when, one morning, a week later, the Dorseys' chauffeur relieved them of their bags in the Grand Central Station. There was a slate-pink light over the city and people in the streets

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At Three He Met John Granby and They Set Off Along the Grunwald Pike, Following a Long, Low Red Wall That on Fair Mornings Always Suggested to Basil an Adventurous Quest Like in "The Broad Highway"

VERY PETTY LARCENY

Reenforcements of Three Policemen Arrived, and the Five of Us—Miss Jean Bentley Browne, the Three Policemen and I—Moved Along the Sidewalk Together Toward Police Headquarters

By George S. Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

FORTUNATELY, I am a living refutation of the old theory that no member of a college faculty has a sense of humor. Nothing delights me more than good, clean fun. Therefore, it is possible for me to write understandingly and sympathetically of Miss Jean Bentley Browne. If certain others, including several of my associates among the faculty members, had shown a similar capacity, it would not be necessary for me to make this statement to the press.

Miss Jean Bentley Browne is a member of our senior class at Carter University, where I hold the chair of English Literature and Rhetoric. For that reason I am enabled to speak with some authority. My observations about the young woman are first-hand, made in classroom and lecture hall. The fact that Miss Jean Bentley Browne has honored me with her personal friendship has not colored, nor will it color, my judgment as an educator.

Miss Jean Bentley Browne was prepared—I may add, adequately prepared—for college at the Woodside Academy, Woodside-on-Hudson. She possesses a remarkable intellectual endowment. Perhaps her mind might be termed "inquiring" rather than "analytical," but it is the same type of agile, forceful, creative mentality which is common to inventors, explorers, discoverers, popular leaders and to other men and women of genius.

Prior to my first meeting with Miss Browne it seemed unlikely that we would become warm friends. I mention this as a further proof of my own strict impartiality. The odds, as sporting men say of a wager, were strongly against such a friendship.

Young Mr. Hopkinson, junior of my assistants and instructor in Freshman Rhetoric 1-B, brought me the first theme which Miss Jean Bentley Browne had written for his class. "Here," he observed, "Doctor Morris"—and he passed a theme sheet to me—"is a young woman who needs to be spanked."

In explanation of the subject of this theme, and for the information of those who are not familiar with our curriculum at Carter University, it will be necessary for me to digress slightly.

Upon my becoming a full professor and head of the Department of English Literature and Rhetoric, I hit upon the plan of requiring an autobiography from each member of the entering classes in both the women's and the men's colleges. I considered such autobiographies an excellent medium for my assistants and myself to employ while familiarizing ourselves with the personalities of the new students. I filed the autobiographies in a card index. So, at a glance, I could inform myself about the ancestry, the home environment, the associates, the cultural background—the aura, if you will—of each student. Before any student was summoned to my office I always glanced at the proper autobiography in my index and either informed myself or refreshed my memory about his or her potential capabilities.

So, in the men's college, where Rhetoric 1-A is required during the fall term; or in the women's college, where a duplicate course, Rhetoric 1-B, is required, the freshman's and freshwoman's first theme is an autobiography.

To phrase it humorously, it would be easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for any freshman or freshwoman to pass through our fall term without having written a complete account of himself or herself.

"Who," I asked Mr. Hopkinson—"pray, who is this young woman? And why do you suggest that she be spanked?"

He merely pointed to the theme which he had handed me. It was very properly entitled, MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. At the first glance, I remember, the young woman's handwriting impressed me favorably. It was a clear, bold, legible, well-accented hand, which bespoke firmness of character. Except for some accidental errors in spelling and a certain unconventionality of punctuation, it was a remarkable effort at self-expression. I will reproduce it here, omitting the peculiarities of chirography:

My name is Jean Bentley Browne. We spell the Browne with a final *e* to distinguish ourselves from my father's brother's family. They live across the street from us in Montclair, New Jersey, and are the sort of people who can't keep a maid more than a week. Even if the police would give us a permit, we wouldn't hold a family reunion. So far, we're an *e* up on them. Up an *e*. If we knew how, we'd be up an octave.

I don't know how to make this autobiography interesting. I had to swear to a good moral character before the dean for women billed me for my tuition. I had to have it confirmed by the family minister before the dean for women let me catch lumbago, sleeping on this terrible mattress in my room in North Dormitory.

A good moral character is the death of reader interest. So, if you yawn over this, it's the fault of the dean for women. You'll never get any better autobiographies, either, until you take Latin, the second foreign language and the good moral character off the list of entrance requirements. Would Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography have had a sale if he'd had a good moral character?

It's going to bore me to write anything more, because it would be as dull as a North Shore fog and as out of date as a chaperon.

So here's one dish of bread pudding you don't have to eat. JEAN BENTLEY BROWNE. Room 106, over the kitchen, North Dormitory, campus.

P. S. It said you wanted facts:

Browne, Jean Bentley	Hair: Blond—Natural
Color of eyes: Blue	Weight: 122—in regular clothes—124 in this awful gym uniform
Height: 5-5½	Who designed the rig? It looks like the dean for women's work. There's enough wool in it for Betsy Ross to make a dozen flags
Appearance: Well, who's to estimate? My pick or yours?	
Free	
White	
18 and 2 months	
Fingerprints—Engagement finger	

I looked up as I finished reading this surprising document. I saw young Mr. Hopkinson grinning at me.

"Have this young woman report to me here, immediately," I ordered.

"Yes, Doctor Morris." Mr. Hopkinson realized that I was not in a mood to be trifled with.

It was somewhat later, the same afternoon, when I heard a gentle rap at my study door. I opened it and realized it must be some young woman member of the freshman class, for I had never seen her before. I did not suppose for a minute that it was Miss Jean Bentley Browne.

I had visualized her as a raucous-voiced, overdressed, impertinent young minx. The girl who entered was quite the reverse; shy, in fact, to an almost painful degree.

"Is Doctor Morris coming back?" she inquired timidly.

"I am Doctor Morris."

"But you can't be. You're too young," she blurted out. She was so confused over her little blunder that I invited her to sit beside me at my desk. "I was sure you were one of the students," she continued, blushing very prettily.

Indeed, she was and is a singularly attractive young woman. She was modestly and becomingly dressed in a little black gown—a very simple garment—with a tiny black hat to match it. But even these sober clothes could not nullify her charm. Since she is what is known as a "natural, ash blonde," black does not render her inconspicuous and her efforts to avoid attracting attention by wearing black are invariably futile. The very simplicity of her attire seems to make her stand out vividly among the other young women.

Sometimes I half believe she is herself aware of this. I overheard her say, one evening, at a students' party, when someone praised her black evening gown, "Yes, it's a shame I'm not a widow."

Like the writer, she has a tremendous sense of humor and can enjoy a joke upon herself.

"You wished to see me?" I asked gently, when she had been seated in my study.

She looked up at me with her honest, blue-gray eyes peeping out from beneath her long lashes.

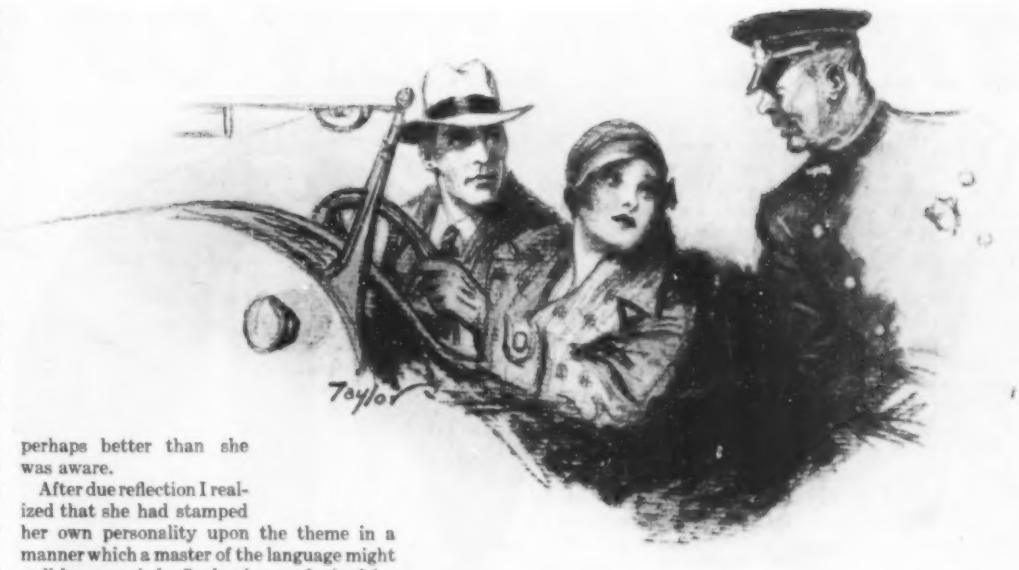
"Yes, Doctor Morris."

"Is there anything I may do?"

"Why, Doctor Morris"—there was a hint of surprise in her tone—"you sent for me." I could not, for the life of me, remember having done so, until she added hesitantly: "I'm Jean Bentley Browne."

I Overheard Her Say, One Evening, at a Students' Party, When Someone Praised Her Black Evening Gown, "Yes, it's a Shame I'm Not a Widow"

Since I have intended this paper for publication, and since I wish it to be honest in every detail, I will admit—nay, I am willing to boast—that our interview took a somewhat different turn from that which either of us had anticipated. For a little tactful cross-questioning on my part brought out the point that Miss Jean Bentley Browne had not intended the slightest impertinence in her theme entitled MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. The directions for the preparation of the theme had expressly stated that the student was to "be honest, direct and natural." And in this Miss Jean Bentley Browne had succeeded perhaps better than she was aware.



"You Could Win All the Time, Miss, if I Had the Say of It"

After due reflection I realized that she had stamped her own personality upon the theme in a manner which a master of the language might well have envied. So, having apologized for my error, and with a mental resolve to speak firmly to Mr. Hopkinson on the subject—for, having seen her, he should have perceived it—I set the young woman's fears at rest by marking her theme with a "large A," the highest mark my department is capable of awarding.

The ice between us having been broken in this way, Miss Jean Bentley Browne chanced to mention that her room—No. 106 in the North Dormitory—was far from an ideal place for concentrated study. The room was, it seems, located directly over the kitchen.

I offered to go in person to the dean for women and ask to have Miss Jean Bentley Browne transferred to another room, at the front of the dormitory building. Over her protests, I insisted that I would do so. And I am happy to add that I was able to have this transfer made within the next few days.

Miss Jean Bentley Browne was very grateful to me and expressed her thanks in a charming note which I received the following Tuesday. Because of certain remarks, not always in the best of taste, which have been passed upon the campus, I wish to be minutely particular about each detail of our friendship. There is no reason why a professor should not form a friendship with a student; on the contrary, both may profit from such an association. That should be one of the advantages which life in a great university offers to both faculty and students alike.

Our first stated faculty meeting of the fall term is always called for the evening of the first Tuesday in October. It is commonly held in Faculty Hall and is attended by the department heads or full professors, their assistants and instructors. Though assistant professors and instructors may be heard, and, as a matter of practice, are usually called upon to speak, only department heads, together with the deans, vote upon questions of discipline among the students.

At this first stated faculty meeting, after some routine business had been cleared away, President Jennings arose with a formidable-appearing letter in his hand.

"Members of the faculty," he began, "I wish your opinion, freely expressed, upon the matter which I am about to lay before you. I confess I am at a loss to know how to proceed. Here is a communication from the city chief of police—one Patrick Ryan—in which he informs us that a student, a member of our freshman class—I may add, a young woman student—has recently pawned in a common pawnshop—'hung up' is Chief of Police Ryan's expression—her jewelry, upon which she obtained a loan, from one Jacob Levy and Son, of"—he looked at the paper—"a loan of seven hundred and fifteen dollars. Is there any discussion?"

The professor of Greek was immediately upon his feet: "For what purpose did she obtain this financial aid?"

"That," returned President Jennings, "is information which the chief of police could not obtain. The pawnshop keeper"—he referred again to his paper—"Mr. Jacob Levy, asked that question when application for the loan was made. And the young woman replied, in effect, that it was none of his business."

"Why and how would a freshman have jewelry upon which she could negotiate a loan of seven hundred and fifteen dollars?" This was asked by a professor of mathematics who has a wife and five children, whom he supports upon his none too generous salary.

"Who is the freshman?" demanded the dean for women.

Other questions were fired at President Jennings, until he raised his hand for silence.

"The jewelry was not stolen," he explained. "The Levy person reported that it was all marked with her initials and with dates of various anniversaries, evidently her birthdays. As to her name, the chief of police says she gave the name of Jean Bentley Browne, North Dormitory, and her age as eighteen."

I had remained silent during this discussion, as I had had no reason for either debating or orating upon the ethics involved, until Miss Jean Bentley Browne's name was mentioned.

Then the dean for women, who has been guilty of several sarcastic innuendoes since I insisted upon Miss Jean Bentley Browne's room assignment being changed, was immediately upon her feet.

"Ah," she said, with a rather nasty emphasis, "Doctor Morris' protégée, I believe."

I could not let such a remark pass unnoticed. I rose, bowed ironically to the dean for women and obtained the recognition of President Jennings.

"Miss Jean Bentley Browne is not my protégée," I began. "On the contrary, she is a clear-thinking young woman, very talented and competent to care for herself. If I have been able to do her any service in having unjust discriminations against her removed"—I bowed again to the dean for women—"it is no more than I would have gladly done for any other——"

"You needn't alarm yourself, Doctor Morris," the dean for women interrupted me. "I put a brunette in the room over the kitchen. Your natural chivalry won't be called into action again this year."

"Please—please!" remonstrated President Jennings.

"Have I the floor?" I asked.

"Yes, Doctor Morris," replied the president. "And I hope personalities will not be again injected into this discussion."

"Or into my room assignments," added the dean for women.

I have always disliked the dean for women.

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THE BURDEN OF WEALTH

By
Julius Rosenwald
As Told to Elias Tobenkin

DECORATIONS BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WEALTH—great wealth, I mean—came to me late in life. I have never known poverty. My childhood experiences were those of the average boy in a small American community. I sold papers on the streets of Springfield, Illinois, my birthplace, and I ran errands. My first regular job, at fourteen, paid a wage of five dollars. I was fairly successful in business and when I married, at twenty-seven, my household expenses ranged around seventy-five dollars a week. It was not till I reached my early forties, however, that fortune smiled upon me in a big way, and no one was more surprised at my sudden landing in the midst of America's multimillionaire class than I was myself.

When I arrive in a strange city my impulse—an echo, no doubt, of my years as a salesman on the road—is to check my grip, wash up in the railway station and run out into the street, in order to utilize as much of the business day as possible before going to a hotel and attending to my comforts in a leisurely manner.

To this day my wealth never figures strongly in my subconscious mind. My city residence, my country estate, the forty acres on the west side of Chicago where stand the offices, warehouses and plants of the business to whose upbuilding I have devoted the past thirty years—these seldom figure in my dreams. My dreams—though this may be true of everyone—invariably take me back to my earliest period; I dream of my childhood days, of my parents, schoolmates, boyhood friends.

My five children, though they have been raised in an atmosphere of wealth, intellectually and in their civic and social outlook have not lost what Rudyard Kipling has called the common touch.

Let Charity Die in Good Health

I BEGIN with these intimate personal details with the object of supplying a background for the views which I hold concerning large fortunes and their social and philanthropic uses, particularly since these views have recently been publicly discussed and evoked much comment, favorable and otherwise. The noted Swiss educator, Pestalozzi, maintained that the experiences of the child largely determine the actions of the man. This is especially apropos of my ideas on wealth.

What are these ideas? I shall begin by stating what they are not.

I am not, as some would have it, at war with philanthropy. On the contrary, I am often called a philanthropist. I am not opposed to foundations for the transaction of large-scale benevolence. I have myself established such a foundation—the Julius Rosenwald Fund, incorporated in 1917 with a capital of $10,000,000 and since increased in value to $35,000,000. I serve also on the boards of trustees of other foundations.

My differences are not with philanthropy, but with certain of its methods or tenets. In fact, my chief quarrel is with only one of these tenets: the principle of perpetuity endowment. I am emphatically opposed to never-ending endowments.

We know what the needs of today are and we may take a reasonable guess at what the needs of our children will be. From the standpoint of both social morality and business efficiency I hold, therefore, that the fortunes which men have made in this day and age should be employed by them in the support of such educational, benevolent or humanitarian enterprises as will benefit their contemporaries—them and their children; no more. I unqualifiedly disapprove of the efforts made by certain benevolent trusts and foundations to perpetuate themselves by restricting their enterprises and expenditures to the interest on the invested capital, and not only leaving the principal untouched but even adding from time to time to it from unused income.

I am opposed to the principle of storing up large sums of money for philanthropic uses centuries hence, for two reasons: First, it directly implies a certain lack of confidence with regard to the future, which I do not share. I feel confident that the generations that will follow us will be every bit as humane and enlightened, energetic and able, as we are, and that the needs of the future can safely be left to be met by the generations of the future. Second, I am against any program that would inject the great fortunes of today into the affairs of the nation five hundred or a thousand years hence. Like the manna of the Bible, which melted at the close of each day, I believe that philanthropic enterprises should come to an end with the close of the philanthropist's life, or, at most, a single generation after his death.

These views are not mere intellectual speculations with me. They are the basis of the program for public welfare for which I stand sponsor and which provides for the spending of a sum, in round figures, both capital and interest, of at least seventy-five million dollars. I have made them the warp and woof of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

Some months ago, while making an additional gift to the fund, I apprised the trustees of my conviction in the matter. They were in full and sympathetic accord with me, and the stipulation was made and adopted that as much of the fund be used within the present generation as is consistent with economic and constructive spending. The final disposition of the fund was set for a period not longer than twenty-five years from the date of my death. It is my unalterable desire that by that time every cent of the fund, both income and principal, shall have been expended.

I am well aware that the devising of gifts in perpetuity for charitable purposes has long been considered a worthy dedication of wealth. It has history and precedent back of it, both in England and in this country. Before breaking with the past by totally eliminating the perpetuity feature from my philanthropic program, I not only gave the matter much thought but have also had an investigation of the subject made for my guidance by experts in the field. The findings of these investigators were discouraging in the extreme.

The history of endowments abounds in illustrations of the paradoxical axiom that while charity tends to do good, perpetual charities tend to do evil, blessing neither him that gives nor him that takes.

Endowments in all countries present such a disheartening chronicle of misuse, disuse and abuse as to give a man pause before he contemplates founding one. It is not so much that the administrators mismanage the funds left in their keeping—though that is by no means unimportant—as it is that human conditions are changing so rapidly that a project which today is entirely commendable may be not only useless but vicious tomorrow.

An outstanding development in American civilization during the past two or three decades is the shift of philanthropy from a metaphysical to a social basis. Carnegie's real or apocryphal statement about the "crime of dying rich" has echoed and reëchoed in the past twenty years until it has become almost a tradition that the province of great wealth is the well-being of mankind.

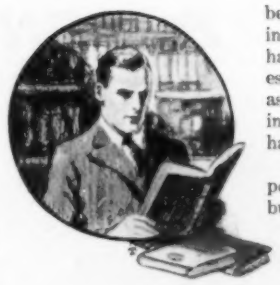
Healing the Sore Spots of Civilization

WITHIN a period of fifteen years recently passed, $2,500,000,000 was presented to capitalized public welfare in the United States—a sum equal to the entire wealth of the country a century ago. Scarcely a week passes without the announcement of a bequest of some large private fortune to educational, social or artistic endeavor. Though formerly such bequests commanded columns of space in the press, they have today become so little of a novelty that the newspapers dismiss them with a few paragraphs.

Fifty of the largest foundations in the United States, whose aggregate sums reach a total of nearly $1,000,000,000, devote themselves very largely to the support of institutions having as their aim the alleviation of human suffering. Individuals or groups who have come to grief in the social organization are helped to rehabilitate themselves. Modern philanthropy searches out the sore spots of civilization and tries to make them whole.

By harnessing medical research to the chariot of benevolence, a number of these foundations—notably those financed by the Rockefeller interests—have succeeded in eliminating entirely or in part such dread diseases as hookworm, tuberculosis, malaria and yellow fever. The yeast of social vision injected into other philanthropies—Carnegie, Russell Sage—has resulted in a furthering of better national and international understanding through the encouragement of movements for the study of unemployment, for the promotion of universal peace and the establishment of educational and industrial museums. Race relations have been bettered in many parts

of the country through the medium of philanthropic gifts—Phelps-Stokes Fund—for the establishment of schools, libraries, social and civic centers in backward states and communities.



Improvement of home and living conditions in the large cities, raising the school standards in rural and agricultural communities, infant welfare, the care of widows and orphans, the rehabilitation of the delinquent child—these and many similar activities have become too familiar a part of our daily life to need description. Speaking broadly, the philanthropic foundations of the country have become the unofficial administrators of public welfare on a vast scale. Space and boundaries have been wiped out by them, and children orphaned in the Near East or stricken by pestilence in Soviet Russia have had their distress alleviated as generously and effectively as if they had been living in the back yards of our own congested cities.

The technic of philanthropy has changed no less than its ideals. With the increasing desire on the part of rich men to devote their wealth to general welfare, benevolence has today become altogether too huge an undertaking to be conducted otherwise than on business lines. Impulsive giving has ceased for the most part; men are no longer inclined to be generous in a hit-or-miss fashion. Opportunities for philanthropic investment are subjected to careful scrutiny by individual donors or governing boards.

Too Much Money for Orphans

WITH this manifest tendency to make philanthropic investments yield the maximum returns in human happiness, the continued and, in fact, increasing growth of endowments in perpetuity in the United States is a phenomenon too puzzling for solution. Millions—soon it will be billions—of dollars are today lying idle, or almost idle, because the purposes for which they have been endowed have largely disappeared. From being a boon, as their well-meaning founders had intended, these endowments have become a burden to posterity. There is a host of instances of this frequent disparity between the donor's intentions and the needs of a later generation. Only a few such cases can here be cited.

A Pennsylvania manufacturer recently established a trust fund of $60,000,000, to be further augmented by a part of the profits of his business, for a home and school for orphan boys. On the surface this might appear as a much-needed and worthy philanthropy. From the standpoint of cold facts, however, what the man did was, more or less, to consign his millions to a dead-letter office.

Modern social thought with respect to the care of orphans is in the opposite direction. It is the aim of discriminating charity today to make orphan asylums things of the past. The modern method is not to break up the home, but to provide the widow and her children with a home and an allowance sufficient until they become self-supporting. The comparatively small number of children with both parents dead are distributed either with relatives or in some good home, under careful supervision; and the children are thus spared the inhumanity and misfortune of growing up without a normal family atmosphere, in factorylike and, in some instances, almost prisonlike institutions.

Had this manufacturer been less out of touch with modern social thought with respect to the proper care of orphans, he would have given his endowment a more elastic form. In his own state of Pennsylvania, he would have learned, there are orphanages that for years have actually been begging for inmates in order to show a low per capita cost. In his neighboring city of Baltimore he would have discovered an institution, established by bequest many years ago to care for the orphans in certain districts of the city, that has never had an inmate. Two well-known orphanages, established in 1907 and 1909, with combined assets of $8,000,000, were in the year 1919 caring for 114 beneficiaries, although 1000 could have been cared for handsomely.

Making bequests to orphan asylums is such a popular form of philanthropy with good-hearted, but ill-advised, donors that another instance of how changing conditions tend to convert such funds into dead weight may be cited.

John Edgar Thomson, once president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, established a fund of $2,000,000 for daughters of railway workers accidentally killed in the service. No doubt this gift was prompted by some very painful and tragic occurrence. However, modern devices for the protection of both passengers and employes of the railroad have made such remarkable progress that in the present day and age this bequest has outlived its usefulness. In fact, it was only after an extensive advertising campaign that the board of trustees a few years ago was able to round up twelve girls eligible under the provision of this endowment for care from the above fund.

A classic example of how time and progress may combine to transform into an anachronism a donor's noble intentions is the will of one Byron Mullanphy.

In 1851, in the city of St. Louis, then the gateway to California, Mr. Mullanphy established a fund to assist worthy travelers who were stranded in that city on their way to make homes in the new lands of the Far West. He failed to realize that a day would come when the processions of covered wagons to the Pacific slope would be scarcely more than a memory to a generation accustomed to cross by airplane, in twenty-four hours, the distance which it once took the ox team as many months to cross.

Mr. Mullanphy's endowment, though modest by comparison with other such obsolete perpetuities, nevertheless today amounts to almost $1,000,000. Certainly there are in St. Louis people who need assistance quite as much and as worthily as did the migratory settlers of 1851. By the terms of the law governing such matters, however, the money can be used in no other manner than the one prescribed by the will.

In the class with Mr. Mullanphy's excellent but frustrate intentions belongs the will of a certain man who gave an estate to St. Bartholomew's Hospital to provide "dinners of veal" to convalescent patients. This man no doubt acted in accord with the best medical knowledge and advice on the subject. Today the administrators of the fund must violate the donor's express stipulations in order to insure the welfare of the persons he desired to benefit.

It is trite to speak of the burden of wealth, but there are few possessors of large fortunes in the country to whom the worthy disposal of their wealth has not become a genuine concern. Viewing the matter in retrospect, I can testify that it is nearly always easier to make $1,000,000 honestly than to dispose of it wisely. If we in the United States wish to form a conception of the problems we are storing up for future generations by the dedication of vast funds to transitory purposes, which are bound to disappear in a short time, leaving this gigantic pyramid of wealth useless, a glimpse at the experience of England is essential.

The settling of large masses of property to "unalterable uses" goes back to the beginnings of British history. The earliest beneficiaries were monasteries. Later, perpetuities were made for the benefit of crusaders, for the ransom of captives from Barbary pirates, for the relief of persons imprisoned for debts, for the establishment of hospitals for sufferers from archaic plagues, for the maintenance of worship for refugees of forgotten medieval sects, and a host of similar objectives.

Adapting Charity to Present Needs

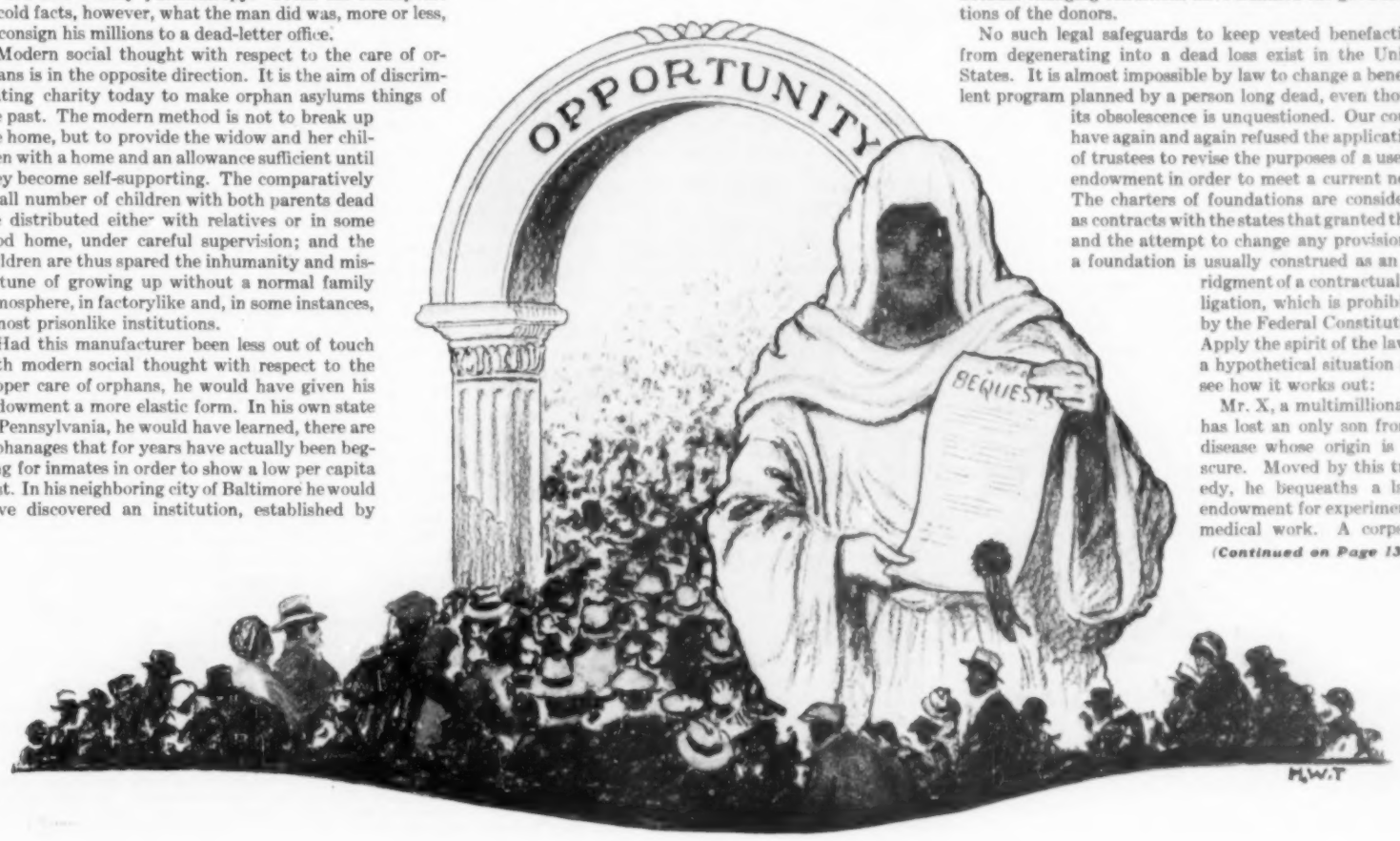
THE "struggle between the living state and the dead hand" in England began in the reign of Edward I, in the thirteenth century. At the time Henry VIII secularized the monasteries, in the sixteenth century, between one-third and one-half of the public wealth of England was held for philanthropic use. Soon after the middle of the nineteenth century a census disclosed the existence in Great Britain of 40,000 foundations whose income was approximately $15,000,000 and their land holdings more than half a million acres. It was this situation that moved Gladstone, whose humanitarianism certainly cannot be questioned, to side in the House of Commons with the commissions who had investigated endowed charities and condemned them "as doing a greater amount of evil than of good in the forms in which they have been established and now exist."

Endowments are not out of fashion in England today, but the Charity Commissioners of Great Britain have the power to examine the accounts of endowments, and, within certain limits, to alter the use of ineffective foundations—Parliament may change the administration of an endowment or sequester its revenue for other purposes. Some 20,000 British foundations have ceased to operate because changing conditions have nullified the good intentions of the donors.

No such legal safeguards to keep vested benefactions from degenerating into a dead loss exist in the United States. It is almost impossible by law to change a benevolent program planned by a person long dead, even though its obsolescence is unquestioned. Our courts have again and again refused the applications of trustees to revise the purposes of a useless endowment in order to meet a current need. The charters of foundations are considered as contracts with the states that granted them and the attempt to change any provision of a foundation is usually construed as an abridgment of a contractual obligation, which is prohibited by the Federal Constitution. Apply the spirit of the law to a hypothetical situation and see how it works out:

Mr. X, a multimillionaire, has lost an only son from a disease whose origin is obscure. Moved by this tragedy, he bequeaths a large endowment for experimental medical work. A corps of

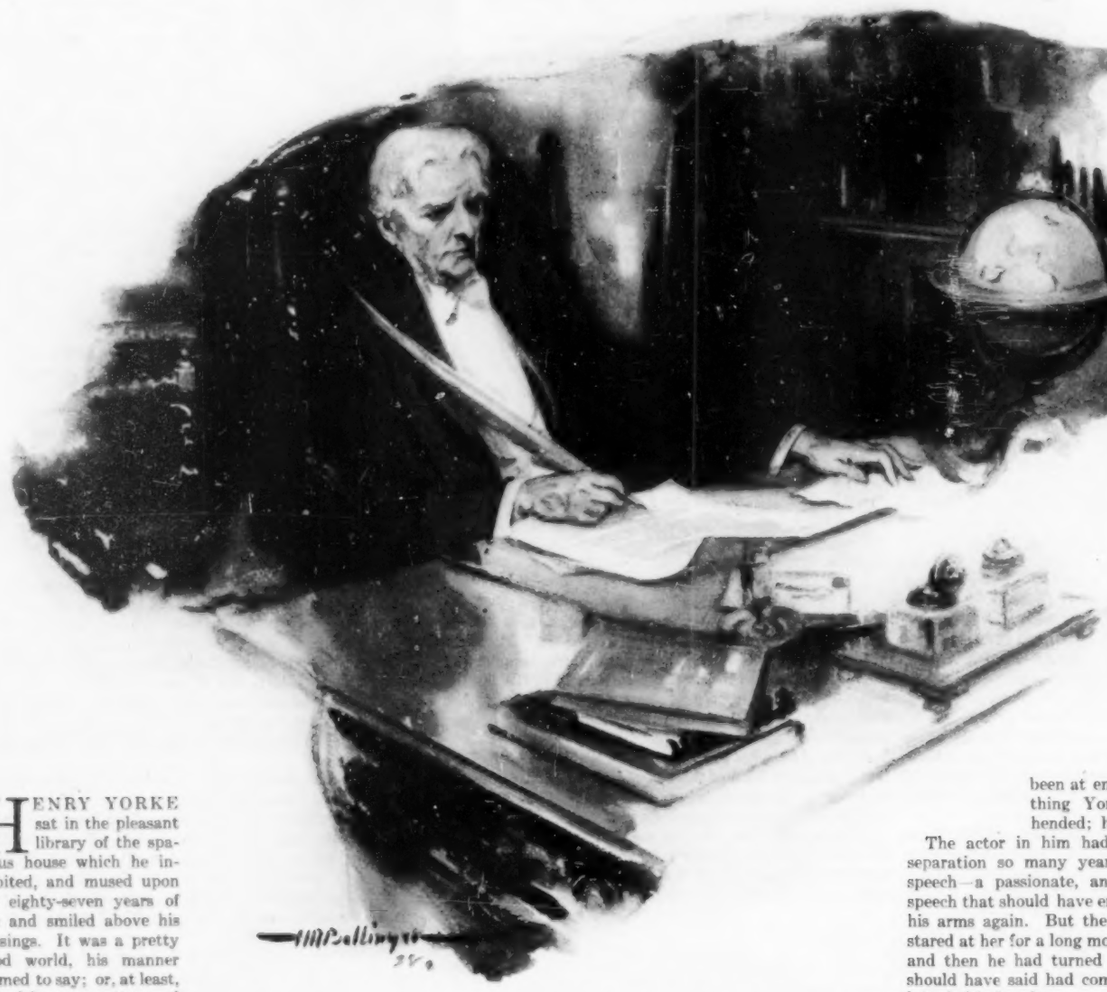
(Continued on Page 136)



EXIT THE KING

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



Henry Yorke Sat in the Pleasant Library of the Spacious House Which He Inhabited, and Mused Upon His Eighty-Seven Years of Life and Smiled Above His Musings

HENRY YORKE sat in the pleasant library of the spacious house which he inhabited, and mused upon his eighty-seven years of life and smiled above his musings. It was a pretty good world, his manner seemed to say; or, at least, it had been a pretty good world to him. As he prepared to make his exit from it, for that could not now be long delayed, he thought upon it kindly.

He had been writing—writing with a long quill pen the broad feather of which was dyed a histrionic red. He had used such a pen a thousand times in his lengthy stage career; it was the sort of pen that dukes and kings and archbishops and doges and cardinals habitually employ in Shaksperean productions. And Yorke's attitude as he wrote was somewhat like that of a monarch dividing his empire; perhaps it had in it more smiling graciousness and benign dignity than many real kings have been able to manage, for the stage and literature have given to temporal princes a pattern and an ideal which they have not always been competent to follow. Henry Yorke had played many regal parts and something of the air of them remained with him offstage. Even his best friends had noticed that and often called him King Yorke or the Duke of Yorke; and, on the whole, he had always rather liked such nicknames.

As for his enemies, he had outlived them all, even to the one ancient critic who had affirmed for decade after decade, and who had died at his newspaper desk ten years before in the very act of reaffirming, that "Henry Yorke's Doge of Venice, as usual, left much to be desired." Yorke thought of this dusty critic now, and of how consistently wrong the man had always been; he meditated upon how his own success, his repeated and sustained successes, had given the lie to all these pretenders, who had never really understood the art of acting!

Presently he took up the feathered pen again and went on writing:

The ground formerly occupied by Booth's Theater, consisting of a plot 184 feet by 100 feet, at the southeast corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City—the complete legal description of which I leave to executors and attorneys and people of that sort—I devise and bequeath to Elinor Carter and Frederick Carter, the granddaughter and ——

He broke off and considered. Should he mention Nell by name in his will? Why not? He finished the sentence:

—— grandson of Elinor MacMurray White.

They were not his grandchildren—they were Nell's. And they were the only persons left alive, as far as he knew, in any wise related to the woman he had loved in his youth—whom he still loved after the passage of all these green springs and rusty autumns. And once she had loved him. He would bequeath that plot of ground to them because they were her grandchildren.

The last time he had seen her had been at Booth's Theater in —— When was it? Why, it must have been the season of 1874! Fifty-four years ago—more than half a century—incredible! Nell had come backstage and told him that she had enjoyed his work that night—still friendly, in spite of all the quarrels that had separated them—and he had said:

"Nell, can't we patch it up and start again?"

He could still see the slow, wise smile and the kindly look in her eyes as she shook her head.

"No, Harry; but I want us to be friends."

"I know it was all my fault," he pleaded, "but give me another chance."

She had not put into words how many chances she had already given him, but she had put it into her look. It was not an angry look; it was a wryly laughing look, a look with banter in it, and then she said:

"Of course you've always thought you cared for me more at the times when we've been at outs. And now ——"

Now what she had really come for, he presently discovered, was not merely to congratulate him on his performance that evening; it was to let him know that she was going to be married to another man. But still she had wanted to be friendly; and he gathered that, somehow, she wouldn't have felt free to marry the other man had she been at enmity with himself. This was a thing Yorke had never quite comprehended; he didn't understand it yet.

The actor in him had realized, in that moment of separation so many years ago, the opportunity for a speech—a passionate, an overwhelming, an irresistible speech that should have ended, traditionally, with Nell in his arms again. But the words had not come; he had stared at her for a long moment in silence, and she at him, and then he had turned away. Something of what he should have said had come to him a quarter of an hour later in his dressing room, as he was taking off the make-up he had worn as ——

What part was it he had played that night? Curiously enough, he could not remember. As a usual thing Yorke could recall perfectly the details of all his past triumphs, and he knew that night had been a personal triumph. Had it been the King in Hamlet? Or a duke? Or an archbishop? He would look it up after while in his scrapbook of newspaper clippings. Why, he had even forgotten the play! And E. L. Davenport had acted that night too; he remembered that Davenport had complimented him.

But Nell had been right in her appraisal of him. He had wanted her more after he had definitely lost her. His love, he told himself, had intensified with her death, five years after her second marriage. If anybody had told Henry Yorke that he had for many years enjoyed the sense of melancholy that came over him with the thought of Nell, that he cherished this grief and adopted an attitude toward it and wove it into the texture of his artistic equipment, Henry Yorke would have been regally indignant; if he had been playing a king at the time he would have struck down with his scepter the clown who brought him this suggestion!

He sprinkled fine sand over what he had previously written, picked up the pen with its plume of the true imperial purple and dipped it in the ink again. He had been experiencing some difficulty in commanding his hand to the sober and careful pace necessary to produce legible script instead of the hasty, dashing gesture which is supposed to represent the act of writing on the stage. He shook off the excess of fluid, careful to make no blots upon the parchment. For he had put himself to the trouble of procuring parchment for this last will and testament. Parchment seemed, somehow, more in character. He wrote:

The real estate comprised in what is known as Wilson's Bluff, overlooking Pigeon Cove, near Gloucester, Massachusetts, I devise and bequeath to Elinor Carter and Frederick Carter, the granddaughter and grandson of Elinor MacMurray White.

From the last time that he had seen Nell, his mind had reverted to the first time. The company he was with had got to Gloucester on a Sunday morning, planning to open in a repertory bill the next night, and that afternoon he had gone for a long walk alone. It was windy autumn weather and a squall had driven him to shelter on a ledge beneath an overhanging hood of rock above a little bight. He stood in this nick in the cliff and looked down thirty feet upon a Portuguese fisherman who, unmindful of the rain, continued to pull mackerel after mackerel into his dory from the deep water at the foot of the rocks.

And presently—Nell, a wide-eyed girl, out of breath, her hair whipped and swirled into rich red masses, literally blown into his retreat by a prodigious gust of wind, literally blown into his arms. She steadied herself against him for a moment to keep from going over the ledge; he could still close his eyes and feel the stinging lash of her wet hair across his face. And then she got her balance and pushed him back and stared at him and gasped. For a moment he thought she was terribly frightened, and began a courteous and reassuring speech. There must have been something in his manner that struck her as irresistibly humorous, for in the midst of his courtliness she let off a peal of laughter. The Portuguese fisherman below heard it and looked up, and continued to stare, regardless of mackerel. Yorke could still remember the flash of his white teeth and the flash of white rain-whipped water out beyond him, as the fisherman's swarthy face broke up into a sympathetic grin. It was thus he had first met Nell; a week later he married her.

Married her despite her father, a New England preacher, and descended of the men who had shut up the English theater in Cromwell's time. What a scene that had been the day he took her from them—to be an actress! A scene of anger and passion and mirth. Yorke glowed again at the thought of it and the remembrance of how she had fought her family for her lover. He remembered the parlor of the old parsonage and Nell's father standing at the back, beside the fireplace, his gestures threatening the model of a schooner that stood upon the mantel and some queer ornament made out of clamshells. The minister had plainly told his daughter that her feet had taken hold on hell.

Nell

And Yorke had answered —— What had been his speech in that scene? Try as he might, he could not help confusing what he had said then with faint recollections of some part that he had played that same season. Nor what Nell had said; and with Nell it had been all warmth and madness and tenderness and irony. They had stood together, well down front; and across from them, toward the lower left, on a sofa, had sat Nell's mother, silent, listening. And then, suddenly, dramatically, passionately, Nell's mother had turned against Nell's father, and he had learned all the resentment against her restricted life that had been suppressed within her for thirty years. Her eyes had blazed and her bosom had heaved, like Nell's, when it all came out of her, and then Yorke himself had crossed to her and ——

Crossed to her? But this had been a real thing! And now the recollection of it was inextricably tangled in his mind with a dozen stage situations and the dialogue that had gone with them. But Yorke remembered how at the end he had forgiven Nell's father—and for some reason this forgiveness had startled the old gentleman and left him speechless except for one final word.

"Mr. Yorke," he had cried out with bitterness, "rob me of my daughter if you must, but I beg of you, sir, do not attempt to patronize me while you are doing it!"

And Nell had laughed at both of them. That scene had struck the note of their life together, his and Nell's; it had been all passion and anger and mirth.

They had quarreled continuously; they had quarreled about anything, nothing and everything, and at the end of their final quarrel she had flung fiercely at him:

"If you look at me in that superior way one second longer, Harry Yorke, you'll make me want to kill you!"

The baffling thing, for Yorke, had been that he had never quite known what they were quarreling about—not at any time throughout their series of mad mutual injustices and passionate reconciliations.

"I should have been more gentle with her," he mused—and then another thought rose in him and tripped that one over: Was it not precisely when he had been most gentle with her that she had been most unjust to him? Perhaps he should have been more brutal with her? But no—that

(Continued on Page 118)

"Nell, Can't We Patch it Up and Start Again?"

HONOR

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"Abbie, Has Anyone Ever Told You That You're Exactly Like Your Mother?"

ABIGAIL LOVEJOY threw a small stone at some of her brothers who were having a modest fight near the iron fountain of the front lawn and came wandering along dry grass back to the veranda. I shivered a little, because she was carrying another stone. When I first met Abigail she may have been nine years old, but she could throw things with an estimable directness, and one of my teeth suffered from a merry game we had under her father's oaks.

"What," asked Mrs. Lovejoy, "are the boys doing?"

"I think," said Abigail, "that Edward has on a pair of Valentine's pants. Or maybe they're Curtis'. Anyhow, whichever one owns the pants is trying to take them off the one who has 'em on, Polly. You needn't get excited about it."

She then swung her right arm, squinting up the veranda past four bronze dogs, and pitched her next stone straight at the jutting bay window of the library. A lovely musical cadence occurred as vermilion, blue and orange fragments of stained glass dribbled from the frame.

"Intensive criticism," said Mrs. Lovejoy, turning over the shirt she was mending.

"Constructive rather than destructive," I remarked, trying to be as calm as the society around me.

One of Abigail's sisters, though which one I do not know, came out on the balcony above the wrecked window, dressed in nothing much, and said, "I wish you wouldn't do things like that, Abbie, when I'm trying to scrub my teeth. I've got a bristle in my gum now." She said this in a rather aggrieved way for a Lovejoy, and fairly slammed the screen as she went back into her quarters.

"She always takes her teeth so seriously when she has a bad night," said Abigail, sitting on the steps. "Honestly, Polly, I don't see how she and Joan sleep in the barracks, because Elspeth does snore like the devil, you know."

"Does the devil snore a great deal, Abbie?"

"Oh, don't get hypercritical, Polly! It's too hot, even for August!"

Mr. Richard Lovejoy—with a book in his hands, of course—prowled from the hall and looked glumly at his oldest child. He gave me a sensation of indecent apparition, as he ought to stay in the library, arranging his books until dinnertime, when he appeared at an end of the table in the spectacular dining room and sometimes spoke. He is a fair, rumpled person who ought to be getting on to fifty. His children seem to be fond of him, and there is a tradition in Lutherville that Dick Lovejoy pursued his wife, before they got married, with an awful ardor, and gave the biggest dinners ever staged in the classic Pioneer Hotel in order to convince her that he loved her. But he has a prejudice against mere speech. After looking at Abigail a time, he just went away.

"Poor lamb," said Mrs. Lovejoy, "you've upset him, Abbie."

"I couldn't help it, Polly. That window's been torturing me for years. I'm twenty-two, and see what this place has done to my hair already!"

Her slim mother bit a thread and gazed at the white ribbons in Abigail's black hair with calm. Her own hair has always been white since I've known Mrs. Lovejoy.

She said, "Oh, you'll still have some black hair when you're thirty, dearest! Anyway, what of it?"

"Nothing of it. Only," Abigail stated, "I can stand the fountain and the cattle, and the shape of the dining room and the front stairs, but the stained glass is making a moron of me."

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Lovejoy, dismissing one shirt and taking on another. "Your grandfather built this house in the grand manner of 1870, and it ought to be preserved. And think how well it's turned out! So much room!"

"But it looks like something from the furniture department at Furnivall's—and marked down at that. . . . Here comes the boy reporter. Look at that manly stride. He gives me convulsions," Abigail said, sitting motionless on the sandstone steps.

Mr. Delray Livingston Lovejoy drove one of the awful cars up the curve from the simmering street and got out of it nobly, suggesting the fatigued veteran arriving from a fairly important campaign.

"A person sitting in a car, Abbie, does not stride."

"I know it, but I'm too exhausted to think of anything better. . . . Yes, Northcliffe," she said to her brother, "we all saw that the dramatic criticism in this morning's Pioneer was signed D. L. L. But it was awful rot, you know."

"It doesn't," Delray Livingston answered, "matter a damn. I just fired myself."

The tall boy could not help being a little loud about that. His voice traveled through some air, and his brothers stopped tearing a pair of white trousers to pieces. They all trotted toward the veranda with a unanimous motion of big feet in dirty canvas shoes and looked at Delray Livingston respectfully. The ones with fair or red hair contrasted prettily with the black-haired ones. I managed to make a count and saw that there were six of them in sight.

"Heavens, Del," said Abigail, "don't be so emotional!"

"A fella," Delray Livingston retorted, "wants to work for a paper with some honor!"

"The Pioneer's never had a great deal," his mother drawled. "What happened? Don't keep us in suspense."

"Old man Furnivall came," said Delray Livingston, "and made a war dance about some stuff a fella named Mandracchia had in the N. T. column, and they fired him. It's the influence of wealth in this town that's keeping Lutherville back. You can't work up a decent criticism when a thing like Furnivall can walk into a newspaper office an' have a man fired for sayin' that something he bought in a store was a piece of trash. I'm going to go and talk to Freddie after lunch."

Mrs. Lovejoy drawled with her complete precision, "That's lovely logic, Del. You're going to talk to one multimillionaire because another's been a hog. Freddie Gross can't do anything about it, either. The Pioneer won't take Mr. Mandrake back ——"

"Mandracchia, Polly."

"Mandracchia, dear. I beg your pardon. The Pioneer won't take Mr. Mandracchia back because Freddie Gross tells them to. They're an opposition organ. But you did the right thing, of course. We're very proud of you."

"Applause," said Abigail, "of course! But now what'll you do to buy gas, Horace Greeley? You simply can't live on us, you know. September's coming and the mob has to have some clothes. Better go see if the Express doesn't need you. I've got a swain on that. Let me think of the idiot's name—Thompson, I think. He gasps a good deal and reads psychology."

"They don't need anybody. I've just been there. . . . What's the matter with you, Snorty?"

Samuel Norton, the youngest of the mob, came up the steps very hastily and said, "Polly, I swallered a toof!" as he got into his mother's lap on top of some brother's shirt.

"Oh, Snorty!"

"I did—over by Uncle Freddie's garage—right now!"

"This," said the calm woman, "seems to call for something drastic. Come along, dearest. We'll think about it."

The mob had been trained not to show any excitement, because it bored people, but they looked after their mother as the screen banged. She led Samuel Norton up the monstrous mahogany stairs, and he was heard asking where she kept the drastic on the landing. Valentine Joseph said privately to William James that a toothbrush handle would be the best thing. Curtis, or maybe it was Edward, the one without trousers, observed that the kid would be all right and that Freddie Gross ought to have turned him upside down and shaken him. Eustis, who is always easy to identify because he lost the top of his right ear by jumping through a window in his infancy, alleged that he had personally swallowed a tooth at that age and that it was an alarming sensation. The one called Bimmy—I believe that his name is Herman Melville—began to argue that teeth are a nuisance, and they all went off to sit on the iron fountain and think. I believe that it was Edward who shoved the silent Richard 2d into the water.

"I'll be glad when school starts," said Abigail, "because dad's getting positively pettish, Del. But you've got to get a job, old friend. We're awfully busted."

"I'll go see Freddie after grub," Delray promised. "He owns stock in the Express."

"That might mean they'd fire some kid to make room for you."

"Oh, Freddie wouldn't let 'em do that," Delray yawned. "Mandracchia's workin' at the Greek's. They slung him Saturday. I didn't know it till this morning. Went in there to get some coffee. He told me about it. I went back to the office and resigned."

The harried female who cooks meals for the Lovejoys now came to the front door and said frantically that lunch was on. Everybody pulled Richard 2d out of the fountain and the tribal movement became general. Curtis, or Edward, yelled up at windows above the library that there was a meal ready and William James told Bimmy that it was certainly not his turn to take dad's tray in. Richard 2d trotted off to the garage, where he and some of the older ones had quarters, to change his clothes. Abigail conducted me down the driveway and into Lake Place.

"Del," she said, "is all right. Lots of boys wouldn't have done that when they had a fair start. We're mostly mediocrities, I spose, but we have got a social conscience."

"Which of you are mediocrities?"

"Oh, Joan's a good deal of a blank cartridge. She's sweet, but there isn't much there. And Eddie's just a baseball player, and Bim doesn't show much divine fire. Dickie's beginning to wake up. He went and worked in July. Mixed concrete a couple of weeks. Snorty's stupid, as far as I can see. Del and W. J. and Elspeth and Vally are the hopeful specimens right now. A good deal of cool intelligence in 'em."

Freddie Gross

"Abbie, has anyone ever told you that you're exactly like your mother?"

The wiry girl scared me by flushing. Sunlight was weltering all over her white frock and her Indian skin. She blushed and fiddled with a stone under one shabby slipper.

"Thanks a lot. Freddie's said so a couple of times, when he's being extravagantly affectionate."

"He's immensely fond of you."

"I know he is," she said, picking up the stone. "He treats me just as if I was"—she yawned—"his brother. You should have heard me consoling him last week when his heart was broken."

"Has his heart been broken?"

"Of course. It's the fourth or fifth time. This one seemed pretty serious. Nice girl, but all full of S. A. Picked up a thing from Philadelphia and brought it back from Southampton with her. It was rather sad."

"What's S. A., for heaven's sake?"

"Social ambition, of course!"

"I beg your pardon. I'm always duller mornings after I get off trains. But was the sad thing from Philadelphia worth more than Freddie's simple ten—or is it twelve millions?"

Abigail swung her stone and grinned at me. "No. But he was so correct—made all the right noises. Freddie's just Lutherville. And he is plain, you know. And the thing from Philadelphia was ornamental. Freddie's all right in a bathing suit. Even then his legs are too long. So Dorothy has an understanding with Philadelphia. She's got a good deal of income herself. It's lucky that Fred's busy mussing around with the symphony-orchestra business. He hasn't had time to weep so much—if he really wanted to."

"He seemed remarkably happy this morning. Insulted the fire commissioner over the phone at breakfast and he's building a brick wall in the garden this minute."

Miss Frederica Lovejoy, Samuel Norton's twin, nimbly galloped on an oblique across Lake Place and flung herself upon Abigail to complain that she was hungry. She was also deplorably soiled in spots and had a deal of mortar in her hair. It was clear that she had been helping Freddie Gross with his new wall. She stopped babbling to look at a cream-colored monster of metal and paint as its horn gurgled. A puffy man in white linen elaborately bowed to Abigail as the big car passed, then continued his repose on dim cushions.

"Who's that hero?"

"The insufferable Mr. Furnivall, owner of Furnivall's—the Store with a Soul. The hog who had that boy fired from the Pioneer, you know."

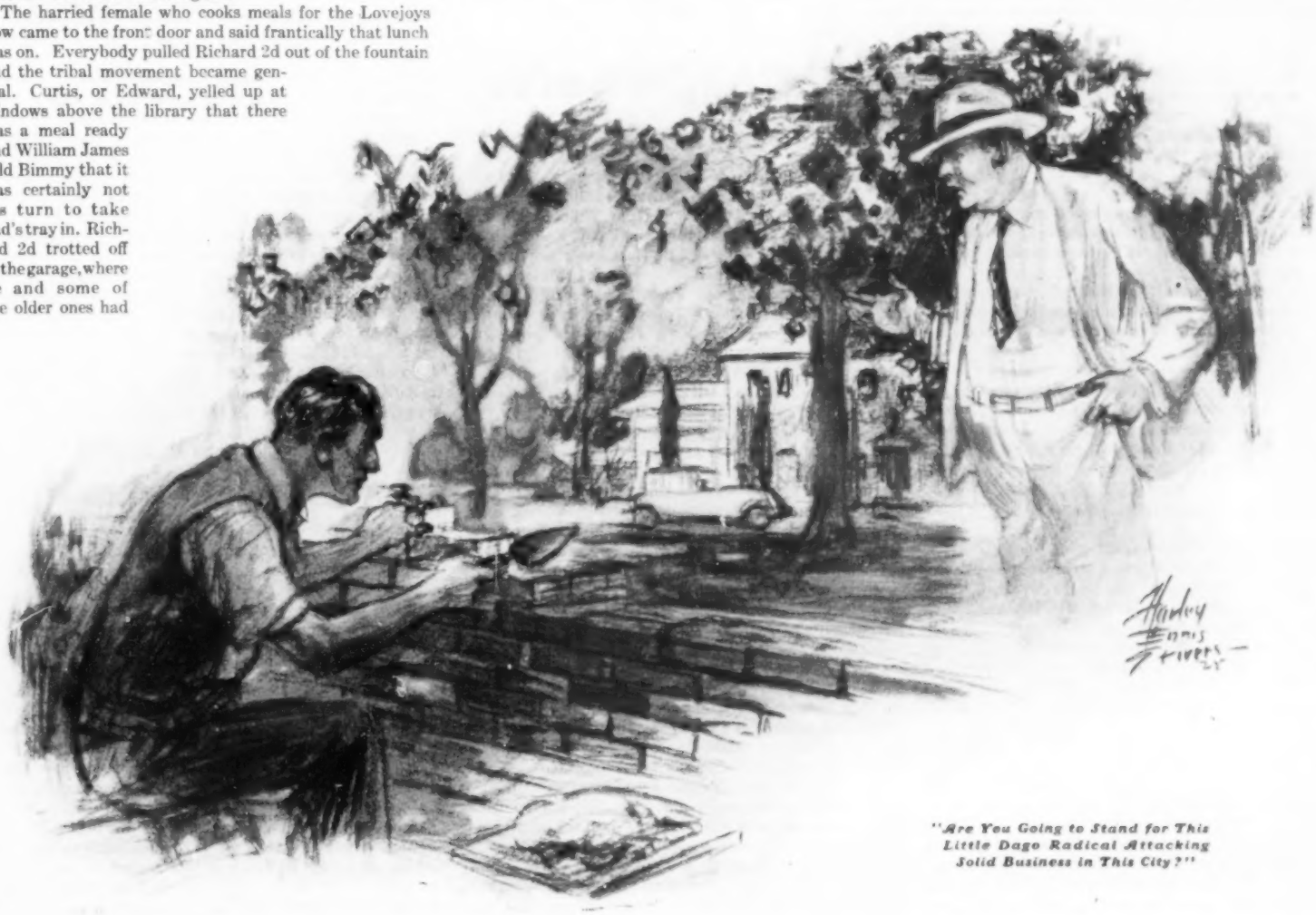
"Uncle Freddie's buildin' a wall so Mr. Furnivall can't see in his place," said Frederica.

Mr. Furnivall's car passed between white gateposts into a descending stretch of lawn, trundled around a mighty curve of driveway and finally rested before his white villa, a confection designed by some smart Eastern architect and lifeless as a wedding cake. The wide house rose in three stories of pale limestone to a roof of harsh green tile. It was new in the three years since I had seen Lake Place last, and it irritated me.

"How did he get hold of that piece of land?"

Abigail did not answer, save by a sharp stir of her eyes. She looked back briefly at her father's library. I then remembered that all the meadow and rough forest between the old end of Lake Place and the lake had belonged to

(Continued on Page 89)



"Are You Going to Stand for This Little Dago Radical Attacking Solid Business in This City?"

LET'S GET TOGETHER

It is Fairly Safe to Presume That Neanderthal Men Banded Together in Some Sort of a Mutual Protective Nonprofit Association

By Chet Shafer

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

GEORGE W. DULANY, JR., a Chicago banker, was concluding an evening meal on a transcontinental train. With a companion he was discussing the feasibility of recommending snubbers as standard equipment on all Pullman coffee cups, when another diner, seated opposite, called:

"George! Oh, George!"

Mr. Dulany turned his head abruptly, only to discover that the call had been addressed to a waiter as a preface to an entreaty for another patty of butter, a common form of Pullman supplication.

"Something," declared Mr. Dulany, with asperity, "must be done about this. Last night as I was dozing off in my upper berth I heard a hoarse cry, as if someone were in distress:

"'George! Oh, George! Come here!'

"I unkinked myself sufficiently to peek through the curtains, and found that the man in Lower Ten had called the porter to straighten a burglar jimmy he had bent out of line raising a window. I think I'll form a society for the prevention of calling a Pullman porter 'George.'"

The Society of the Georges

ENCOURAGED by his companion, he went about the task with the characteristic thoroughness of his ilk, and his researches revealed that a waggish salesman, back in the 80's, had addressed a waiter as "Mr. Pullman," after George Pullman, founder of the Pullman System. This address was soon shortened to plain "George," and its appeal to the peregrinating public was so strong that within a few years every veteran traveler, to display his familiarity with up-to-the-moment ideas, used the appellation.

This was the condition prevailing when the Society for the Prevention of Calling Sleeping Car Porters "George" was formed. Now, that organization, which is controlled and financed by Mr. Dulany, has 18,000 members, all of whom carry an embossed card with the pledge: "To always refrain from calling any sleeping-car porter 'George' and to discourage this form of address on the part of others." Nullification of the influence of the wag of the 80's is going on proportionately.

George Washington and George Dewey are the patron saints of the society. George Ade is the poet laureate; George M. Cohan, lyricist; George William, Cardinal Mundelein, chaplain; Georges Clemenceau, French chargé d'affaires, and George "Babe" Ruth, sergeant at arms. One of the very few eligible persons refusing to join is Lloyd George, of England. When he came to America he was tendered a card, but his secretary later explained by letter that Mr. George "greatly appreciated the tribute, but before leaving London, had decided it would be improper to accept any American decorations, formal honors, or membership in American societies, because such acceptance might violate diplomatic relations."

This brief sketch of The Georges is related here as an indication of the strength of a powerful chain of evidence and proof that has been forged to refute statements recently given wide circulation that the work of providing this world with enough organizations to go around is lagging. Malicious-minded, slurring individuals seeking, doubtless, to foment discord and cause embarrassment, have pointed to the fact that since no steps have been taken to establish the League of Dignitaries Who Once Attempted to Lick the Frost Off the Pump Handle nor an Amalgamated Order of Sons and Daughters of Prospectors Who Carried the Jug to the Well Once Too Often, organization promotion is virtually at a standstill. And, not relieved by these aspersions, they have declared that, for some time, countless similar opportunities have been overlooked, because of an inexcusable lack of imagination; intimating, in other words, that the work does not approach the standard of excellence set in other industries.

To those who have devoted a considerable amount of their time to whole-souled, conscientious, bone-crushing effort to extract the maximum figure from the dues-paying *matériel* available, these accusations come as a direct affront. Recognized organizers as they are, of tested ability and with a flattering background, they keenly resent the charges of inefficiency. And it is only natural that these constructive giants, their pride abrased, should frame a bridling rebuttal. This, they have done. It is their positive declaration that the stand of the would-be destructionists, to put it mildly, is not well taken. The derogatory statements that have been made are rankly fallacious, whether made in unmitigated malice or through inexplicable ignorance of the true facts, as the organizers are charitable enough to believe. Those who underrate ability and broadcast canards are not only blind to the results already achieved but they have no conception of the present-day volume of important aims and vital issues being carried to fulsome consummation by the organizations. Challenged and their accomplishments belittled, the organizers cannot sit idly by. They deem it their privilege to offer illuminating proof. The Georges is but one of a galaxy of outstanding examples of organization effort which can be offered to correct all erroneous impressions and to force an apology, and credit, which they believe is their meed.

Charity From the Vats

AS A MASTERFUL illustration of organizing genius, the organizers gesture toward the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers—A.O.F.B. This eminently worthwhile outfit, with its subsidiaries, the Angelic Order of Fairy Belles and the Amiable Order of Faithful Bow-Wows, has a membership of 700,000, a good 15 per cent of which composes the minority group and is stoutly pledged to prohibition. Bert Temple of London, England, is No. O. He, with ten others, founded the order in 1898. All served in the World War. But two survived. In 1919 Sir Alfred Fripp, K. C. V. O., C. B., urged that the order be revived for the sake of his Wee Waif Charities. Since that time the Froth Blowers have endowed fifty permanent cots for children in hospitals, assisted more than 800 charitable institutions, donated $70,000 to the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement, and are now backing a plan to place roof gardens on London's tenements.

Aside from its high aim of charity, the Froth Blowers have a capital structure which compels acclamation. Its offices are known as Vats and 1500 have been installed in all parts of the world. An engraving deciphered from a tankard found in the ruins of a Roman-chariot garage and

filling station in Cheapside is worked neatly into the ritual, "Cymba Navigetur"—"The Boat, Let it be Started on a Voyage." Rule No. 1 of the order is "Lubrication With Moderation," and attention is directed to Kipling's advice: "Don't Drink 'Cos Another Man is Thirsty." Cuff links issued from the main Vat must be worn at all times. At the command "Shoot Your Linen!" any member caught without his links is necessarily obligated to the commander. The degrees obtainable by members are: First, Blower; Second, Blaster; Third, Tornado; Fourth, Monsoon; Fifth, Grand Typhoon. The Fairy Belles, numbering 100,000, are also eligible for these degrees. And the song of the order, frequently rendered with delightful harmony in Pigalles' in Paris by Follett's Greensward Cleavers, a sturdy band pledged to reforestation, is:

The more we are together, together, together,
The more we are together, the merrier we'll be.
For your friends are my friends
And my friends are your friends,
The more we are together, the merrier we'll be.

Another instance of nice attention to detail is found in the Slumbering Ground Hog Lodge—S. G. H. L.—of Quarryville, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the Groundbera and the Schnitz and Kneb region. George W. Hensel, Jr., is the founder and Hibernating Governor of this contribution to the nation's statistics on institutional effort.

An Ode to the Ground Hog

THIS fraternity has unlimited faith in the ground hog as a prophet of weather conditions which will prevail for six weeks subsequent to each recurring second day of February. The chief aim of the members is to extol the virtues of this prognosticating quadruped, which has "an intelligence of a higher order than that of any other animal from the tick of the blackberry to the elephant in the jungle." They take an oath to "defend him, his family and his reputation, and to guard him as he slumbers."

No application for membership is ever received by the S. G. H. L., but members are selected by seven patriarchs after seven years of observation by the Defender of the Faith, the Chief Eye Rubber, the Patriarch de Luxe, the Bondless Treasurer and other officers. But fifty-five men have thus far met the approval of this board of strategy, all of whom, in special costumes, take part in an annual ceremony on Candlemas Day. Standing in a semicircle around the ground hog's hole, they harangue this chant from the pen of their esteemed poet, Herman E. Hoch:

Today the ground hog from his lair
Comes forth to seek a change of air
And see about the weather,
He sniffs the breeze and looks around,
He scans the sky and then the ground
And puts the facts together.
He wears no mortar board or gown,
He doesn't even live in town,
And never went to college.
Was never sent away to school
And taught to live by rote or rule,
Or crammed with useless knowledge.
He knows if fog obscures the sun
The course of winter has been run
And spring will soon be here.
But if the sun should shine today
Springtime is full six weeks away.
Nor sooner will appear.
Perhaps sometime the day may be
When folks are just as wise as he,
But then, Alas! Alack!
How could we ever treat our ills
Or take the proper liver pills
Without an almanac?
Now straightway to his dwelling go,
And tossing high your best chapeau,
Give three resounding cheers,
And let the public understand
His like is not in all the land,
Nor has it been for years.

Battered dicers and high silk toppers fill the air with the finish of this chant, the ground hog is carefully observed, and then the members follow their Hibernating Governor down to the Memorial Church, where the Ladies' Mite Society serves the dinner.

Then, too, there's the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers—G. O. F. P. O. P.—a nonsectarian, nonpartisan, non-coupon-clipping and admittedly nonessential organization which, in its scant two years of growth, has the names of 1500 members carved on the pine casings of its Lofts. Its affiliants, at some time in their youth, pumped a pipe organ in a church or chapel. Under the fearless leadership of the Grand Diapason, the Tibia Plena, the Vox Humana and other officers, and guided by a College of Quints, a Board of Extensions and Dust Removal and a trick engineering staff, this guild is forging irresistibly forward toward its goal—to perpetuate the memories of an honorable profession obsolescenced by modern electrical methods, and leave to posterity some permanent evidence of the part the pumper played in the musical and ecclesiastical progress of the ages.

The guild claims distinction in the open boast that it has no cable code address on its letterhead and no territory map in its main offices, with red and yellow tacks showing the geographical location of its members. Its by-laws are unusually elastic and permit a scope of activities little short of

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The Energy He Would Expend in Grips and Hailing Signs Would be Sufficient to Kick a Steam Roller Eighteen Times Around the World

IN THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"He Was Setting in a Tol'able Stiff Poker Game and Playing With 'Em Mighty Close to That Diamond Stud"

AS MR. STEGG approached the fair city of Blueblanket—Bright Jewel of the Southern Hills—he had more trouble with that fool colt. The Sidney stage, Red Raymond handling the ribbons, overtook him, and the half-broken two-year-old seemed to have a pronounced objection to being overtaken. Out of the corner of his eye, Mr. Stegg had a brief glimpse of the stage driver's grin and derisive salute, which he returned with a hasty wave of his hand. He heard a shrill laugh, and a handkerchief fluttered from the coach window, to the unbounded terror of the colt. There was a blooming female face behind the handkerchief. Heaps of bloom! But the old bullwhacker was too busy to notice it particularly just then. In a minute or two, however, he had his mount reduced to submission, and that little matter being settled between them, he slacked on the bridle and raced ahead, whooping as he passed the stage in a manner unbecoming to his years and dignity. The colt was stalled and champing on his hay in Bell's livery by the time the coach drew up in front of Fred Willor's hotel a few doors down the street.

One of the passengers was a lady—or that was Mr. Stegg's first impression, but the unwonted extent of red hosiery that she displayed in alighting, and her tardiness in dropping skirt and petticoats to veil the exhibition from the interested public gaze, caused him to modify it to some extent. Two blue-bloused Chinamen got out and followed this person into the hotel, and a young man descended from the box seat beside Red and stood looking curiously around him, while the stage driver unloaded his baggage, which consisted of a large carpetbag and a small trunk. That done, Red drove on to the barn, where Jim Bell and Mr. Stegg awaited him, and the horses were unhooked and led in. When they were cared for, Mr. Stegg inquired concerning the stage driver's health, which was grossly apparent, and craved the news of the route.

"There ain't none in particular," Raymond answered. "Only a crazy old lunatic down the road a piece was a-trying to scare my team and make the passengers think he was wild and woolly. I thought you was a fam'ly man now and had got stiddied down. Where did you get your jag? It wasn't at the Box Elder station, because old Hank told me you hadn't been there in a coon's age—not but a couple of times since I brung them ladies in to be a prop and a staff to your reclining years."

Mr. Stegg objected to the description. Neither his niece nor his grandniece resembled props or staves. "Well, you're mighty lucky anyway," Red told him. "Tip Yoakum was over at the station a week or two ago and he tells me they've fixed up your shack within an inch of its life, and I can see for myself that you're a-getting hog fat. Mis' Kane must be an elegant cook, if all Tip says is so."

"Eileen ain't no slouch either," said Mr. Stegg.

"I'll b'lieve anything you tell me about her that's favorable," Red declared. "There's a young lady that's a little pansy blossom. I ain't stuck on having females ride up alongside me as a rule, but I certainly enjoyed Miss Eileen's comp'ny. That young feller you seen alongside me this morning—he's pretty good comp'ny too. I was a-telling him about your niece and he was right interested. He was right interested in you, too, when you come along cutting up your didoes. He said he never seen such riding. I told him it sure was mighty poor, but he couldn't expect much from an old man with one foot in the grave. . . . Well, are we a-going to eat?"

The long table in the hotel dining room was barely half occupied when Mr. Stegg and the stage driver entered. At the head of it sat Lon Selby, the district attorney, a youngish man with a lock of his abundant raven hair drooping romantically over his forehead and a grim mouth and jaw that rather spoiled the romantic effect. Next to him was Ellery Morse, the hardware dealer, rosy, plump and prematurely bald; and, lower down, Bill Jorgenson, of the Z-Bell, a red-faced, lint-haired cowboy, redder than normal on account of his neighbor, the lady passenger, who had been continually asking him to pass things and thanking him with an effusion that made his determination not to look at her a little embarrassing. Otherwise the lady passenger was on her good behavior, eating with a marked refinement of table manners. The graceful curl of her little finger as she raised her coffee cup to her lips was especially remarkable. She was registered in the book by the cigar case as Madamasell Valery D. Montague, Paris, France. Fred Willor had written it for her, so she was not accountable for the spelling. She had explained that she had a bone in her finger that made writing irksome.

"You're a long ways from home, sister," old Fred had commented. "Ain't you afraid you'll get lost?"

"Not on your tintype, pappy," she replied, with true Gallic vivacity. "Little Valerie knows her way about, and don't you never forget it. Any time she gets lost and you find her, you can have her."

The young man who had been on the box seat with Red sat opposite mademoiselle. He was rather slenderly built, with dark eyes and hair inclined to curl. A straight, well-formed nose dominated an incipient mustache which he seemed to be a trifle oversolicitous about, touching it lightly from time to time as if to assure himself that it was still there and doing pretty well. His expression was one of grave interest in his surroundings and in the conversation, in which he took no voluntary part, replying briefly but pleasantly to the few remarks addressed to him.

When Mr. Stegg came in, he evidently recognized that equestrian wonder and gave him particular attention. The welcome that the old bullwhacker received was a little out of the common. Selby arose to shake his hand with jovial heartiness. That wasn't remarkable, for Selby was living at Minnekahta and his opportunities of seeing his highly respected and not uninfluential friend were sadly few and

He Heard a Shrill Laugh and a Handkerchief Fluttered From the Coach Window, to the Unbounded Terror of the Colt

far between. As to the others, while Mr. Stegg had not been absent from their midst for an extraordinarily long period of time, it was only his second visit to town since the unexpected arrival of his female relatives from Missouri, and there was much curiosity concerning their effect on his habits and his general reactions to their influence.

The lady from Paris also recognized the old bullwhacker. "See what drifts in when you leave the door open," she observed in a low voice to the young man opposite. "It's the old buckaroo that passed us on the road." She hummed the refrain of a popular ballad entitled The Wind Blew Through His Whiskers, but still failed to attract the young man's attention. He was not intentionally discourteous. He was listening intently to Ellery Morse, who was telling Mr. Stegg that he was a-fixing to pay him a visit to see if this young lady he'd heard so much about was all she was cracked up to be.

"If she is, I ain't got no time to lose before the rush begins," said Ellery. "I understand that Walt Knowlton is already laying in a new stock of red neckties and Bill Jorgenson here has declared himself in. All he's waiting for is them ties."

"*Ubi mel, ibi apes,*" said Selby profoundly. "Where there's honey, the bees'll come a-buzzing. How about that, Bill?"

"Where there's sticky fly paper, you'll find flies stuck," growled Jorgenson. "Me—I keep away from it. Sooner be foot-loose." He pushed his chair back and got up and went to the desk to inspect Willor's stock of cigars.

"The cigars are on me, Fred," said Selby, turning in his chair. "The campaign ain't begun yet, but I want to show that my heart's good. Give everybody the best two-for-a-nickel cigar you've got in the house. Pass the box around—the China boys too. Hey, John, you likee smokee, me allee same pay?"

Willor complied, not too literally, with the attorney's instructions, even offering the box to the lady passenger, who disdainfully refused.

"If it was a drink now ——" she said. Willor urged her to take one, nevertheless, as she could give it to the poor if she didn't want it herself. The young man opposite took a cigar, and holding it aloft, nodded acknowledgment to Selby, who responded with a courtly bow and a forensic wave of his hand. Ellery jocosely took two; the Chinamen, seated far below the salt, accepted theirs silently and stolidly.

The conversation turned to Mr. Stegg's polka-dotted blue necktie—speaking of ties. The fashion in which it had been knotted for him was greatly admired. Every detail of his costume was commented upon in almost enthusiastically favorable terms; bets were made on his weight and speculation as to his probably youthful appearance if he would buy him a clean shave were indulged in. It was all horribly personal.

"It may be all as you say," Mr. Stegg conceded amiably. "I might set the ladies' hearts a-fluttering like in days of yore. Mebbe so, mebbe so; but why would I? Why go out of my way to make trouble for myself? A shave ain't a-going to give me the stren'th to resist temptation that I had when I was younger, and the first thing I knowed I'd be getting my feet in the fly paper Bill was a-mentioning."

"I take issue with my friend ——" Selby began. But here came an interlude. Red Raymond brushed the last crumbs of pie from his own fiery fringes and announced that the stage would start in ten minutes. The two Chinamen hastily made for the desk, paid for their meal and glided out after the stage driver. Mademoiselle was more leisurely, and when she paid, it was under protest. "*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed in colloquially perfect English. "You got the gall to charge four bits for that muck and slush!" But eventually she went down into her red stocking and dug up the four bits. She was angry though.

"*Lueri bonus odor exire qualibet,*" said Selby. "Meaning," he explained, "that Mr. Willor doesn't care where the money comes from so he gets it."

"I bet you don't either, you fiddle-faced, slack-jawed Smart Aleck," retorted the lady, and flounced into the parlor.

Selby was more disconcerted by her Parthian flight than by her well-aimed shaft of abuse. He had a well-stocked quiver of vituperation himself from which he could have made an apt selection, but he had nothing to shoot at, and all he could do in the face of the laughter at his expense was shrug and smile tolerantly. Mr. Stegg's chuckle was brief and succeeded by a thoughtful expression. The young man with the promising mustache didn't even smile.

"Song-and-dance artist, making her dee-but at the Gem in Deadwood," Fred Willor informed them.

The young man spoke as if to himself: "Pretty tough!"

"About as tough as they make 'em," Selby cordially agreed.

"I don't mean that," said the young man. "I mean having everybody a-giving her the cold shoulder or picking on her some way. Hard to act like a lady when it's like that. I reckon I wouldn't act much like a gentleman."

Here Red reappeared and shouted "All aboard," and the lady who hadn't been acting like a lady came out of the parlor. She acted a good deal like a cat confronted by an impulsive puppy when the young man intercepted her—stiffening and with something in her attitude that suggested she was about to claw—but she relaxed a little at his sober, friendly look and offered hand.

Miss Trevarrick

"I'm staying here, so I'll bid you good-by," he said. "I wish you good luck."

"The same to you and many of 'em," she answered in her impudent way. She gave a shrill little laugh. "I thought I'd get you to speak to me before we was through. So long, Reub." Ignoring his hand, she turned quickly and went out. There was a moment's silence and a few grins.

"Was it Edmund Burke said that the age of chivalry was gone?" Selby inquired ironically.

The young man, with a slightly heightened color, frowned and joined the group in the armchairs by the front windows. Mr. Stegg, after a glance at the hotel register, followed and sat down near him. The stagecoach rolled by and Red Raymond raised his whip in salute. A handkerchief fluttered defiantly from the coach window.

Selby took up his issue again. Sprawling in one of the larger chairs, with one long leg dangling over its arm, he brushed the waving lock of hair from his forehead, cleared his throat and began: "Recurring to the question whether a man makes trouble for himself in yielding to the charms and allurements of what has been felicitously termed the fair sex, which is, I believe—by implication, at least—the contention of Brother Stegg, I submit, gentlemen, that, in the first place, Brother Stegg is not a properly qualified or competent witness, he being a celibate, relying upon *ex-parte* evidence, or hearsay, and having no personal experience of the state of matrimony. I am assuming that by the expression 'trouble' and by his adoption of Bill's metaphor of sticky fly paper that state is meant.

"Gentlemen, as a reverent humble observer of the exalted virtues and noble qualities of that sex—a sex, gentlemen, which, bear in mind, gave us our mothers—I protest against such implications or insinuations; I denounce them *in toto* as baseless in view of the rock-ribbed eternal facts rearing their majestic and immutable structure high into the blue empyrean."

Jorgenson yipped applause in the Comanche manner, ably seconded by Fred Willor and Jim Bell the liveryman, who was at the table awaiting his dinner. Ellery Morse tapped his thumb nails together enthusiastically. Mr. Stegg, when the tumult had died, requested Brother Selby to come down from that there empyrean and quarry out some of them facts.

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

KING IN BABYLON

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IN BARBARIC pageantry, amid a blaring of trumpets, a frenzy of palm-waving acclamations from the crowded roofs of houses hung with all that their inhabitants possessed of brilliantly dyed rugs and draperies, Hammurabi, Beloved of Marduk, King of the Four Quarters of the Earth, rode in his ass-drawn chariot up the narrow street from the gateway in the colossal brick walls, leading back his victorious army into Babylon. His heart swelled with triumph as, erect in the splendor of his gilded-leather corselet, his grimly powerful Semitic features—streaked now with gray was the transversely curled black beard below his shaven upper lip—relaxed a little from their habitual severity, he passed through this intoxicating clamor of a city gone mad with joy, the city henceforth supreme in all the Land of the Two Rivers. At last was accomplished the master purpose of all those thirty years of annual springtide warfare, each campaign extending and consolidating his despotically governed realm, since as a boy he had ascended the throne of his father, Sin-Muballit, from whose senile weakness the Elamite invaders had ravished the cities of Sumer.

She Laughed Again in His Face. "Thou Canst Not Even Slay Me, Great King! Thou Canst Not, for the Power of Ishtar is Upon Thee"

Now, captives attended by captive priestesses, the goddesses of the Elamites were being ignominiously towed on boats along the irrigation canals toward this city where they would dwell subject to the God Marduk. Now, specially guarded apart from the hordes of mercilessly driven slaves in that exultant booty-laden army still beyond the gate in the long dust cloud of its homeward march, were weeping the Elamite princesses destined to swell the docile throngs in his House of Women—beautiful, indeed, as Ishtar herself was Amat-Nina, daughter of that Rim-Sin whom he had vanquished and driven in rout to the eastern hills. Now, far behind him, the mound-built cities of the southern plain lay desolate, their once-towering walls mere heaps of rubble, no longer strongholds to defy his might. Now, at last, from the mountains of Assyria to the Southern Sea, his sway was absolute.

Moreover, as the exigencies of a purely agricultural people compelled, he was punctually returning in time for the harvest. Even more important for him, he was returning in time for that strange annual event coincident with the gathering of the grain, for those five days of licentious carnival when masters changed places with their slaves, when all went grotesquely disguised so that not even the gods could recognize them. In that universal travesty, a condemned criminal would be clothed in the royal robes of the king, invested with a full regal authority that opened to him even the sacrosanct royal harem, and after that brief fantastic omnipotence, be shamefully put to death in those ensuing days of ritual fasting when the women wept for Tammuz, God of the Corn, slain and descended to the underworld. Then, this substitutory sacrifice of the king once more accomplished, he, Hammurabi, would solemnly mount the huge seven-staged *zikkurat*—predecessor of that Tower of Babel in later ages to be famous—at the side of the great temple of E-Sagila, would enter the shrine at its summit, and "taking the hand" of Marduk the God—one of whose names was Asari; he who in Egypt was called Osiris—would receive from him in that vitally essential ceremony the divine right to rule for yet another year as king in Babylon.

However great his glory, automatically deposed from kingship was the monarch who failed to return in time for that annual renewal of potency. Thanks be to puissant Marduk, whose human representative he was, that disaster need not now be feared. Secure was Hammurabi in his magnificence of kingly power, unparalleled upon the earth, unparalleled even in the distant land of Egypt, now only beginning to recover from a long intermediate period of anarchy. Surely, as the women cried shrilly from the housetops, showering him with roses and sweet-scented lilies of the marsh, there was none like unto him, the Mighty King, King of Kings, whom they bade live and reign forever! He could have cried it aloud himself, in exultant certitude, as, superbly impassive by the side of Ibni-Martu, the handsome young *amelu* noble enviably chosen for valor and fidelity to be his charioteer, he rode through the vociferous enthusiasm of his capital on that auspicious day—excellent had been the omens deduced from the livers of slaughtered sheep—some four thousand years ago.

Ahead of him, his bodyguard marched with sounding trumpets into the outer courtyard of E-Sagila, wide amid the houses of the city, where Marduk the God, graciously condescending to earth, received the sacrifices of his worshipers. Only once a year did the king, and the high priest with him, climb the adjacent *zikkurat*, towering stage above stage into the blue sky, which was the god's authentic residence; an artificial mountain preserving on these plains the memory of an ancient time when primitive hill folk looked awedly up to the unscalable summits whereon dwelt the dread spirits of the storm. For all ordinary ceremonies the enormously extensive temple, contiguous with the equally vast palace of the king, was alone the place where divinity might be approached and its favors solicited or acknowledged.

Ibni-Martu lashed the pair of milk-white trotting asses and the chariot jolted through the gateway of massive brightly painted brickwork whereon perched the sacred doves from the adjacent temple of Ishtar. The immense courtyard was already populous with ranked soldiery, with great dignitaries of the palace clustered to await their victorious master, with a multitude of priests who chanted hymns, who sounded sacred horns, who clashed cymbals and smote seven-stringed harps, and formed themselves into long lines that led to the inner court containing the sanctuary.

Between those lines descended the high priest, venerable in a white beard flowing over a magnificent vestment embroidered with occult designs, wearing a cone-shaped turban that blazed with gold in the fierce sunlight. He raised his arms in solemn greeting as the chariot halted at a little distance from him, spoke sonorously in a sudden silence of that wild music:

"Hail! O Mighty King and King of Kings, in whom Marduk reigneth over all the lands of men! None is there in all the world who may resist thy divine will, O Warrior and Great Judge! Live forever, O Mighty One!"

In one deafeningly unanimous shout, the priests, the soldiers and the palace dignitaries reiterated that devoutly loyal formula.

"Live forever, O Mighty One! Live forever, O King of Kings!"

Hammurabi lifted his hand in dignified acknowledgment.

"Hail to thee, O Holy One of Marduk, God of Gods! Heaped with spoil of gold and silver shall be his temple, and the goddesses of the Elamites journey even now to dwell submissive in his House of Women! Now, as is fitting, I come to make the sacrifice of victory to him whose omnipotence lives in me, the king!"

He spoke in a voice ringingly accustomed to command, in the superb arrogance of his thirty years of divinely sanctioned autocracy.

The high priest answered with the reverent gesture one made before the god himself.

"Descend from thy chariot, O Mighty One! The sanctuary is open for thy coming. Descend, that together we may go into the Presence."

Hammurabi turned to his charioteer; almost as a son he had come to love that brilliantly gay, recklessly brave, young noble to whose tried devotion he intrusted his life on the day of battle. He smiled at him in that familiarity of close companionship.

"By Ishtar, goddess of love and war, have I sworn, O Ibni-Martu, to grant thee whatever boon thy soul may desire, for that thou didst shield me with thy valor in the press when the Elamite fought with us, chariot against chariot. Yet first have I another task for thy fidelity. Take this my seal and go quickly to him who guards the Elamite princesses, and bring them swiftly and safely from among the soldiers into my House of Women. Especially of Amat-Nina, daughter of Rim-Sin, the King, have good care that no harm come to her. Then stand before me in the palace and ask thy reward."

Affectionately he smiled again at the handsome young man as he detached from his own wrist the dangling cylinder of precious stone, carved exquisitely in intaglio with Marduk's destruction of the female monster Tiamat, incarnation of primeval chaos; gave him the token which conferred upon its bearer an authority equivalent to his own.

The young man touched his brow in the salute of submissive acknowledgment.

"I hear and I obey, O Mighty One!"

Hammurabi the King stepped down from his chariot, made his way through the lines of priests and courtiers who cast themselves to the earth and cried to him to live forever. As, preceding the high priest, he ascended the stairway to the inner court, his mind turned, in a secret impiety, from the thought of Marduk to the thought of Amat-Nina, daughter of his defeated enemy. Beautiful as Ishtar was she in her slim, young, dark-eyed loveliness!

He approached the sanctuary, could see, between the great copper braziers that sent clouds of sweet-smelling incense about him, the dark interior where a monstrous idol glimmered in an incrustation of precious stones, the god whose divine omnipotence was mystically in him, the king.

The priests chanted in chorus: "Enter, O Son of Marduk! Enter, O Master of the World!"

The thanksgiving in the temple was over. Now, within his vast palace, in a cool room open to an inner garden of palms and fountains slantingly shadowed in the decline of the sun, Hammurabi sat at the affairs of state with Ea-zir-ibni, his vizier, and with Nebo-sum-yukin, his scribe. Centered in his quasi-divine autocracy as was the entire administration of a realm greater than that of any Semitic monarch since Sargon of Aggade, there flooded in upon him day by day an immense quantity of reports and appeals, of documents of all kinds, brought by the royal post messengers from every part of his efficiently organized empire. Already Nebo-sum-yukin the scribe had emptied one of the huge baskets from which he had extracted tablet after tablet of baked clay, had tapped it so that its outer envelope fell in fragments, had read out the words of the cuneiform-inscribed clay slab therein contained. Already Hammurabi had curtly and authoritatively dictated a long succession of diversely appropriate replies—to the governors of the provinces into which the anciently independent city states had been merged; to even the humblest of his subjects, appealing for redress of their grievances to a justice celebrated far and wide among men; to vassal kings who made haste humbly to felicitate him on his victory over the Elamite. Now the king sat in a frowning silence, his fingers impatiently working in his grizzled beard, his eyes fixed on the garden where the shadows lengthened.

Old Nebo-sum-yukin ventured to repeat the words that had apparently been unheard.

"Yet more letters are there in this other basket, O My Lord!" he said timidly. "Does it please the Mighty One to deal with them?"

Hammurabi scowled as he relaxed upon the cushions of his high divan. Until Ibni-Martu should appear there was nothing better to do than to attend to this vexatious business of governing.

"Read them then, if thou must, O Father of Calamity!" he commanded. "But be brisk in the reading or thy head shall suffer for it!"

With a hand that trembled a little—not good was it to stand before Hammurabi the King when his wrath was upon him—Nebo, the scribe god, father of Marduk, alone knew what now ailed him!—Nebo-sum-yukin broke the clay envelope of another tablet, read out the contents:

"Unto Hammurabi, the Mighty King, King of Kings, King of the Four Quarters, reverence and worship! Thus humbly says his servant Sin-idinnam, governor of Larsam. In the matter of Seb-Sin, the scribe of the merchants ——"

The king listened, dictated again answer after answer.

"Unto Sin-idinnam, governor of Larsam, say:

"Thus saith Hammurabi: In the matter of Seb-Sin, the scribe of the merchants, who has not paid his tribute of eighteen hundred *gur* of sesame seed and nineteen *manehs* of silver,-when thou shalt behold this tablet thou shalt send unto Babylon Seb-Sin the scribe of the merchants, together with his eighteen hundred *gur* of sesame seed and his nineteen *manehs* of silver, that he may stand before me."

Not to be trifled with was this delivery of the grain into those colossal royal storehouses which held the reserves against a time of famine and gave him a power of life and death over the whole land.

"Unto Bity-rabi, *rabbianu* of Kish, say: Thus saith Hammurabi: It is reported to me that the canal of Kish is choked so that boats may no longer come to the city. Therefore call out the men who dwell upon the canal of Kish that they may clear out the canal. Within the present month shall they clear out the canal of Kish."

Equally important was it that the immense system of canals everywhere reticulated over the land should be kept in perfect order. Not only were they the chief means of transport and communication but in this preëminently corn-growing country, where the wheat returned from sixty to a hundred fold in an amazing fertility that made possible a swarming population, agriculture existed only because of those canals which retained and distributed the annual inundation of the two rivers. Unremitting was

(Continued on Page 170)

"If I Were Queen in Babylon, Ishtar, O Ishtar!" It Was the Voice of Amat-Nina! He Listened and it Seemed That His Very Heart Had Stopped

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

XIX

By Jesse Lynch Williams

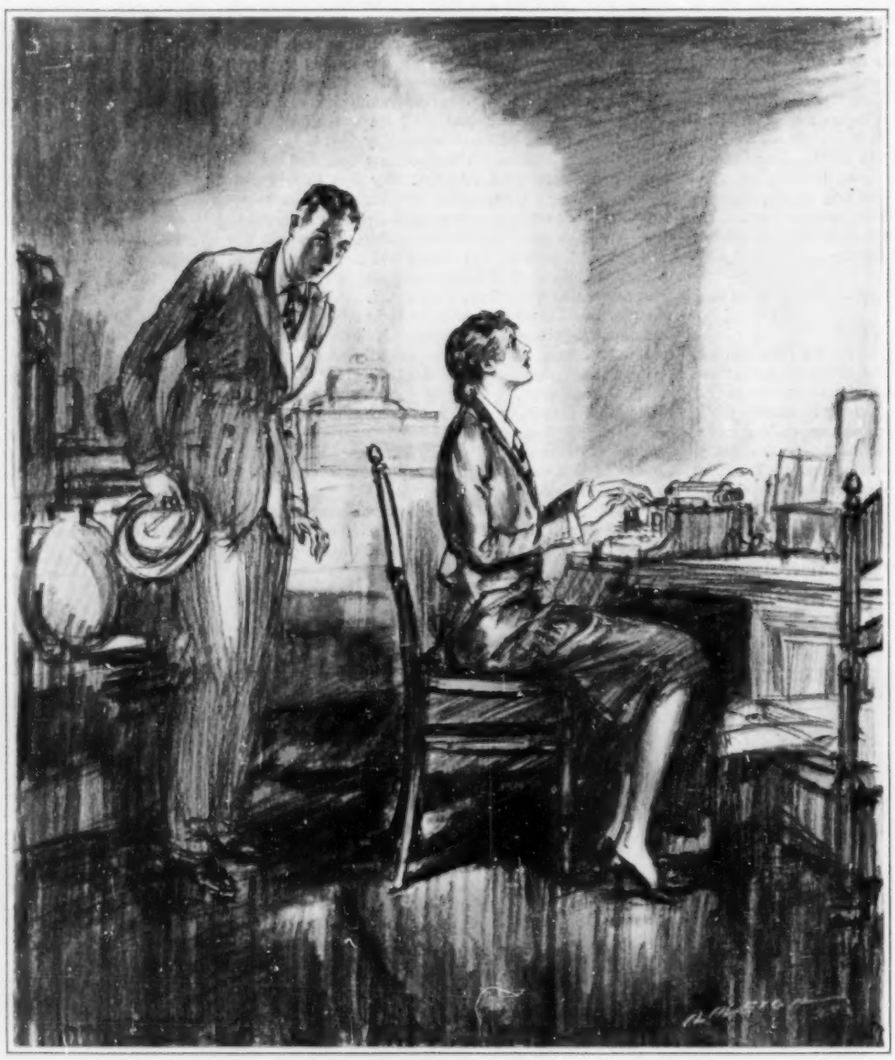
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MR. MONTEAGLE was so important that the announcement of his only daughter's betrothal landed on the first page, with appropriately voluminous details and almost recognizable pictures of the two prominent young people. Miss Evelyn Monteagle was prominent because her father was rich. Mr. Harrison Cope was prominent, too, now, because, it seemed, he was about to be rich. Besides, he had a little prominence in his own right. He had inherited it. The antiquity of the Cope family was played up. Harrison's forbears had been important, and, as everybody knows, it is even more honorific to have remote ancestors that did something than to do anything yourself.

While he indignantly resented the false statement that he was engaged to be married, especially to a girl nearly half an inch taller than himself, with too much money and too much nose, the scornful young scientist was still more infuriated by this insulting implication that he was socially prominent. He didn't want to be socially prominent. He wanted to be scientifically prominent.

However, Harrison did not sue the scurrilous newspapers for libel. He did not even give out a statement denying the charge. He let Evelyn keep the pearls. To be sure, he did not believe in chivalry and all that bunk, but there are limits to what a lover of the truth can do, even when not in love with a girl. He knew that no one in New York or the vicinity would believe the truth.

"It's nearer three than two hundred millions," Mr. Cope had authoritatively stated when begging his small son to sell his love for gold and redeem the family fortunes.



He Stood There, Gaping in Silence, Like a Stage-Frightened Actor Not Up in His Part

Harrison was not given to being engaged to multimillionairesses and did not know how to meet the situation. Therefore he dodged it. On the day the announcement appeared Miss Monteagle's fiancé disappeared.

Having, in effect, presented one of the greatest heiresses in the country with jewelry worth several hundred thousands, the penniless student sold his flivver and his books and most of his clothes and headed for New Mexico. He knew that an expedition had been sent out from the American Museum of Natural History in New York to work in the Miocene of Santa Fé, somewhere in the four hundred square miles' stretch between the Jemez country and Sangre de Cristo range. He had no personal acquaintance with the leader or any of the other palæontologists of this expedition, but he could not wait to obtain letters of introduction from his good friend and former professor, Dr. Richard Duke, one of the greatest scientific explorers in the world. Harrison knew that he was hardly qualified by study or experience to be of use to the cause of palæontology, even if an extra man might be needed by the expedition. All he was sure of was that he had sworn off spiders finally and forever and wanted to get away from New York at once and stay away until he had lived down his disgrace.

A curious coincidence influenced his desperate choice of that remote region for his scientific experiment. It was down there that a celebrated vertebrate palæontologist of the United States Geological Survey had found, some years ago, an early and imperfect specimen of the *Hemicyon*, a prehistoric sort of half dog with tigerlike proportions and doglike teeth.

Harrison was not particularly interested in the *Hemicyon*, but in the course of his wide scientific reading he had been thrilled to find that the man who had discovered that early specimen was named Cope. Harrison was not related to him, though he wished he were; but he could not help thinking that it might be an even more gratifying coincidence if another and younger Cope could discover another and more perfect specimen.

The day after the young scientific adventurer's sudden and unaccountable disappearance an item appeared in the society column, written by the efficient Watringer, informing the world that, owing to the regrettable illness of Mr. Harrison Cope, which had necessitated his spending some time in the dry climate of the Southwest, the plans for the alliance of two prominent families had been postponed.

The day after the important announcement of Mr. Harrison Cope's regrettable illness, still another item appeared: Miss Evelyn Monteagle had sailed with friends for her annual trip to Europe.

This, too, was a slight exaggeration. She had left New York, but she had gone in the opposite direction. Mr. Monteagle knew where she was, but he wouldn't tell—not even Mrs. Cope. The dialogue was brief and ran like this:

"Is it true that she has gone out West?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"No."

Mrs. Cope's "Oh" meant, "Then there is hope?" Mr. Monteagle's "No" meant, "Not the slightest. It's all off. My girl will never see your boy again."

But Mrs. Cope wrote to her son: "The dear child is still in love with you, Harrison, but is so brave about it. How can you treat her so cruelly?" There was not a word of reproach, however, for the "poverty" into which her son had plunged his aging parents. For the plan for the alliance of two prominent banks was also postponed indefinitely. Harrison wondered if there might not be some basis of truth in his mother's expression of maternal absurdity. Despite the pearls? It seemed impossible. And yet the old man was surely on the level. Harrison had grown very fond of the old man. He felt hot and cold all over every time he thought about it. Well, he would have to stop thinking about all that. It was just one of those messes that would have to remain a mystery.

"Glad I'm well out of it," he told himself.

He told himself this for over a year and a half. Then, believing that the thing had blown over and that he had safely escaped from the spider web, he returned to New York for scientific purposes.

But some webs, as he should have remembered, are widespreading and almost invisible in certain lights. While in the Southwest he had read of a great expedition that was about to be sent out to the Gobi Desert of inner Mongolia, under the able leadership of that world-famous explorer and scientist, Dr. Richard Duke.

Now Duke was the one man this youthful scoffer had looked up to during his college course with almost as much awe and admiration as Cecil bestowed upon the coach of the football team.

This scientist was out of university work now entirely. He seldom returned to academic shades, except when institutions of higher learning, at home and abroad, wanted to lasso him with a doctor's hood on the commencement stage and tell the crowd what a great man he was. He now had quite a collection of these pretty souvenirs, as brilliant and variegated in color as the collections of butterflies owned by some of his colleagues.

Harrison, without stopping to inform the family of his return, dashed up to Doctor Duke's office directly from the train and arrived shortly after eight o'clock. He knew that this tireless palæontologist got to work by seven, and that by calling early there would be no office boys or secretaries to impede progress into the inner office. He stole in quietly and stood before the great man's desk, waiting for him to look up.

This scientist was a large man with the strength and clumsy agility of a bear, and he wore a beard. Dear old absent-minded college professors nearly always wear beards on the stage and in the movies, but of all the scientists Harrison knew, Doctor Duke was the only one of note who had whiskers.

He did not look up for some time. He was deeply absorbed—not in a scientific but in a financial problem. Indeed, to any caller but Harrison, he might have seemed as quaint and absent-minded as one of our great Wall Street dreamers, one of the artists in business. But Harrison was aware that teachers are usually practical and present-minded. They have to be. They have such rigorous schedules. Mr. Monteagle could stroll into his office any time between 9:30 and eleven and still do a pretty good day's work and clean up a million or so for his firm before luncheon. But a college professor with a class at eight o'clock has to arrive in the lecture room before the bell stops ringing or else he won't have any class to teach, and may therefore lose his job and his salary of four or five thousand a year.

The young highbrow, as he watched the old one checking up a long column of figures, remembered the thrill of pride he had felt when his own university had conferred an extra degree upon this big, burly bear, while he looked arrogant and amused. Harrison remembered some of the phrases pronounced by the dean in the manner, if not with the accent, employed for such cultural purposes when Oxford and Cambridge confer degrees: "Adding to the sum of human knowledge . . . delving into the remote past toward the origin of life . . . indomitable courage, singleness of purpose . . . distinguished talents, dedicated to the unselfish search for truth at its source."

Presently the big scientist looked up at the little one. Without any preliminary greeting, but with indomitable courage and singleness of purpose, he made this unselfish search for truth at its source: "Damn you, kid," he roared, "why did you skip out before finishing your thesis?" Doctor Duke had the true simplicity and directness of those who delve into the past, and his deep chest tones reverberated around the room.

Harrison smiled with relief. He knew now that his old prof was still interested in him. "Doctor Duke, I'm afraid I'm interrupting your work."

"Of course you are. What do you think I'm here for, anyway?"

"I'll take only three minutes of your time."

"You mean thirty. Sit down. Have a cigar." The great voice bellowed and thundered at him. "Now then, tell me all about it. Why did you run away just when you were about to land your degree?" Although an omnivorous reader, Duke had failed to peruse the society column, Harrison was glad to note.

"Well, you see, the family lost their money."

"Why didn't you come to me? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"But you haven't any money."

"I could have got some for you. Getting money is the best thing I do." Duke began to chuckle. "That's why I'm rated as a great scientist. Oh, there's plenty of loose money in this burg, and there's nothing the guys downtown like better than to do something good with it. Only they don't know how. We have to do it for 'em. Did you ever stop to think of it? Not one of the things those boys spend money on is made or imagined by them—art, education, science. All they can do is make money, and they don't make that—they merely get it. They get the right to build sluice boxes and drain it all off into their storage dams." Duke chuckled some more. "But to hear some of 'em talk, you'd think they made the mountains and the rain too. Why, it's only kindness to 'em to tap those reservoirs before they bust."

Harrison had gained considerable knowledge of the world of men since he left New York. When striking an employer for a job, if he wants to talk, always listen and look interested. Well, Harrison was interested.

"Most of the fellows in our trade don't know the game," the scientist went on. "They go down to Wall Street, hat in hand, as if begging a favor or trying to sell life insurance. They make me tired. Or else they pull a long face and talk like solemn owls about wealth as a sacred trust and all that rot. Hell, we aren't seeking favors—we're offering them! Don't ask them—tell them."

"How do you work it?" Harrison asked, looking his admiration. "What do you tell them?" He knew that this scientist, like all big men, had his little vanities.

Doctor Duke smiled and looked wise.

"That's just what one of the gang at the Century Club asked me the other day. 'How do you get all this money, Duke? Nobody ever endows me.' He's a big man too—damn sight bigger than I am, if people only knew it. But nobody ever heard of him outside of our crowd. And everybody makes a fuss over me. They make me tired! Still, I like it."

"What did you tell him?" asked Harrison, watching for his opening.

"'Billy,' I said, 'do you go to the opera? Do you dine out? Do you ever attend house parties?' Of course he looked insulted. 'What do you take me for,' says he—'a cake eater, a little brother to the rich? I'm a scientist. I stick to my laboratory.' And he's right. That's where he'll stick—to the end of his days. And his work is a damn sight more important than mine."

"What's the opera got to do with it?" asked Harrison, wondering how he could land his job, never dreaming how all this was to affect his fortunes later.

"Well, you see, I hate the opera, because I love music. And I know a lot about it too. Not my fault—my mother's. But I sacrificed myself for science and sat through a lot of the rot in old Mrs. Hearn's box. The next year I was down at the islands in her yacht. I put over that expedition to Oregon when I was still a kid by talking art to old man Barker. Of course, I don't give a hang about pictures, but my father was a collector and I learned the patter in my youth."

"Doctor Duke, how about this show in the Gobi Desert?" *(Continued on Page 103)*

"My Contribution to Science," He Said, "Was Frying Frijoles"

HOOCH

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Though He Winked Appreciatively at Martin, He Knew Instantly That What They Were Drinking Was by No Means Genuine William Penn Rye

III

ONCE convinced that proper effort would produce lucrative return, Paddy Flenger was not a man easily put aside. When he left Captain Barr it was with the enthusiastic ambition to make Alderman Swinnerton see things as Paddy himself saw them. He turned the situation over in his mind—turned it over as only a really smart and well-trained police officer could turn it over.

There were, in the final analysis, two possibilities. The first was that Barr had been absolutely honest with him. If that were so all was well. But, Flenger thought, the percentages were against that. Barr certainly was not the sort of man to cast aside the fortune Paddy saw in the Swinnerton connection, merely for a small house in the country.

Again, what about that long-standing friendship between the captain and Swinnerton? Could Barr, under those circumstances, desert the political boss just when their obvious plan had come to fruition? Those two questions rankled in the mind of the lieutenant. They seemed unanswerable so long as he accepted as a fact Barr's fidelity in dealing with him.

But the second possibility offered greater food for logic. It was pregnant, in fact, with alluring promise. And to Flenger it seemed more than a possibility; it seemed a probability. Through his mind it ran something like this:

Barr, having perfected his connection with the powerful alderman, had laid his plans in a manner excluding Paddy himself. Paddy had declined to follow Barr in his transfer to his new precinct, so the captain had figured without him. Now there was no immediate room for alterations. Yet Barr dared not admit that state of affairs. On this hypothesis, Paddy felt more at home, more certain of his ground. None knew better than he the machinations of the political and criminal mind.

It was clear to him that Swinnerton and Barr were in the position that Barr had pointed out. They had held off to see just what sort of enforcement of the Volstead Act was going to be made. Now they were gaining confidence; perhaps were ready to go ahead with the breweries and distillery. Flenger was sure from Barr's attitude that the alderman was ready. If anything held up their start it was the timidity of the captain himself. Barr always was too conservative. He saw the dangerous side of everything. Could it be possible, he wondered, that Barr's conservatism now was a pose? Had the two already begun selling? Under these circumstances, Barr's promises to see Swinnerton in Flenger's behalf meant nothing. They were merely tricks to stall off Flenger until Swinnerton himself could decide what was best to do.

What would Swinnerton decide? Obviously, unless he was reached before his decision, he would play along with Barr. There was virtually no other course open to him. That meant that the captain would participate in the golden pickings about to come and Flenger himself would remain, as the parlance has it, "on the outside looking in." The thought rasped upon Paddy's sensibilities. It angered him. The more he pondered it the more certain he became that here was the true situation. With Barr posing as a medium of approach to Swinnerton and deliberately acting as an obstacle to that end, Paddy was playing the part of the oaf who sits upon a rail fence waiting for the sprouting of unplanted corn.

His ears fairly burned at the thought. He walked rapidly, in keeping with his thoughts. His bristling mustache sang its faint song of contact with dancing cigar leaf. Now and then his hand jerked upward and removed the cigar from his mouth. Then he would twist his head suddenly and spit out over the curbstone. There was a venomous quality in the gesture.

Determined to find out what he could, he summoned a taxicab. He ordered the driver to drop him at Martin's saloon. He knew well enough that Martin was still selling liquor, for the boys at the station house went there for what they wanted themselves. Martin greeted him in friendly enough manner. Like the fox that he was, Flenger approached his subject cautiously and with psychological skill.

"They're beginnin' to bother us a bit about sellin' booze, Martin," he said. "You been told anythin' yet?"

"Not a peep," Martin said, his eyes narrowing.

"Some of the other houses have got orders," Flenger went on. "I'd watch my step if I was you."

"Who knows anythin'?" Martin queried. "There's a law against sellin' it, but there's nobody seems to bother us any. All I done was go along with the front door closed an' the price of booze doubled."

"They're just gettin' around to where they can do somethin'," Paddy explained with an air of wisdom. "First thing you know they'll drop in on you—these Federal dicks. Nobody knows who they are yet an' it'll take a little time to get a line on them."

"They ain't bothered me any," Martin muttered again.

"You sure?" Flenger insisted. "You can't kid me long, you know," he went on, reverting to his usual third-degree methods. "I'm bound to get the low-down soon. I happen to know there's a few of them around town."

"I ain't been bothered," Martin repeated doggedly.

"It ain't the sellin' half as much as it is the gettin' of the stuff," Paddy insisted. "The Federal dicks are figgerin' that you boys have got a certain amount o' stock left on hand that you ain't goin' to give away. But they won't stand fer sellin' much more than that."

Martin remained mute. His eyes were narrowed still and his face wore a worried look. It was clear that he did not care to talk much of the subject matter. Then it was that the fox in Flenger showed most clearly. He knew this Martin; knew that he was of stolid wit and a slow and not overintelligent thinker. He played his big card. Had it not worked on Martin, he would have tried it on others until it did work.

"Well," he said slowly, "of course your connections may have a lot to do with that."

Martin's brows lifted and his cheeks puffed in preparation for a vigorous denial that he was operating under anything but a deliberate and unprotected violation of the new law. Before he could speak, Paddy, pretending that there was nothing secret or unusual in his words, went on:

"Swinnerton has got a lot of weight." It was a matter-of-fact statement, made in a casual manner. It had the desired effect. Martin's brows dropped and a look of relief crossed his face. Flenger's eyes blazed satisfaction.

"As long as he tipped you off, Flenger, it ain't fer me to argue," Martin said slowly. "But it's queer that they all warn me about sayin' a word, then talk themselves. Mebbe I'd git away with runnin' just as easy without them, but where'd I git the stuff to sell? An' what am I losin' anyway, as long as the doubled price don't cut down trade any? I'm makin' more with this prohibition thing than I ever did before, an' so are they. I believe in livin' an' let live."

"Sure thing," Paddy agreed, his delight at what he had discovered blazing in his eyes. "Drag out a little of that William Penn rye of yours. I'll buy us each a drink."

"I'll give you a bottle to take along with you, Paddy," Martin grumbled. "You ain't buyin' anythin' in this joint."

But Flenger declined the offer. Instead, he had a single drink with Martin. He sniffed the whisky, then sipped it. Though he winked appreciatively at Martin, he knew instantly that what they were drinking was by no means genuine William Penn rye.

It naturally registered in his alert mind that the potion was the offering of a certain distillery over in Barr's

precinct. That, in turn, meant that Martin was not alone paying Swinnerton for supposed protection but was also looking to the alderman for his liquor supply.

It was facts of this sort which Paddy most wanted. Now, he assured himself, his hypothetical case was beginning to work out. Not only was Swinnerton offering protection to those selling liquor, he was actually offering them the liquor they sold. That being the case, Barr must have known of it and was therefore trying to throw dust in Flenger's eyes. Paddy decided to play his hand his own way, but to play it fast and sure.

Once again in the street, Flenger fairly licked his lips as he computed the possible profits to those in the charmed circle of Swinnerton's affections and understanding. Barr, for instance, could hardly be blamed for playing a careful hand for such stakes as these. As he walked along the street the lieutenant took himself severely to task. He should have roused himself to these possibilities long ago. Probably for weeks and weeks this had been going on and he had not participated in the golden flow. He was the type to grind his teeth over this lamentable condition, and in the grinding, find determination to remedy the situation.

Having proved to his entire satisfaction the existence of a clover field for grazing, Paddy's next problem was to gain admission, with grazing privileges. Swinnerton, and he alone, was the man to be reached. But how? Conceding that the alderman's distillery over in Barr's precinct was distributing whisky, it had to follow that Barr was playing along with Swinnerton. That being the case, Barr was not playing the game with Paddy Flenger, else he would instantly have admitted it and arranged for the lieutenant's admission to the circle. It behooved Paddy to get at the facts. Accordingly he hailed another taxicab and returned to Barr. As he rode he laid his plans. They were quite simple.

"If Barr is playin' me along for a sucker," he muttered, "it's because he's afraid of what I'd do if he just turned me down flat and open. He must be stallin' me along until he can get to Swinnerton. Then they'll figure a way to dump me quietly out of the picture. Mebbe a ride out into the sticks, or a switch to the Missin' Persons Bureau. A pretty little frame-up! But he won't waste any time gettin' to Swinnerton, an' that's the little bet I'll copper!"

He entered the station house once more and engaged Dobbs in conversation.

"Somethin' may break here pretty quick," he said with just the correct amount of mystery in his voice. "I'm goin' to hang around a bit. There's a storekeeper in this precinct named Kepper, ain't there? A dinky little jeweler?"

"Yeah," Dobbs returned innocently; "right down the street he is."

The fact that Flenger had noted the name over the door as his taxicab approached three minutes before remained in secrecy. All that he said in response to Dobbs' information was: "He buys some stones now an' then, Ferry. He bought some today. I'll just hang around a while." He finished with a wink and left Dobbs in a state of distinct perturbation.

"Goin' to knock him off, are they?" the lieutenant asked in excitement. "There's half a dozen of the boys in the reserve room if you want 'em, Flenger. The old man's still here too. I can call him."

"Nope. It's just a hunch I've got, see? I'll hang out over here."

He walked across the room, where his view through the front windows included the store of Kepper. There he waited. The more he waited the more certain he became of his position.

It was getting along toward late afternoon, and unless he waited for a specific reason, Barr would have left the station before this. It seemed reasonable to Flenger to guess that, as long as he did wait, the captain must be waiting for none other than Swinnerton. That suited Flenger absolutely. He would show his ex-chief just how a smart fellow attained a simple end.

In the end his patience was rewarded. He saw a big, green automobile approach the station house. It stopped at the door and Alderman Swinnerton crawled from under the wheel. He paused to exchange the time of day with several people on the street, then jauntily mounted the steps and entered the station house.

Dobbs rose and greeted him with obsequious attention.

"Yes, sir, Alderman Swinnerton," he said in response to the politician's question, "Captain Barr is right here, sir. I'll tell him you're here, sir. I suppose he is expectin' you, sir?"

"As a matter of fact," Swinnerton returned easily, "he was not. I was just ——"

"I'm sure that won't make no diff'rence, sir," Dobbs insisted as he walked from behind his high desk. "I'll tell him, sir."

In his corner, unnoticed, Flenger enjoyed the scene. He took opportunity to study this powerful and astute alderman once more. The man was portly, overfed and slightly overdressed. About his huge girth a fancy vest fairly glistened. It contrasted just enough with his pearl-gray suit and fedora hat.

His legs were short and squatty, but set off by patent-leather shoes and soft gray spats. His tie was a brilliant blue and the series of chins above it was pink as a baby's. Under his eyes there were pouches, partially hidden by the continuous caress of the barber's massage cream. Swinnerton was a dandy, but anything foppish in his dress was discounted by the glint of his huge, protruding eyes. No one could go wrong on those eyes. They held the fullest gleam of intelligence backed by the unremitting steadiness of determination. The mouth of the man was mobile yet firm, and might have been chiseled from marble.

Though he had met him on several occasions, Flenger made no attempt to speak to him. His plan went deeper than that. It was not his intention to permit the proverbial slip 'twixt cup and lip. His greatest strength, he knew, lay in getting Barr and Swinnerton together, where whatever either of them said must be said before him. Then he could establish his own case in his own way and let them make the most of it.

Dobbs called to the alderman from the door of the captain's room. Flenger heard the two greet each other and saw the boss pass into the room and close the door after him. Nothing on earth could have shaken his belief that the one reason for this conference was himself. He would give them time to get started, then ——

"You know who that was, don't yuh?" Dobbs was whispering to him. "It was Alderman Swinnerton himself. That fellow swings more weight in this town than the mayor."

"Sure I know him," Flenger shrugged. "Know him better'n I know you, Ferry. If this other thing don't break

(Continued on Page 94)

"That Was Delicious, Manuel. And Very Well Served. I Thank You. That Will be All. Remember, We Will Not be Disturbed"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 5, 1929

Make the Highways Safe

IT IS gratifying that the automobile associations are devoting so much attention to an investigation of the basic principles of safety and responsibility in the operation of motor cars. The automobile is still in its comparatively early days, and, as in the case of the steam railroad and other mechanical inventions, is at times destructive of life and property in this preliminary stage. Progress was attained in the case of the railroad and factory machinery not by prohibiting the inventions but by minimizing as far as possible their injurious consequences. After years of improvement, railroad accidents were brought down to very small percentages, and in the factory all manner of devices were designed to protect the laborer, while workmen's compensation and accident insurance reimbursed him if accidents did occur.

It will be the same with the automobile. A thousand and one betterments of every kind must and will be introduced. These include greater care in granting licenses, more drastic penalties for careless driving, and improvement in the streets themselves, as well as in traffic regulations. Whether compulsory insurance should be introduced is a debatable question.

One of the automobile associations, which presumably does not favor compulsory insurance, advocates the universal denial of highway use to persons who have failed to pay a judgment rendered against them in a court of competent jurisdiction. It also advocates, most sensibly, legislation to prevent a person who has been ruled off the road in one state from moving to another and there operating a vehicle. Finally, it suggests that the thirty states now without a driver's license law shall promptly adopt one.

All these suggestions are highly constructive. If adopted, they might well obviate the necessity of country-wide compulsory insurance, which is almost inevitable otherwise. But even if these measures are adopted, the need for carrying insurance is not done away with. All the forces of education and publicity should be employed to induce the owners and drivers of automobiles to carry insurance designed to protect themselves as well as others. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how any law-abiding person has the hardihood to own or operate an automobile without such essential protection from loss.

The prevention of accidents and the solution of traffic problems have many strictly engineering features. But the human and regulatory aspects are just as important. Gradually the law must close down not only upon the reckless but equally upon the financially irresponsible driver.

One fact emerges crystal-clear: the impelling necessity for substantially uniform regulations in these matters. The automobile is in no sense intrastate; it moves across state boundaries at will. It is a very saddening confession of our incompetence to handle our own inventions that in one state anyone can step into an automobile and drive it off, and in another state the strictest of physical and mental examinations are required. Uniformity and universality of laws and regulations to banish reckless and financially irresponsible drivers from the road are crying needs of the day.

Sanity and Power

ONE pleasing result of Mr. Hoover's election was to reduce to normal proportions, for a while at least, all discussion concerning the power controversy.

It has been pointed out many times that only a small part of the power needs of this country, present and future, can be met from hydroelectric generation. In the main we must depend upon steam plants—that is, upon burning fuels. Only a tiny fraction of the coal supplies has as yet been exhausted, and vast improvements or economies in the use of this fuel are certain to take place. When coal is gone posterity will have to develop substitutes, for water power will then, as now, be quite inadequate to meet the needs. "But that is so far in the future," says Mr. Edison, "that it is of small concern today."

We would not imply that water-power sites which are the property of the whole people should be allowed to fall into the hands of corporations without thoroughly adequate safeguards. But those who discuss the subject so often give the impression in their diatribes against corporate activity that the only alternative to loot and theft of national resources is government ownership and as much government operation as possible. The companies are painted so black that one might suppose that their sole object in developing power is to keep it away from public use. The erroneous impression is given that no safeguards exist against the greedy exploitation of water-power sites by selfish private interests.

It seems to us that if the electric and power interests of this country were becoming altogether too greedy, reckless and arrogant, as their opponents maintain, the signs of their guilt would be found in the service provided, not from the relatively smaller source of hydroelectric generation but from steam plants. If the people as a whole are dissatisfied with the service and cost of light and power, then we have something worth while to talk about. Many of the most important states have no undeveloped water powers of any consequence whatever, and eighty per cent of undeveloped power lies in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast region, and is therefore unavailable to the great mass of the country's population.

The power problems of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast regions are of course momentous enough to the people who live there. Their most controversial question concerns the Colorado River and the proposed Boulder Dam. This long-continued dispute is likely to come to a head under the administration of Mr. Hoover, who may be rightly termed the great white father of the project, since it was he who, six or seven years ago, sought vainly but with great diligence to bring about the mutual understanding without which he feared the development would never take place.

It is fortunate that this issue may come up for settlement under his administration. If we mistake not, he lacks the unyielding dogmatism which makes these disputes so deplorable. If his record counts for anything, he is more interested in results than in formulas. It seems to us at times as if both the private and public ownership advocates were more interested in winning a debate than in serving the public. Mr. Hoover is no more given to rhetorical and argumentative display in the open forum than is his predecessor. We feel sure that if great economic results can be brought to the Southwest by harnessing the Colorado River, he will find ways of doing it, even if some embittered doctrinaire or ambitious bureaucrat is disappointed.

Home-Grown Rubber

THE newly issued report of the Secretary of Agriculture touches lightly upon a matter of such substantial importance that it is to be hoped the two paragraphs devoted to it are merely a hint of what will develop into a thoroughgoing investigation on a considerable scale.

Reference is made to an examination, now under way, of the possibilities of rubber production, of commercial dimensions, in the continental United States. Studies have already been made of sundry varieties of the rubber plant with a view to ascertaining which of them are best suited to the conditions of soil and climate to be found in the warmer parts of the country.

In view of the fact that we lead the world as consumers of rubber, our dependence upon foreign markets, South American and Asiatic, is an obvious economic weakness. We know by experience what centralized price control of rubber prices can do to us. It would be the height of folly not to profit by the sharp lessons we have received in recent years or to suppose that temporary price recessions make it impossible for foreign growers to put the screws on us at some future time just as they have in the past. The hardships which grew out of this system of artificial price fixing will prove to have been blessings in disguise if they have aroused us to the imperative necessity of controlling the sources of a substantial proportion of the rubber required by our industries. There appears to be but little doubt that home-grown rubber, supplemented by the output of over-sea tropical plantations controlled by American interests, will go a long way toward preventing our rubber users from being gouged in foreign markets.

Shut the Back Door!

THE people of the Southwestern Border States who are making a determined but rather ineffectual fight to shut out the hordes who are swarming into the country from Mexico deserve the hearty support of the rest of the country. Their protests against this uncontrolled immigration are based not upon theoretical considerations but upon actual conditions under which they have to live and which they cannot avoid without pulling up stakes and moving to some other part of the country. Their letters tell of able-bodied Americans who are out of employment because they cannot subsist and decently rear two or three children upon the wages on which Mexican laborers can live contentedly and bring up seven or eight youngsters. They complain of the unwarranted burden put upon them in maintaining poorhouses, asylums and correctional institutions for some of these unwelcome guests.

It would seem as if the justice of their cause and the serious character of the situation with which they are trying to cope would enlist the sympathy of the whole country and bring speedy relief. In the past, at least, these things have been too much to hope for. Those who seek relief are plain, everyday, small-town Americans who lack organization and influence, who do not know how to take their own part in this particular sort of fight and who therefore remain rather inarticulate and ineffective. Opposed to them are employers of cheap labor, both private and corporate, who are well organized.

These people of the border are not taking their troubles lying down. They react to them quite as strongly as they ought to, but they are not reacting along effective lines. Various civic bodies in the Southwest are hearing from them. Many letters of protest come to this office. But, after all, neither civic societies nor magazines are intrusted with the making of our national laws, and the efforts which should be focused upon congressmen, senators and members of the immigration committees of both houses are largely dissipated.

Congress has a great deal to do and only a few weeks in which to do it, but no more pressing duty confronts it than that of slamming the back door of the country and shooting the bolt.

WE MUST BE ON OUR GUARD

By ROY L. GARIS

Professor of Economics, Vanderbilt University

THE bitter and unrelenting opposition of the group fighting the present restrictive provisions in the Immigration Act of 1924 continues unabated. Indeed, its appetite, whetted somewhat by the crumbs that fell from the last congressional table, gnaws tantalizingly and with increasing force. Yea, it is struggling even now to wrest the offensive from its enemies. Staking all on success, it risks the blow that may spell defeat, even death, to its hopes of weakening, and if possible destroying, the present barriers to the flood of foreign immigration.

That eternal vigilance is the price of safety if we are to repulse the efforts of this opposition both from within and from without is evident from the following statement, issued in November, 1928, by a powerful organization openly opposed to the present restrictions on immigration into the United States:

"The immigration law has been amended at last. Since the passage of the restrictive Immigration Act of 1924 the crying need for a change in the law has been so obvious that it challenged the attention of the most ardent restrictionists. The hardships and difficulties encountered by families here and abroad in their efforts to become reunited are not new. The adoption by both Houses of Congress of the new amendment entitled An Act for the Relief of Separated Families is therefore greeted with relief by workers in the field of immigration, to whom the tragedies have become an all too familiar story. It is true that the satisfaction over the passage of amelioratory legislation is tinged with deep regret over the fact that the amendments contain no provision for the immediate reunion of families who were caught in the toils of the 1924 law. Nevertheless, because of the social problems evoked by the old law, any change looking toward relief, however slight, is acceptable."

Consistent Insistent Bombardment

THIS thought-provoking and apparently innocent statement ended in these significant words: "It may not be amiss to add before closing that the passage of the new amendments to the immigration law is definitely creditable to the concerted efforts of welfare organizations who have consistently bombarded Congress with concrete evidence of the hardships caused by the 1924 law and who have suggested the remedies adopted as being at least a step in the right direction. Recently both presidential nominees made statements to the effect that they believe in relieving the hardships caused by the separation of families under the present immigration law. It is to be hoped, therefore, that these statements will bear fruit in Congress next year and that the law will be further amended."

Thus, in these words, this powerful organization announces openly and to the world that it proposes to fight on with renewed hope and vigor. It expects to continue its consistent bombardment of Congress with sob stories until that body, swayed by sentimental emotions, relents or else strikes back in no uncertain terms. Gain what is possible, but fight on until the barriers have crumbled into dust, trampled under the feet of the tens of thousands eager to enter our gates.

The plea which they indicate will be made to the next Congress, based upon the statements of the presidential nominees, calls for an analysis of the views of the successful candidate.

In his acceptance speech Mr. Hoover linked the policy of restriction of immigration with the protective tariff, as essential components of the Republican Party program to protect our people "from competition with the lowest standards of living abroad." He further said: "No man will say that any immigration or any tariff law is perfect. We welcome our new immigrant citizens and their great contribution to our nation; we seek only to protect them equally with those already here. We shall amend the immigration laws to relieve unnecessary hardships upon families."

In his speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee, on October sixth, Mr. Hoover made his position in the matter of relatives perfectly clear. He said: "We must humanize the laws, but only within the present quotas." The successful candidate for the presidency thus opposes any further extension of the nonquota admission of relatives, and in so doing he stands firmly behind the present law and is in complete agreement with the majority of unprejudiced expert opinion on the matter. There is more than enough room within the present quota for all relatives who have any reason whatever for being admitted on humanitarian grounds.

Much has been said about the supposed unnecessary hardships involved in the so-called separation of families. Comparatively few people realize how liberal is the provision contained in the Act of 1924 in this regard. Furthermore, the amendment referred to above, which was signed by the President May twenty-ninth and went into effect July 1, 1928, provides for keeping alien families together in a wise and liberal way, in so far as this was not accomplished by the Act of 1924.

Very Pathetic, But Not Very True

THE law now admits, in certain specified cases, the alien husbands and wives of American citizens outside the quotas, and then gives half of the quotas to the unmarried dependent children under twenty-one years of age, and to wives of alien residents lawfully admitted for permanent residence. In other words, members of the immediate families of aliens already in this country legally have a preference under the quota up to 50 per cent. A naturalized citizen may bring in his wife and minor children as nonquota immigrants. Before leaving his native land every alien can learn whether all of the members of his family can enter the United States with him. Therefore the charge that the United States separates and divides alien families is wholly erroneous and misleading. It is the alien who separates his family when he comes here and leaves his wife and children and other relatives overseas. Everything reasonable has now been done by the United States in this matter. Indeed, the act now provides for the reuniting of families within the quotas. Any further concessions to the alien groups in this country who are ceaselessly clamoring for more liberal provisions for the admission of relatives would simply nullify the whole purpose of our restrictive legislation. The only way to restrict immigration is to restrict it. There is no restriction if an endless chain of relatives is admitted. Let us resist, therefore, every effort of those welfare organizations whose avowed purpose is to weaken and if possible to destroy the present restrictive legislation by their consistent bombardment of Congress with sentimental and misleading sob tales.

The past few months have likewise witnessed the launching of a new line of attack, equally frank and insidious in its purpose. Indeed, it is an open challenge to the whole policy of immigration restriction. It is a philosophical attack that must crumble in a world of facts and figures. Nevertheless, it is full of danger:

There is something better than a melting pot, and that is a treasure house filled with gifts, each splendid in its own way. The interplay of racial cultures is preferable to submerging them in a standardized American life. Rather than lose them in the melting pot, foreign racial groups should be conserved so that

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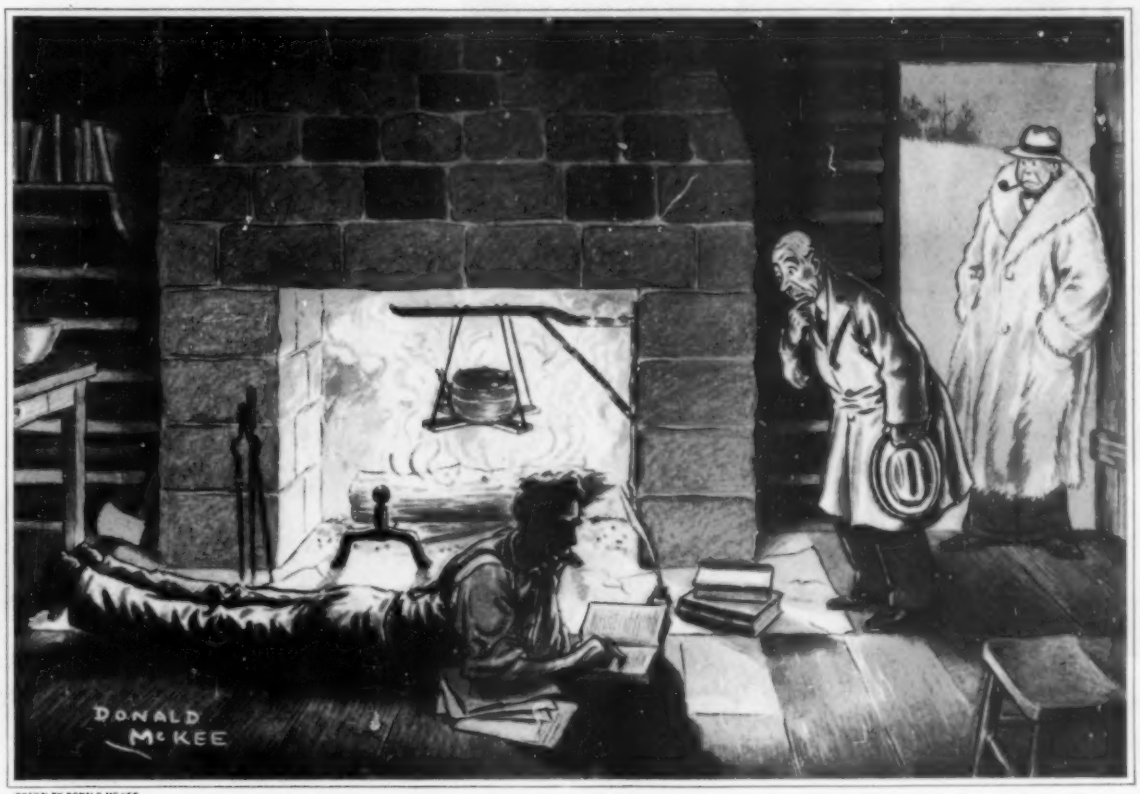
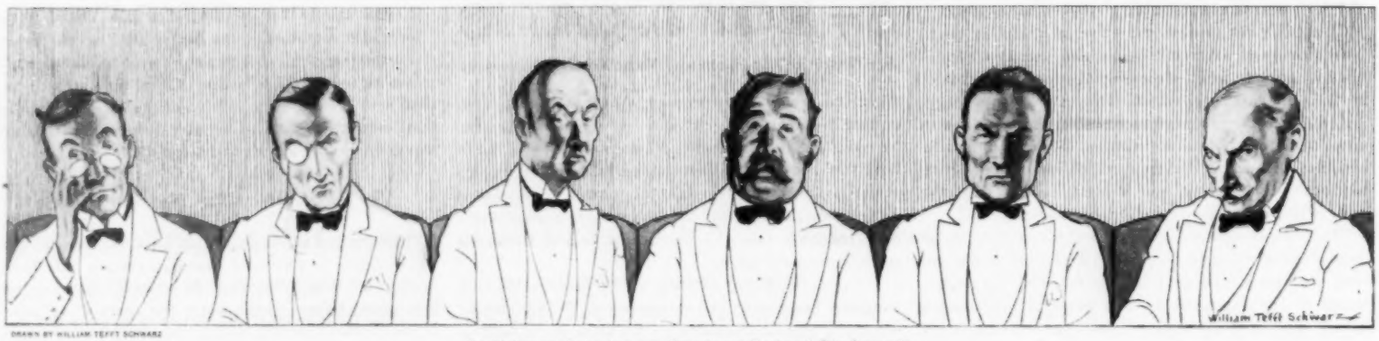


DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

1929 Parent: "I Wonder if Possibly There Isn't Something Wrong With the Present Educational Idea"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



DRAWN BY WILLIAM TEFFT SCHWARZ

Englishmen Enjoying an American Custard-Pie Comedy

No Kitchen Credits

IRATE HUSBAND: I thought you said you went to cooking school!

YOUNG WIFE: I did, darling, but I flunked in biscuits.

Thoughts on the Universe

MENFOLK are very queer women,
Women are very queer men;
Queer though they thought us as children,
Now we are queerer than then.

Arabs make very queer Frenchmen,
Frenchmen are mighty queer Dutch;
Russians are queer as Italians—
If you regard them as such.

Queer as we seem to the Martians,
Queerer they look to us here.
Queerness is much of a queerness;
Nature is awfully queer!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Order of the Garter

SHE: Is anybody looking?

HE: Not a soul.

SHE: Then I won't bother to fix my garter.

An Awfully Sweet Girl Tactfully Getting Rid of a Youth Who Has Just Dropped In

SHE: My dear, where on earth did you drop from? I was never so amazed in my life!

HE: Oh, I'm on a hike and I just thought I'd drop in and say hello.

SHE: Well, I just can't bear it! I mean, to think of you of all people!

HE: Well, I was just passing by, you see, and I just thought I'd drop in.

SHE: Well, if you hadn't I'd never have forgiven you, my dear!

HE: Well, of course, I wouldn't have passed by without dropping in.

SHE: I just guess you wouldn't have dared to! Really, I'd have been simply raging. Gosh, I'm excited at seeing you, my dear—I mean, I actually am!

HE: Well, it's certainly awfully good to see you.

SHE: Well, it's terribly lucky you just got here when you did, because I mean I was just about to bound hither and yon.

HE: Well, I mustn't keep you. I just wanted to say hello, but I mustn't interfere with a thing you've planned on doing.

SHE: Don't be ridic! Anything I've got to do can wait, my dear. Gosh, it's great to see you!

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DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"I Would Have Another One But They Give Me Such Nightmares. I Always Dream I'm a Sled Dog in the Arctics With a Cold Leather Harness on My Back and Frozen Fish in My Stomach"

Why we all crave the taste of Tomatoes

Why did Nature make the tomato so irresistible, do you suppose? So appetizing—so tonic—so refreshing! It almost seems as if she gave the tomato its brilliant hue just to attract us to one of her richest treasures. She has made us crave the peculiarly delicious tomato flavor because our health requires what the tomato supplies.

For the magical "Health Givers" (Vitamins) are extraordinarily abundant in tomatoes. They are the substances, you know, which science tells us we must have, if we are to enjoy the best of health.

Campbell's Tomato Soup brings them to you in a most attractive, palatable and convenient form, right in your everyday meals. Enjoy it regularly and often!

Campbell's, I'm coming,
But if I am late,
Have a heart, don't deny me
The soup in my plate!

For variety in your menus, let your grocer supply you with selections from the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

BULL TAVERN

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XIII

MR. ISAAC SHENSKI, dictator of Prismatic Fotofilm, Inc., was giving a supper party in a private ballroom at Sherry's with the unexpressed purpose of impressing Laurie. Of all the men whom the bean stalk of the movie industry had lifted with magic speed to the zenith of affluence, he was the most solid. Starting from nothing, he had done more for himself in half a lifetime, inside and out, culturally and materially, than an Abe Steinhoff could be expected to accomplish in several generations.

Consequently a girl who could hesitate at the threshold of fame and fortune was not completely beyond the reach of his imagination, and he was not handicapped from the start, as was Abe, by a collision with the inconceivable. It was not his habit to pick his own stars, nor did he have a particular picture in view for Miss America; but he was moved in this case by a double motive—curiosity and a shrewd respect for his rival's judgment in the selection of raw material. If Abe wanted her she was worth having.

Where Shenski fell down was in his conception of the impressive. His party was for eighty covers and he had gathered together all such bright stars of the screen firmament as happened at the time to be passing in their vertiginous orbits through the nebula of New York. Had he stopped at this galaxy, the effect would have been at least dazzling; but for each planet there were five or more mortals of grosser appearance if not of coarser fiber. The men could be easily catalogued in the order of their importance. Certain of his peers, rival producers who were either his friends or would bear watching. A corps of specializing legal lights whose brilliance had increased in proportion with the prodigious growth of the infant they had helped to nurture. Two outstanding directors, no more being available at the moment. The managers of all major departments in his own mammoth organization as well as one or two he was thinking of annexing from other concerns. Authors and a corps of the more highly paid continuity writers. One or two clerks, so flattered by their inclusion that henceforth they would be increasingly useful—and finally, Mr. S. M. Shepstiro.

What gave the assemblage a note of incomparable dissonance was the variety of the women present. With few exceptions, they were wives, old or young, fat or thin, beautiful or ugly, either very badly or exceptionally well dressed.

Unknown to Laurie, the party was ostensibly given to celebrate her entry into the Prismatic fold. Nobody had gone so far as to assert that she had signed up, but the natural implication arising from her being the guest of honor was permitted to attain to its full growth without denial. A lot of things went by indirection in that *milieu*, where Miss Meta Vaudraye really stood for Mrs. Abe Steinhoff, Miss Kane McKane for Mrs. Ben Hirsch, and so on down the list of the superlative beauties present.

If implication could be gradually transformed into pressure, Mr. Shenski was not above bending it to his own ends at the proper moment. Let everybody assume that Laurie had taken a certain step, and, long experience had taught him, the actual operation would prove just that much easier for her, made familiar, as it were, by automatic suggestion.

From her place at the host's right she looked about on one of the strangest medleys of humanity imaginable and was struck by the fact that somehow it was welded into a composite whole, with Aunt Laura, in a quiet but exceedingly becoming evening frock, standing amusingly apart like the black period after a long and jumbled sentence. Jew and Gentile, beauty and the beast, somnolently contented matrons, nervous artists, writers, lawyers and servile underlings were bound together by a mortar as uniform as their own composition was diverse. The result was an air of complacent well-being easily confused with the true flower of geniality. It did not occur to her it was money made that whole world kin.

Young was not numbered among those present, nor Rex, nor Berry, which added to her relief, especially since at no time did she lack for dancing partners. With Mr. Shepstiro dutifully attending her aunt, she found herself peculiarly free—freer than she had felt for weeks—and having arrived with the conviction she was going to have a rotten time, she was proportionately pleased to find that she was enjoying herself.

"I Suppose You've Missed Having Somebody You Could Throw Around Without Getting Beaten Up Yourself—a Woman!"

A bored woman can be beautiful, but her loveliness pales before the charm of the beauty who happens to be in a radiant mood. The evening became Laurie's in more senses than one. She forgot for moments at a time that she was Miss America and rediscovered the bubbling source of pristine gayety Mr. Manville Jones had lamented as gone forever. As a result, when Mr. Steinhoff came toward her with outstretched hand, she could meet him with one of those dazzling smiles whose flattery, though rising merely from an occasion, is apt to bowl the most unsusceptible recipient off his feet.

Unlike most of the nabobs of the industry, he could dance almost as well as Young or Berry, and in five minutes on the floor had established a friendly contact as different from that of their one previous interview as scintillating fire from lukewarm water. Laurie found herself tempted to put him in a class with Mr. Donovan and her grandfather. He was real, direct and human. When he said one thing, you didn't suspect him of thinking another unless his eyes twinkled, when of course you knew he was joking.

"Little Miss America," he exclaimed appreciatively, "and no wonder!"

"I hate that name," she exploded with a sudden reversal from her joyful mood. "I wish you'd call me Laurentha Bull, or just Laurie."

He gave her a startled, shrewd glance; a girl who tossed her stock in trade overboard was something to puzzle out rather than wonder at. "Perhaps you're right," he said solemnly. "We've been having a lot of conferences on these beauty fights—whether the publicity they get helps any on the screen. Me, I say I'd trade it all for one good paragraph in Variety on the morning after the first showing." He looked down at her, and seeing the vague look in her face, promptly smiled. "But you should worry!" he continued generously. "You're in plain sight, aren't you? If anybody starts in knocking your publicity, tell him to take one look and try to laugh you off!"

Suiting action to the word, Laurie threw back her head and laughed. "Why are you so different from that time they took me to your office?" she asked.

"Why are you?" he countered. "What teeth! Even the inside of your mouth is lovely like a jewel case. The reason I was different in the office was because I was thinking I would get you cheaper if it didn't seem as if I was anxious, and now I've just had to congratulate Ike Shenski on beating me out to getting you signed up. Lucky old dog, he never barks, but when he bites he certainly gets the meat."

"Did he ——" began Laurie and stopped. Remembering a low-toned but eventually impassioned colloquy with her ordinarily urbane host only half an hour ago, she had been going to ask if Mr. Shenski had said she had signed, but changed her question quickly. "Did he look particularly pleased?"

Abe frowned.

"No, he didn't, and that's what's got me guessing. Now, in his place, by this time I'd have you jumping all over the lot at the big end of a megaphone to make sure what you could do. I wouldn't be leading you up to all the local brands of cut liquor."

"I don't drink," said Laurie.

"Worse. Staying up all night and drinking ain't so bad for you as staying up all night watching the others lap it up." His eyes gleamed. "I wish I hadn't been married only six months ago."

"Why?" laughed Laurie.

"Because it's too soon to change. If you wanted to break your contract any time, that would be the way to do it."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Say you didn't like the way Shenski handled you—because, even if I have to say it myself, they all give it to me the way I put my stars on the map—and say I'd been married a little longer so I could get out of it without all the papers yowling their heads off, then you and me could get married and laugh."

"Does that break a contract?" she asked mischievously.

"I should guess! You can't imagine how soft the courts are on a honest-to-goodness married woman that swears she's about to start a family."

"But what would Mrs. Steinhoff say?"

"What could she say? She would begin with a million—but I know her. All I'd have to do would be to show her a check for two hundred thousand—certified."

"Is she here tonight?"

"Sure. Want to meet her?"

"I'd love to," said Laurie, and was duly presented to no less a person than Meta Vaudraye.

The famous star lifted her hand, drooped at the wrist, and held it before her husband's lips until he caught the fingers and kissed them, but it was much as if he were stooping over to get a light for a cigarette.

(Continued on Page 34)

FLAVOR . . . found alone in butter that is *Creamery fresh!*

JANUARY'S piping hot foods... A baked potato, for instance . . . It's open—with a white puff of steam. You add a pat of this butter . . .

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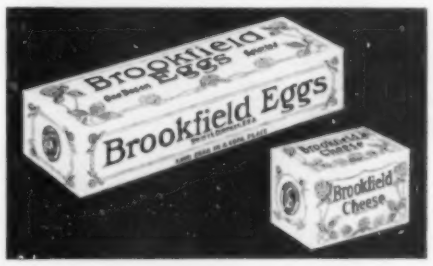

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And how *different* it is—on your table, in your cooking! Its pure, sweet flavor will tell you at once—Creamery Fresh.

Swift & Company

Brookfield

Butter -- Eggs -- Poultry -- Cheese

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(Continued from Page 32)

"It took me six days abroad to teach him that," she said to Laurie with a drawling foreign accent. "Perhaps when it's your turn, if you could get him over for two weeks, he'd learn to tie his own ties."

"Didn't I tell you?" observed Abe, calmly preparing to leave with Laurie. "She's cute. Meta's as cute as the little teeth on a hack saw."

But Laurie refused to move, fascinated rather than stunned. Meta's nonchalant assumption she was about to have a chance to lose another husband was too astonishing to be immediately comprehended. It slid off Laurie like a body blow whose effects would be felt later, and left her staring, not at all rudely, at the face and personality which had held audiences spellbound for more than a screen sovereign's usual span.

"Tired?" asked Meta, making room for her on the couch. "Take a rest with Kane and me."

Laurie accepted the invitation. "Yes, I think I am tired."

Abe shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands. "Cutting me out again," he murmured at his wife accusingly, and strolled away.

Laurie sat back and studied Meta's somber beauty and Kane McKane's breath-taking blond perfection by turns. Neither of them spoke. They seemed to accept her presence as impassively as if she had been the latest model in mechanical dolls, and yet she did not feel at all snubbed.

"I suppose you're both tired, too," she said inanely, merely as an expression of her own friendly intent.

"You said it," drawled Meta. "As far as Kane and me are concerned, there isn't a thrill in the room." She slanted her eyes and looked Laurie over with a languorous thoroughness which was disconcerting. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Look at her, Kane. What would you give if you'd known what you know now when you were nineteen?"

"I'm not so awfully far past nineteen," said Kane.

"Only four years, but a million miles," remarked Meta coolly. "Would you marry Ben Hirsch if you had it to do over again?"

"No."

"Not at any price—and I wouldn't take Abe. I thought he'd be good for a million, but I must have been dreaming! I'll be lucky if I get away with a quarter of that. Women are fools."

"Let me see," said Kane, still with the same strange smile, "if you have averaged that with the last three, it would just about make up the million, wouldn't it?"

"You give me a sharp pain," grumbled Meta. "Didn't I say women are fools? Show me the girl doesn't think she's playing safe when she marries a pocketbook, but as a matter of cruel fact, it's the one sure way to lose her grip on it. Say, Kane ——"

"What?"

"Are you happy?"

"Happy!" Kane turned her head and shot her a straight glance past Laurie's nose. Her lips twitched at the corners without smiling. "I suppose that's another of those Yiddish joke words I'm too dumb to get!" She arose to leave them and Laurie felt an absurd impulse to leap up and throw her arms around her, for never had she seen anyone so lovely yet so desperately unhappy. But Kane was surrounded by half a dozen men before she reached the edge of the dance floor.

"I thought that would move her," said Meta, lighting one of her own monogrammed cigarettes. "Smoke?"

"No, thank you," said Laurie. "I haven't learned yet."

"There are times when I haven't learned, either," said Meta.

So extraordinary an expression of youth and innocence glowed in her face and stole into her eyes that her enigmatic words at once became clear. She was a great actress, mistress of the art of depiction of things felt and seen. She did not register emotions according to the lights of a vociferous director; she resurrected them in her own bosom and transmitted them intact to the hearts of others. Only this power could account for her long tenure of popularity with the most fickle of youth-loving publics, and from the same source one could imagine her drawing the impulse to do an overwhelmingly friendly act, even though her capacity for friendship was nil.

Incidentally, she had a reputation a ragman would pass up; she was self-seeking, treacherous by fits and starts and had a tongue that could strike like a fer-de-lance. But in spite of these violent drawbacks, the juice of life still ran strong in her veins, giving to her virtues something of the broad sweep of her faults. Surrounded by shams and incased in artifice, she could emit a sudden human glow as pleasingly startling as the momentary gleam of a firefly.

"Then again," she continued, her face aging to its exact years, "there are weeks when I get away with fifty smokes a day. I'm like that—greedy. Only when I eat I have sense."

Laurie forgot Kane and sat enthralled. She had read about such women as Meta, but she had never before seen one. "You—you mean you diet?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Meta with a true foreign shudder. "Bah! What a word! Can't you think of food as an art? I suppose not; but when I want to punish Abe I don't let him eat with me. I make him order what he thinks he wants." She turned her head almost imperceptibly and her eyes all the way. "Would you like to marry Abe?"

"No," answered Laurie, unable altogether to repress a startled gasp, "I don't think so. Why?"

"We're friends, aren't we? I fell for you the minute I saw you and I think you like me. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Laurie simply, "very much."

"Of course. If I hadn't felt it, I wouldn't be talking with you like this. I wouldn't have spoken to you at all; or if I had, you'd have curled up and cried. I could make you cry now, in thirty seconds by your own watch. No slapping or punching, mind you. Bet me a hundred dollars I can't."

"I don't want you to," said Laurie, smiling a little uncertainly. "Besides, I haven't got a hundred dollars."

"What?" cried Meta unbelievingly. "You haven't a hundred dollars?"

"No."

"Then what are you doing here? How did you get in?"

"Mr. Shenski asked me. You—you didn't pay anything, did you?"

Meta sank into the couch and laughed almost noiselessly, but as only a woman familiar with total abandon can laugh—in her throat, in her stomach and down to her spread knees. There are times when derision produces only shame or dismay in the ridiculed; then again it can sting like the lash of a whip. Laurie did not so much mind having made a fool of herself, but the crude insolence of Meta's laughter, somehow shockingly vicious, was too much for her. Tears sprang to her eyes.

"You see?" said Meta calmly as she straightened. "In less than thirty seconds!"

"Oh!" gasped Laurie hysterically, the tears miraculously snatched back into her head. "Oh!"

"Now don't make a fuss," said Meta. "Let's be sensible. Say you don't care to marry Abe—you could pretend a bit, couldn't you? You wouldn't have to go all the way through, and I could certainly make it worth your while."

"Why do you want to get rid of him?" asked Laurie to gain time. She was astonished to hear herself speak so casually, as if she had actually learned a strange language in half an hour.

"Oh, he's all right, but a woman like me is a fool to marry. Men are all more or less the same. A lot of them never bore you; but just one —— The time comes when you look at him and ask yourself how that got in. Then you want to be able to snap your finger—so—and tell him to clear out and take his shaving brush with him. You don't want to wait six days, six months or a year. A year!"

Laurie frowned, puzzled to find herself plunged in a few minutes into an intimacy she never could have credited or foreseen. "Is it true you've been married three times?" she ventured.

"Sure—more than that, I guess, but only three times on the front page. Why?" she added sharply. "What's that got to do with it?"

"I've got an aunt who's been married four times," said Laurie.

"Good for her!" commented Meta. "She ought to be pretty well fixed for money."

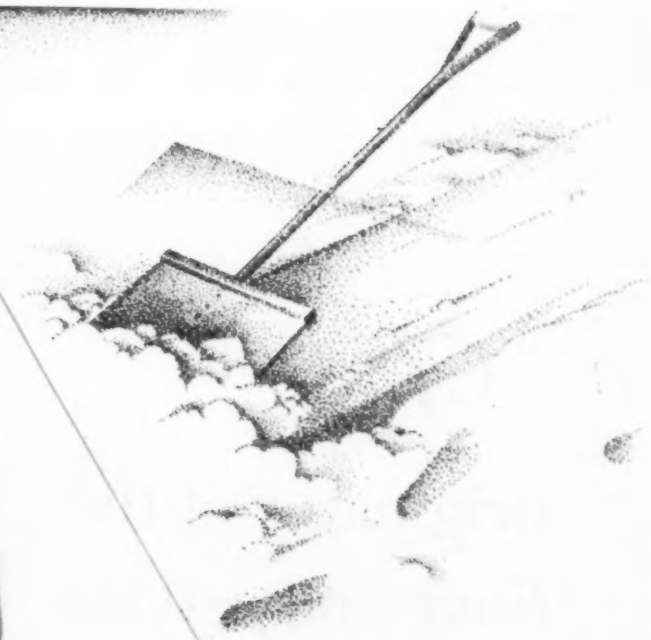
"Oh, no! At least, I don't think so. You see, each time she thought she was tremendously in love. She must have. I'm sure she did, because—because ——"

Meta laughed shortly. "Hard luck for her when

(Continued on Page 182)

"Laurie," He Said Impulsively, "You're Lovely. You'll Never Know How Lovely You Are"

You must meet these cold weather demands if you want winter lubricating



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2 Mobiloil Arctic has a fluidity which permits free movement of the pistons—whether cast-iron or aluminum alloy—thereby preventing oil-drag or loss of power.

3 Mobiloil Arctic is sufficiently rich to give a tight piston seal —thereby protecting your engine against excessive gasoline dilution when you use the choke.

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5 Some of the cars which require Mobiloil Arctic in winter are: Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Dodge, Essex, Ford (Model A), Hudson, Hupmobile, LaSalle, Marmon (8-cyl.), Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland and Overland-Whippet, Packard, Reo, Studebaker, Willys-Knight. If your car is not mentioned here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart. Mobiloil dealers have it.

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styles which are followed almost as a matter of course

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TAMING ELEPHANTS

By MARTIN JOHNSON

The Daily Bath. In Hot Weather This Keeps the Animals Well and Free From Most Insect Pests

PIPE the pachyderm!" says the sailor at the circus parade.

To him, as well as to most people, an elephant is an elephant. But to the naturalist there have long been two great elephant castes: The aristocrats of India and the barbarians of Africa. Before the days of Nero tame Indian elephants were triumphantly paraded in the streets of Rome. As late as 1928, African natives have killed their big-tusked neighbors for their ivory.

There are innumerable tales of the savagery of the African elephant. Carl Akeley was nearly gored to death by one. Not long ago the native porter of a hunting party was crushed under the foot of an enraged wild elephant. A bull and its herd charged Osa, my wife, and me while we were photographing them, and would have trampled us to death had Osa not felled the huge beast with a shot through its brain.

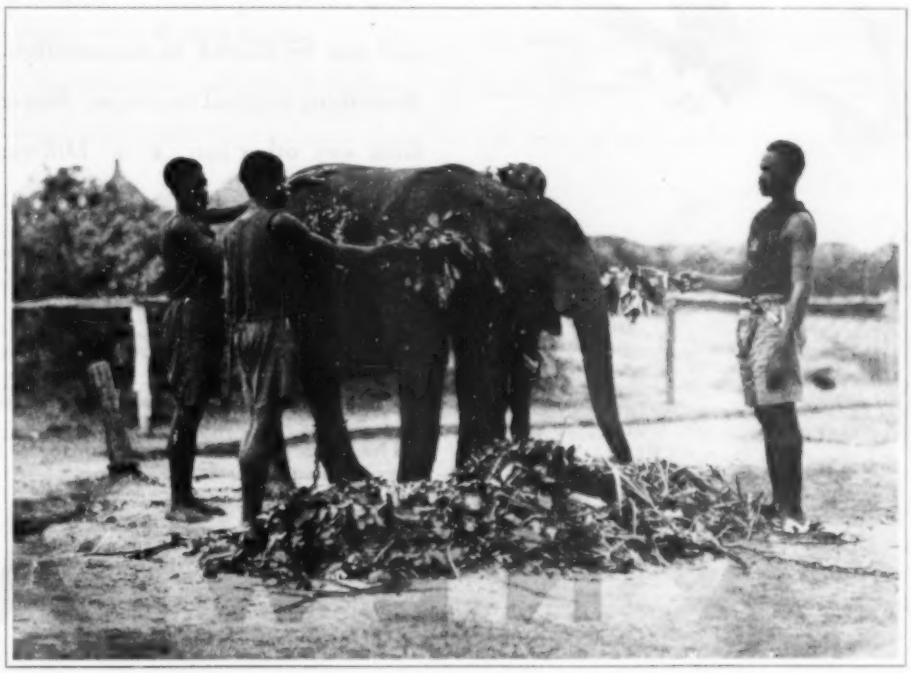
In keeping with the elephant's reputation is the bloodthirstiness of the natives when they kill. Last March, in the Congo, we saw several hundred naked blacks descend upon the mountainous body of an elephant that had been knocked over by a white hunter. It was all the white man could do to keep the wild men back until his skinners had had time to take the hide from his trophy. Then the blacks charged in with howls of delight. In no time they crawled inside the animal's chest cavity and were throwing hunks of meat out to their friends. Is it any wonder that the African elephant has also remained a savage, when the members of the human race that reside near him fall so low in the scale of man?

An Elephant Farm

MY SYMPATHIES have long been with the elephant. And much evidence to the contrary, I have always believed that the alleged difference in intelligence lies not wholly between the elephants of India and Africa, but in the natives of the two countries—the East Indian loves and trains his elephant, while the African stalks and eats him with a despicable savagery.

However, it was not until 1928 that I had a first-hand chance to see my theories proved. When Osa and I reached Wando, in the Belgian Congo, we visited a serious project to tame the African elephant and turn him to useful purposes. There was supposed to be at this place a regular elephant farm, operating successfully and renting the tame animals out to settlers for 3000 francs a year for plowing, clearing and lumbering. At least, that was what we were told. But I confess I was skeptical. Either the animals were cowed by cruelty, I thought, or they were a different breed from the old warriors that had defied the native for so many years.

Lieutenant Van Bellighen-Herremann of the Belgian Army sauntered out to greet us when we reached the desolate little government station in the center of the Congo wilds.



Putting the Baby to Bed

Surprise

HE WAS a quiet, unassuming young man with an air of contentment about him. His cheeks were plump and his stocky body was that of a man who eats and sleeps well. But I scrutinized his expression to see if I could get at the nefarious secret I thought must surely lie in any attempt to civilize the notoriously wild elephant of Africa.

"I expect you come," he said in broken English, and extended a capable hand. "I have received a letter from Baron Von Zuyeen."

We thanked him and shook hands and asked him if it were all right to photograph the farm and his elephants. Again I watched him closely for some subterfuge. I still couldn't believe that he had tamed a lot of African elephants.

He bowed deeply. "Of course," he said. "Do it."

A woman came down from the house to join us. "My wife," the Belgian went on. "We shall go in and have a drink."

But at that moment Osa caught sight of a herd of elephants. "Look!" she cried. "There they are!"

It was both silly and rude for us to behave the way we did. But the legacy of elephant lore that had come down to me was one that put me on my guard the minute I set eye on an African elephant. During all our years at Lake Paradise, up near the Abyssinian border, I had seen hundreds of elephants. I had been charged and my boys had been terrorized many times by the herds that we met.

"Don't forget," had said one old-timer, "the African elephant has a smaller head than the Indian one. That's why they are less intelligent. They can't have so many brains. So they have to defend themselves by their ferocity."

And here we were about to look at them grazing quietly in a compound like a lot of cattle.

Van Bellighen-Herremann must have understood something of what was in our minds. And I think he took it as a tribute to what he and his

(Continued on Page 130)

TRIUMPHANTLY DIFFERENT

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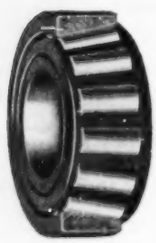
AMERICAN SIX

OAKLAND

WHO and WHERE

Of the 40 Manufacturers of Passenger Cars in This Country, 35 Use Timken Bearings at the Points Indicated by Crosses



Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	65 & Royal 75	x	x	x		x
	New Big 6 & Royal 85	x		x		x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	M4 & D60	x	x	x		
	D70 & D80	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x				x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson & Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	All	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
———	All	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Roamer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

DISCIPLINED MONEY

II

By Reed Smoot

United States Senator From Utah

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

GOVERNOR HARDING, as head of the Federal Reserve Board, had been well aware for months that the business situation in the United States was approaching a crisis. The overall movement was a symptom of danger, persons not alone of the working class but many of means adopting overalls as regular garments in protest against the prices. To alert business men such a sign was vital. It foretold a sort of tacit boycott against the prevailing price level. What the actual development of such a boycott would mean was clear to Federal Reserve bankers, as well as to other sound business men.

As the boom grew, prices rose. This produced the phenomenon known as forward buying. With high wages in their pockets for cash payments, and the installment system of credit open to them, the people were spending like sailors ashore. This meant that merchants were eager to keep adequate stocks of the latest-type goods on hand in order to miss no part of the demand. It was a harvest period for them, as they thought. So everywhere merchants were placing orders for advance deliveries. This general demand filled up the order books of the manufacturers. Factories engaged upon all manner of production were busy and car loadings were so high that a certain amount of railroad congestion was inevitable.

Unwilling to see his competitor across the street making sales while he lacked goods, the normally minded merchant placed orders well ahead and, to make sure of delivery, often placed duplicate orders, counting on getting prompt delivery from at least one manufacturer or jobber. The sun was shining and everyone was intent upon making hay.

The Plunge From Dizzy Heights

SOME of the wiser merchants had an intuitive feeling that the boom could not endure, and as early as February, 1920, began cutting down on orders. But it was not until April that the first decisive blow to the artificially inflated situation fell. John Wanamaker announced without warning that everything in his stores was offered at a discount of 20 per cent. This precipitated the collapse of the boom, or rather definitely signaled the advent of that collapse. Buying slackened. Manufacturers and jobbers were enabled to begin catching up on the forward buying orders, including the duplicate orders. No matter what the motive of the individual merchants throughout the country in duplicating orders, those orders stood. So, instead of finding themselves well stocked and able to meet the demand, they discovered huge inventories in excess of requirements, with more deliveries coming in. The orders had been bona fide; they could not be turned back. But manufacturers found it increasingly difficult to collect and practically impossible to obtain fresh orders to keep their plants going at the high rate of speed to which they had become accustomed.

Many factories went on part-time production or shut down completely. A certain amount of unemployment was an inevitable concomitant and wage cuts a sequel. Of its own top-heavy weight the price structure collapsed actually overnight.

Farm prices were hit hard, and instantly. Such development followed naturally, because many farm products are perishable and, as a whole, such products are not so well provided with facilities for storage, handling and financing.

From the Federal Reserve point of view the situation was especially involved. It must constantly be borne in mind that more credit had been advanced than the board at Washington would have approved under any but war conditions. It must be remembered that the Treasury insisted that rates be kept down, encouraging inflation, in order that securities might be readily absorbed.

Along with the boom in commodities, there had been a boom in land values in the West. This, of course, was based on the high price which farm products had been bringing under the stimulus of the war and the postwar boom. The farmer, receiving high grain and livestock prices, was led in some inexplicable manner into a belief that the situation would last, and that therefore it would be to his advantage to take over the neighboring fields. He did so, wherever he could, executing promises to pay secured by mortgage.

A fantastic structure had been reared on an insecure foundation and when it started toppling, the whole trembled and fell to the ground. Not only did the price of farm produce drop, but land which in prewar days had been bringing around $125 and $150 an acre, went up to $400, $500 and more. And it was purchased on the basis of borrowed money.

Now the Federal Reserve Board bore not only the responsibility of maintaining the whole credit position in as healthy a condition as possible but the burden of keeping the actual circulating currency sound; in fact, of keeping the American dollar on a gold basis. Under the Federal Reserve Act, loans on land are not eligible commercial paper for rediscount at Federal Reserve Banks, but loans secured by farm products—wool, cotton, grain, livestock, and so on—are.

Much money borrowed and secured by eligible paper was put into the banks in order to finance land purchases. A substitution took place on a large scale, the funds obtained on the eligible security not being needed for marketing and such expenses, because cash prices were so high, but rather being used for land speculation. So, when prices of farm products and farms alike fell, the whole structure fell.

There had been no illegal action on the part of Federal Reserve officials in rediscounting paper, but circumstances had forced this boom situation, bringing the unsound substitution. The system and the producers, farm and industrial, were caught.

Governor Harding realized this, as did other officials, and he called leading bankers to Washington for a conference. Many producers—indeed, one might safely say the great majority—did not realize the situation. They thought the system could continue to make loans and support the price level. To do so would have been criminally unwise and this was made clear at the Washington meeting of bankers. What occurred is a chapter of history containing much tragedy.

The bankers returned to their several cities and set in operation the machinery for putting the Federal Reserve Banks on a sound basis. It was found that the greatest overlending had taken place in the West. A billion dollars already had been squeezed out of the stock market, and this went West to help out the farmers, but even with this great help, the farmers had overreached themselves to such an extent that a major operation was imperative.

Perhaps Iowa might be cited as a quite typical American farm state. Taking the resources of the nation as a whole and making a sort of quota distribution among states, it was found that Iowa's fair share of Federal Reserve rediscount credit at the time was $36,000,000. This was based primarily on the amount of reserve funds which Iowa banks contributed to the system. When the slump came it was found that Iowa was enjoying $91,000,000 of Federal Reserve credit—an excess of $55,000,000.

How such things could come about may be clearly understood when one thinks of the temporary and almost unbelievable increase in land values quoted above. A precise and very striking example is furnished by corn. This great national staple had been selling at $1.75 a bushel. Overnight it dropped to thirty cents. Wool dropped more than 50 per cent, and livestock, cotton—indeed, every staple—plunged down sickeningly, because the demand had been cut from under an inflated price structure. A top had been spinning faster and faster with each revolution. Suddenly it fell on its side and rolled into the gutter.

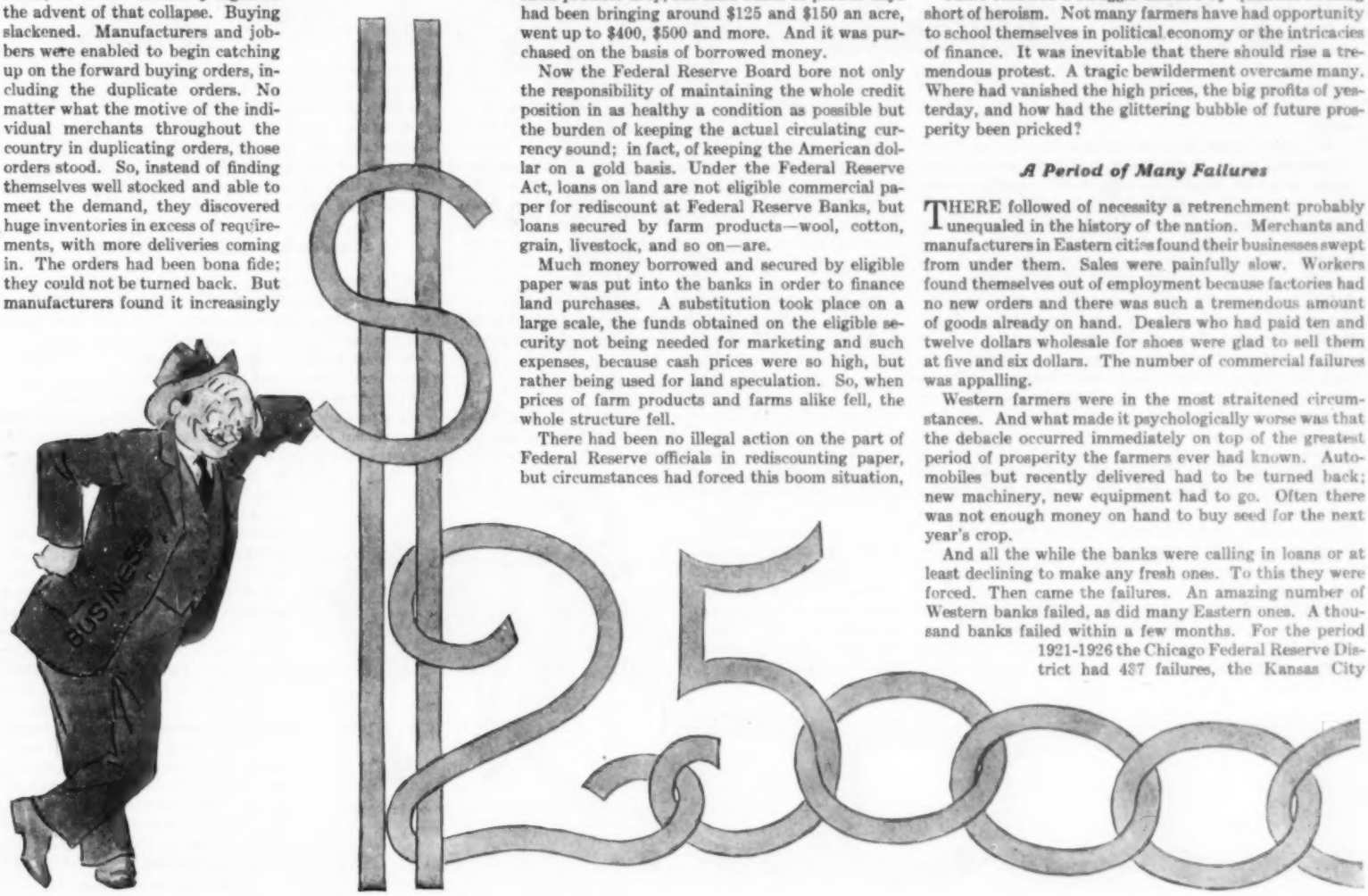
There followed a struggle marked by qualities nothing short of heroism. Not many farmers have had opportunity to school themselves in political economy or the intricacies of finance. It was inevitable that there should rise a tremendous protest. A tragic bewilderment overcame many. Where had vanished the high prices, the big profits of yesterday, and how had the glittering bubble of future prosperity been pricked?

A Period of Many Failures

THERE followed of necessity a retrenchment probably unequaled in the history of the nation. Merchants and manufacturers in Eastern cities found their businesses swept from under them. Sales were painfully slow. Workers found themselves out of employment because factories had no new orders and there was such a tremendous amount of goods already on hand. Dealers who had paid ten and twelve dollars wholesale for shoes were glad to sell them at five and six dollars. The number of commercial failures was appalling.

Western farmers were in the most straitened circumstances. And what made it psychologically worse was that the debacle occurred immediately on top of the greatest period of prosperity the farmers ever had known. Automobiles but recently delivered had to be turned back; new machinery, new equipment had to go. Often there was not enough money on hand to buy seed for the next year's crop.

And all the while the banks were calling in loans or at least declining to make any fresh ones. To this they were forced. Then came the failures. An amazing number of Western banks failed, as did many Eastern ones. A thousand banks failed within a few months. For the period 1921-1926 the Chicago Federal Reserve District had 437 failures, the Kansas City



District 590 failures, and the Minneapolis District 999 failures. Altogether, in the five-year period, there were 3124 bank failures.

Curious elements entered into the allocation of the blame for these catastrophes. In rural communities—indeed in all—farmers, merchants and bankers are friends, belong to the same clubs and lodges and earnestly desire to assist one another. The banker who found that he could not extend a loan to his neighbor was depressingly embarrassed. The national policy was to save the gold standard, and it was known that deflation was sought. So it was natural that the Federal Reserve Board, a remote, almost nebulous body, thousands of miles away at Washington, should be blamed, and it was blamed. In a sense it deserved the blame, for it approved the deflation policy, yet it should be understood that it deserved the blame only in the sense a dentist is blamable for hurting a patient by pulling a tooth.

But an unfortunate aspect of the situation as it developed was that the board was blamed directly for the refusal of individual loans. Over these the board had no more control than it has over the wheeling of the planets. The local banker, unable to advance the credit desired, and loath to say so flatly to a neighbor, fell easily into the practice of saying the board would not permit it.

Business men, and especially farmers, had organizations which sent delegations to Washington. Secretary of the Treasury Houston and Governor Harding received them. The burden of every complaint was the same. Could not the board lighten its hand, which was bearing so heavily upon the husbandman? The answer was the same to all: The unhealthy situation must be cured; the gold standard must be maintained; there was nothing the Federal Reserve Board could do which it was not already doing.

Bringing Up the Reserves

NOW what the board was doing was phenomenal. Examination of its work in that bitter period evokes wonder that it could have brought order out of the turmoil which existed, and no little wonder that there was courage to carry on under the hail of scorn and excoriation which was loosed. The crash which has been described came as a result of inflation—that is, the overextension of credit, causing issuance of vast sums in Federal Reserve notes. Yet, despite that condition, in order to make the situation as easy as possible and not suddenly contract the currency, more and more continued to be issued—which means that, in the aggregate, more and more loans were made. The amazing fact in the situation is that eight months after the crash, Federal Reserve notes in circulation were greater by millions than they had been when the deflation policy was adopted, and greater than they ever have been since.

The great Federal Reserve Banks of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Cleveland, although hard pressed themselves, sent vast sums—hundreds upon hundreds of millions—into the Western districts to ease the strain. Very dramatic situations occurred; every day, at times every hour, saw its drama in the manipulation of the Federal Reserve machinery. Officers of the board and of the banks sat long hours at telephones and before reserve charts shifting resources about the country to meet weak spots, as a general and strategist sits in his headquarters directing the movement of troops against an enemy.

It was not practicable to make such facts known at the time, but Federal Reserve Bank reserves at certain banks were completely swept away on many occasions. The law provides that each Federal Reserve Bank must maintain an absolute minimum of 40 per cent gold reserve against its Federal Reserve notes outstanding. A notable case in that 1921 situation was furnished by one bank, which met much of the brunt of the depression in cattle prices. Time and again did its reserve against notes not only fall below 40 per cent but, if reports current at the time were true, disappear completely. That meant that, to meet the emergency needs of the people of its district, it had lent more money than it had.

But the board, sitting at the center of things in Washington, was watching this like a hawk. When reserves threatened to fall below the danger mark, New York, Cleveland or some other bank which had a little to spare was called upon and the funds were shifted to prevent the endangered institution from going under.

Such a mark was preëminently a danger mark. It must be recalled that European currencies had become vaudeville jokes because of their departure from the gold standard and their fantastic depreciation. Can the sad situation of the Russian ruble, the German mark, the French franc and other currencies, even the British pound sterling, be forgotten? The American dollar alone of important world currencies stood firmly and clung to the gold standard.

Had the importunities of inflationists been heeded and currency been issued indiscriminately, the dollar would have gone with the rest of them. The fact that the board held it firm meant that, when reconstruction began, the rest of the world had something to tie to. In no small sense a world service of vast magnitude was performed when the Federal Reserve Board, with the aid of American debtors, kept the dollar at the gold standard.

Doubtless the most dramatic single scene occurred in connection with the presidential campaign of 1920. The deflation bitterness was at its height at the same time the campaign was in full swing. It will be remembered that Governor Cox of Ohio was the Democratic candidate and Senator Harding the Republican. W. P. G. Harding, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, was an Alabama Democrat. He had been appointed to the board and later elevated to the governorship by the Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson. As always in an American political canvass, the farm vote was coveted by both parties, and the Democrats expected much in the way of farm support, despite the fact that agricultural distress had first developed during a Democratic administration. Delegations of farmers were constantly at the doors of the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board. As the campaign was nearing its close, Governor Cox sent Governor Harding a telegram pointing out the distress of the farm population and urging that the bars be let down in their favor. The Reserve Board governor replied explaining lucidly that to comply with this suggestion would be to throw the system off its scientific basis and do more harm than good. The next day Governor Cox sent a rather peremptory telegram declaring that if the board did not relent, the Democratic Party would be defeated at the polls. Governor Harding's reply was brief but conclusive. It read merely:

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD IS NOT A CANDIDATE.

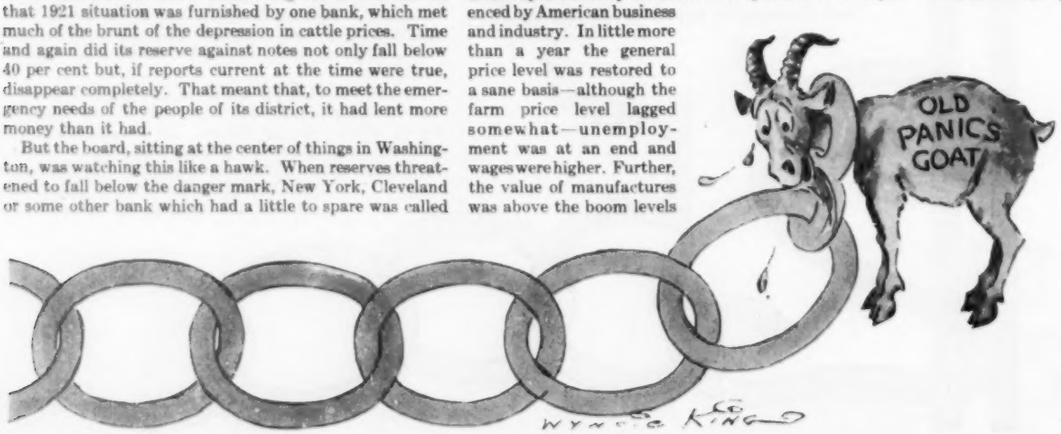
The result of this courageous action on the part of the board under the leadership of Governor Harding was the most rapid recovery from severe depression ever experienced by American business and industry. In little more than a year the general price level was restored to a sane basis—although the farm price level lagged somewhat—unemployment was at an end and wages were higher. Further, the value of manufactures was above the boom levels in many lines and general prosperity reigned. Most important of all, the gold standard had been saved and reserves steadily rose to a proper level, while rediscount rates declined and money became easy.

This extraordinary cycle of credit history in the United States introduced an era of unprecedented prosperity. It followed naturally that a deep-seated faith in the fundamental strength of the American financial machinery should result from the weathering of such a storm. Wages continued to rise, but in a healthy manner, rather than in the illogical way they had risen during the war. That was the result of a sort of competitive bidding, the Government drawing men into the Army and industries on the boom contesting with one another for men. The later rise resulted from a steadily growing strength which was self-supporting.

Wealth increased phenomenally. Savings increased as never before. Much of this was due to prohibition, but the phenomenon was largely chargeable to a mounting prosperity. Each year saw surplus wealth in the hands of the people, of the corporations, of the banks. Simultaneously Federal taxes had been reduced.

Prosperity on a Firm Foundation

EACH year witnessed a decrease in the public debt, thereby making the collection of high taxes for the service of the debt no longer necessary. Tax reduction, moreover, released funds for investment in industrial enterprises, these funds adding to the common wealth, for it must be remembered that money paid in taxes is never productive. The Government is a consumer of the people's wealth, but never a producer. Every factor was making for national enhancement of material well-being. Naturally an appreciation of security prices developed. This was not the type of stock-market boom which arises from some sudden event, interpreted as favorable for the time being, but rather, a realization of a strong, underlying surge of values, making stocks based upon American industries safer and safer investments. And any such steady buying movement would be sure to accomplish two things, aside from the direct, outright buying for investment: First, the buying of stocks by speculators, not desirous of holding for investment, but who expected to sell at a handsome profit; and second, the selling short by the type of pessimistic speculator, always present, who believed that the boom would be short-lived. There was much less of the latter, so sound was the advance, and because those who followed that course did so to their disaster.



(Continued on Page 79)

DE SOTO SIX

PRODUCT of CHRYSLER

Sedan de Lujo, $955 at Factory.
Special equipment extra.

$845
and up, at the factory

MODISH, BEAUTIFUL — and FINE THROUGHOUT

De Soto Six, despite its most moderate price, has been singled out as a fashionable car. It is fit companion for the larger, costlier cars in the most exacting homes. It rides with a richness of ease unknown in its class. It is not merely amply powered but magnificently so, and it is fine throughout. In the De Soto Six at last high quality and moderate price are joined together.

Visit De Soto Six exhibits at New York Automobile Show and Hotel Commodore, January 5-12.
Also at Chicago Automobile Show and Congress Hotel, January 26-February 2.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION [*Division of Chrysler Corporation*], *Detroit, Michigan*

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

By Alexander Gardiner

XXXIV

THE city of Saratoga Springs, New York, is famous in American history for the surrender on the near-by plains of General Burgoyne and his British troops to the Continentals under Gates in 1777. But the presence of mineral springs which have for a century and a half drawn tourists during the summer months has given it a large place also in the story of American manners. Social history has been recorded in the great eye-filling hotels of Saratoga for more than a century, and the student of Americana may find there material that, because of the continuity of patronage by people of means, better than anything else records the changes in customs of the country.

Twenty-five years ago Saratoga was known as the Monte Carlo of America because of the gambling houses which flourished openly and gave visitors the opportunity of hazarding large amounts of money at roulette and faro. Chief among the gambling houses of the resort was the Saratoga Clubhouse, run by Richard A. Canfield, in whose halls larger stakes were wagered than ever Monte Carlo saw. And though today the aggregate of play for the season in Bradley's Beach Club at Palm Beach is doubtless higher, because America is a much richer nation than it was in 1904, the limit in roulette play at the Florida resort is no higher than it was in Canfield's old clubhouse.

There are gambling houses today outside the corporate limits of the city of Saratoga Springs, surreptitious little places operating during August, without continuity of management or personnel—road houses that offer several varieties of games to the sporting man at a percentage in favor of the house that the old-time Saratoga gamblers did not dream of having. But nobody calls the resort the Monte Carlo of America any more, and since more people visit Saratoga in summer now than in the days of wide-open gambling, the citizens are satisfied.

The springs which give the place its name were known to the Indians and were attracting the whites in increasing numbers when the War of the Revolution broke out and made the countryside an armed camp for more than seven years. Washington journeyed there while waiting for the commissioners to decide on the peace terms in 1783 and subsequently paid the place the pretty compliment of trying to buy up a couple of the springs. He failed, but a resolute nephew of Gen. Israel Putnam came along and built an inn. On the site of this inn was erected the Grand Union, celebrated in later years through its ownership by A. T. Stewart, and the first of the great hotels whose reputation is world-wide.

Under Putnam's direction the village was laid out with broad streets, all of which except that now denominated Broadway eventually became narrower. In the first quarter of the century the United States and Congress Hall hotels were built, and Saratoga was out in front of Ballston Spa, the county seat and one-time chief watering place of America.

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Starting for the Races in the Rain, Saratoga, 1898

In those early days checkers and backgammon furnished the excitement to the visitors, and playing cards were rarely seen. The season began in June and lasted into September. The summer guests drank the spring waters faithfully, and drove about the surrounding countryside, sometimes to Saratoga Lake, four miles away, sometimes to the more distant Ballston Lake. On Sundays they went to church, and sometimes during the week there were special revival services. Joseph Bonaparte, who somehow never justified the confidence his brother Napoleon had shown in making him King of Spain, in his exile in America was a regular visitor to the Spa during the early 30's, and like Washington tried in vain to buy up some springs. Famous statesmen, Southerners quite as well as Northerners, walked the shady streets and with their ladies adorned the front porches of the huge barnlike hotels.

Daniel Webster, campaigning for General Harrison in the Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-Too campaign of 1840, fell through the floor of an outdoor platform on which he was addressing a great meeting in Saratoga and came out of the wreckage to talk for three hours on the needs and duties of the hour in the grandiloquent style that was to go out with Roscoe Conkling. In his audience were probably the pioneer professional gamblers of Saratoga Springs; for just a few years before reputable visitors had begun to explain to landlords of the hotels that they were sorry, but the management would have to wait a few days for its money, because the gentlemen who operated those devices called faro boxes seemed to have an uncanny way of sending out the wrong card whenever you made a big bet.

The protests of the hotel keepers during the next several years that they did not countenance gambling and wanted to stamp it out were not too vehement. The loud, swaggering fellows whose style in clothes and jewelry set them off from the ordinary tourists took the best suites in the best hotels and ran up big bills, which they always paid. So it was not until 1850, when the New York Association for the Suppression of Gambling was organized, that Saratoga began to think that it could root out the scourge of gamblers. Under the association's ægis, one Jonathan Green, who called himself a reformed gambler, drew up a legislative measure that, when enacted, put the lid on in Saratoga. In view of the conditions that were to prevail in the years following, the report of the association for 1852 is an almost too optimistic document. It says:

> Among the places first benefited by the operation of this law, Saratoga, for special reasons, stood preëminent. This beautiful village, long annoyed by the hordes of gamblers who annually assembled there, at last resorted to her own local authority for protection against them. The trustees obtained an amendment to their charter which enables them to deal very stringently with gamblers. An ordinance was passed, providing heavy penalties against persons who keep a house for gambling purposes, or who shall invite or persuade another to visit such a house for the purpose of gambling.
>
> These regulations, together with the general state law, have entirely changed the character of this favorite and fashionable watering place. During the summer of 1850 Saratoga was overrun by hordes of blacklegs, who by their arts plucked and plundered hundreds of the strangers who came there on a pilgrimage of health or pleasure. Scores of gambling tables were in full and active operation during the pleasure season.
>
> At these places, every attraction of scenery and entertainment was laid under contribution to multiply the inducements to draw together visitors.
>
> Plausible persuasions from the oily tongues of richly dressed, jeweled and complaisant villains beset the unsuspecting stranger at his hotel or boarding house, or on promenade, or enticed him

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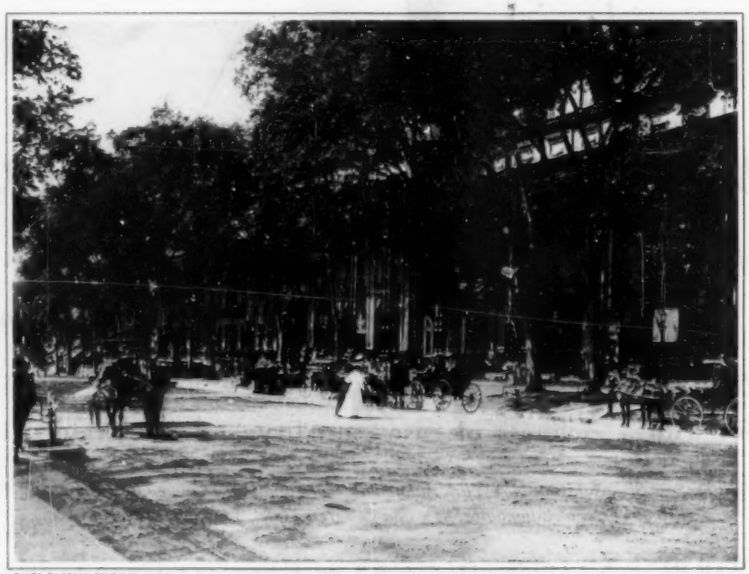
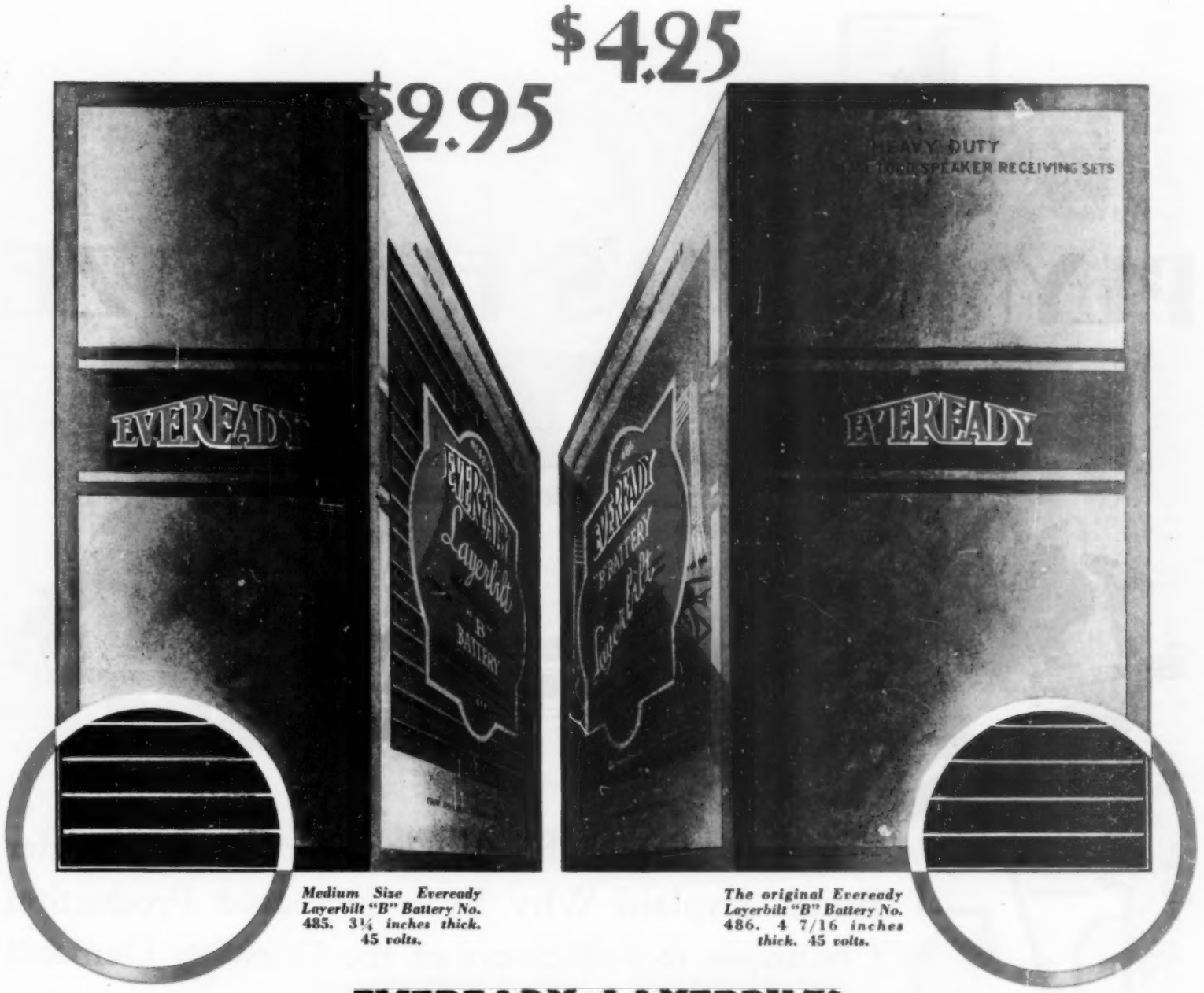


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Grand Union Hotel of a Summer Morning in the Spanish-American-War Year



Medium Size Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 485. 3¼ inches thick. 45 volts.

The original Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. 4 7/16 inches thick. 45 volts.

EVEREADY LAYERBILTS

GIVE 25% TO 30% LONGER SERVICE, YET COST YOU ONLY A FEW CENTS MORE

IF YOU have been buying the Medium Size Eveready "B" Battery No. 772, at $2.75, add only 20 cents to what you have been paying, and get the Medium Size Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 485. For these few extra cents you get a genuine Eveready Layerbilt, made of flat cells. It will last 25% longer than the cylindrical cell battery of the same size.

If you have been using the cylindrical cell Heavy Duty Eveready "B" Battery No. 770, at $4, next time add just 25 cents to its price, and get the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. This is the famous original Eveready Layerbilt, the longest lasting, most economical and convenient of all Evereadys. It contains much more active materials than the cylindrical cell Eveready of the same size, and lasts 30% longer.

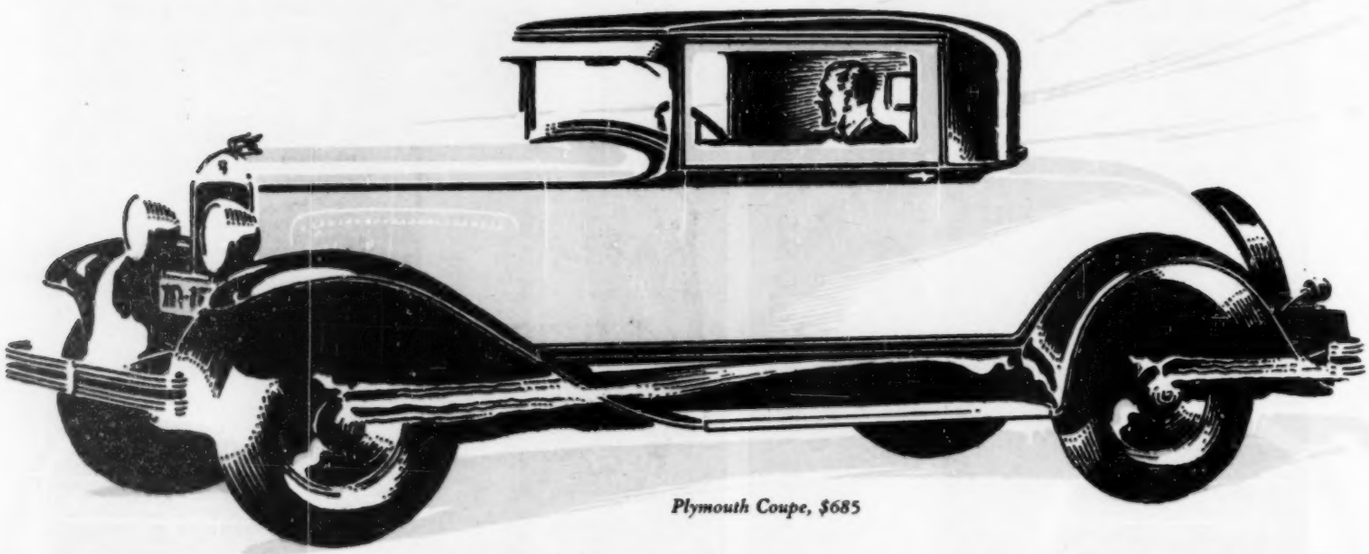
It is possible to pack more active materials inside an Eveready Layerbilt because it is built of *flat* cells. These pack together tightly, occupying all available space inside the battery case, and eliminating many soldered connections. The waste spaces between the cells of a cylindrical cell type of "B" battery are avoided. An Eveready Layerbilt is all battery. That is why it lasts so much longer. Next time you buy "B" batteries, get Eveready Layerbilts.

Layerbilt construction is a patented Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt batteries. National Carbon Co., Inc., New York, San Francisco. UCC Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT—*East of the Rockies*, 9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations. *On the Pacific Coast*, 8 P. M. Pacific Standard Time, through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network.

SEE AND HEAR THE NEW EVEREADY RADIO SETS

PLYMOUTH'S FULL SIZE



Plymouth Coupe, $685

$675 AND UPWARDS

Roadster (with rumble seat)	$675
Coupe	685
Touring	695
2-Door Sedan	700
De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat)	735
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All prices f.o.b. Detroit. Plymouth dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.

* * *

All Plymouth models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and at special displays in the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, Jan. 5th to 12th; and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 26th to Feb. 2nd.

—and Public Confidence in Everything Chrysler Builds Explain Why Even Increased Production Continues to Fall Short of the Growing Demand

Ever since the month of its first appearance, there has been a shortage of Plymouth cars all over the United States.

As fast as the dealer has filled his floor with Plymouths, public demand has swept it clean.

This has gone on over and over again in the face of increased production and it is going on today.

This astonishing demand is due to two very simple circumstances.

The first is that people have implicit confidence in everything built by Chrysler.

The second is that it needs no salesman to point out that there is nothing to compare with Plymouth among cars of lowest price in point of size, full-proportioned seating and leg room, modern beauty of design and adornment, and impressive power and performance.

Comparison, and the striking contrast in dollar-value advantageous to Plymouth which results from such contrast, is the open secret of the tremendous turning away from other cars to this car, built by Chrysler for the lowest-priced field.

PLYMOUTH

(Continued from Page 44)

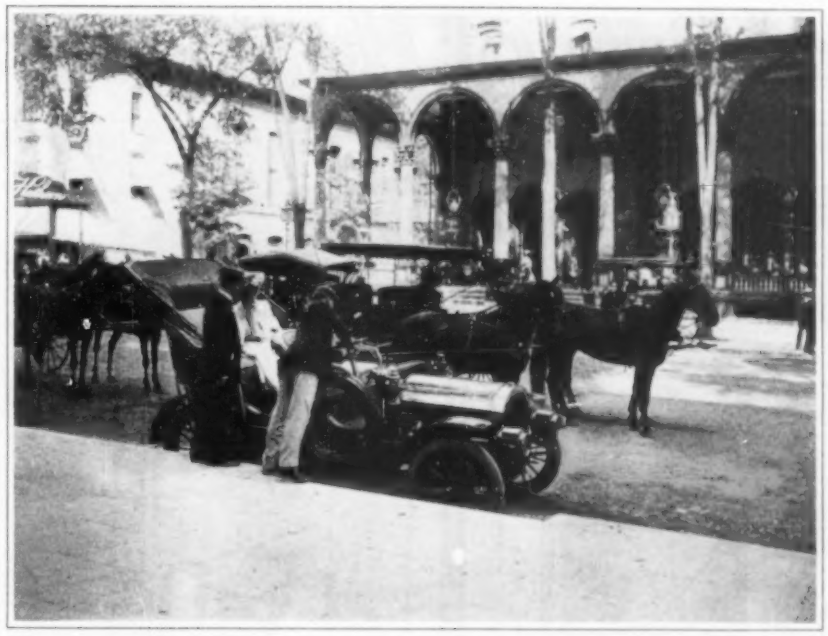
within the charmed circle, where the fleecing process might commence.

At some of these hells bands of musicians were hired to discourse sweet and delightful music, sirenlike to attract, enchant and ensnare; magnificent suppers, prepared in a style of princely opulence, and provided with the richest viands and the choicest wines, rivaling the tables of the best appointed hotels, and so trenching on their domain, were freely spread, "without money and without price," for all who chose to grace the board with their presence. Then followed the fascinations of the gaming table, more fatal than the ministrations of luxurious viands for which gratitude and gentlemanly courtesy demanded the risking of a few dollars on the turn of a card, the fall of dice or the revolution of a graduated wheel.

Many families ceased to come there at all and turned in disgust away from scenes of debauchery and gambling. Men who spent nights in the wild excitement of gaming, upon waking next morning with an aching head and languid frame would have but little spirit for a morning walk or ride with a wife, sister or daughter; indeed, the day must be spent in sleep, to fit him for the fresh excitements of the coming night's game.

Left alone both by night and by day, and deprived of their favorite morning ride or promenade, the female visitors naturally enough contracted a disrelish for the place itself. Another year they would be in favor of seeking pleasure anywhere rather than at Saratoga. It was under such influences that, in public esteem, this sweet spot was unconsciously waning in beauty and attraction.

The shrine was still there, but it was polluted, and its worshipers, one by one, were changing the course of their pilgrimage. This was probably one important reason for the passage of the village ordinance against gambling on the race course and but little in the village; not more than one house, if any, being in operation at all, and that privately only for confirmed gamblers. The sporting gentlemen, with their music, suppers and fascinating enticements and complaisant deceivers, were gone, we trust, forever. Visitors saved their money to pay their board and carriage hire; spent their time happily in the parlors, on promenade, or riding in the fresh air. But little money, if any, was lost by the hotels in bad debts of gamblers or their victims.



An Early Motor Invader of the Spa, Where the Horse Still is Supreme

Gambling in the 50's and 60's, up to the advent of John Morrissey, was rather desultory; but when Morrissey appeared on the scene in 1861 with a place on Matilda Street, later to become Woodlawn Avenue, things began to move faster. The new gaming place was in too conspicuous a location to suit Morrissey, and shortly after the close of the Civil War the gambler-politician and his backers filled in a swamp in Congress Street near an old Indian encampment that had become a refuge for squatters, and the building known as the Saratoga Clubhouse was put up, its foundations resting on long poles sunk into the marshy land. Soon after setting up the red brick building Morrissey built a race track. When a reform element in the village wished to close his gambling house, Morrissey showed them that he knew a few tricks that couldn't be beaten. His standing as a politician helped him. And the largesse he bestowed in no picayune manner upon churches, societies and individuals in the village combined with his reputation as an honest gambler to put his enemies to rout. In a few years gambling was as firmly intrenched as was the horse racing that now began to draw the wealth and fashion of the nation to the Spa.

François Blanc was by this time out of Germany and getting his Casino established on the rock of Monaco, but it had not yet attained a reputation as a gaming place *de luxe*, so that it was to his former place in Baden-Baden that a writer in 1871 compared the Morrissey establishment and the American Spa.

More like Baden-Baden every year becomes Saratoga. John Morrissey has added still another building to his old establishment, making it a fair rival of the Kursaal at the Badens. The rooms now include a beautiful club salon, and Belmont and Travers and two hundred conspicuous members of the Jockey Club are stockholders and members. Gorgeously furnished toilet rooms, faro parlors and drawing-rooms, carpeted with soft carpets and decorated with rich carvings and bronzes, hold the blasé and allure the naïve. Last summer 25,000 ladies visited these rooms, and this summer several receptions will be held. The Hon. John is liked in Saratoga because he divides the profits of his sinning with the good people of the village with a generous hand. A few days ago he subscribed $500 toward sprinkling Lake Avenue. It is dreadful to think that the descendants of Miles Standish are some day to follow in the footsteps of the gambling Badeners, but year by year the curtain is lifted a little higher and higher, until now we begin to see the beautiful figure of vice without shrinking.

PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Sunday Promenade in Front of the United States Hotel, Saratoga, 1898

Morrissey was cock of the walk at Saratoga, as he had been in New York, but his success made him enemies among the other gamblers. One of these came up from New York to establish a gambling place in the rear of the Grand Union Hotel. It could not successfully challenge Morrissey's position, but for several seasons he periodically sent messages to the proprietor of the clubhouse warning him that if he ever entered his gaming place he would not leave it alive. Morrissey could have killed his smaller rival in a rough-and-tumble fight, but he was a crack shot, and the bruiser let him severely alone.

When Morrissey died, in 1878, he had long retired from active prosecution of the gambling profession, and Charles Reed and Albert Spencer, who had carried on a gambling business in various locations in New York City, in at least two of them with Morrissey himself, took over the Saratoga property. Morrissey's great fortune, swept away in 1869, never assumed swollen proportions afterward, and he died a comparatively poor man.

Reed was virtually a silent partner in the clubhouse property, and he withdrew entirely in the late 80's, just about the time Duff and Canfield were opening their clubroom in Twenty-sixth Street. Spencer held to two rules Morrissey had laid down—that no woman should be admitted to the gambling room and that no resident of Saratoga Springs should be allowed to play. The first of these rules was put in effect after Morrissey had noted the storm of criticism that greeted a tentative announcement that a room in the clubhouse would be given over to women gamblers. The second was no doubt due to the anguishing experience of Blanc in Baden, where the victims of the gaming tables made life miserable for the man who had ruined them. These rules held through the Canfield régime.

In the middle 70's, for a few brief years Saratoga became an intercollegiate athletic paradise. Largely through the initiative of James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, but with the wholehearted coöperation of local merchants, Saratoga secured in 1874 the first intercollegiate track and field games, as well as the intercollegiate regatta. Columbia won the banner event in the regatta—the three-mile varsity race of six-oared crews without coxswains. The following year track games and regatta were back again, the latter attracting crews, most Americans under sixty will learn with astonishment, from such colleges as Dartmouth, Brown, Wesleyan, Williams, Trinity, Amherst, Bowdoin, Union and Hamilton, as well as Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Cornell. Cornell won the varsity race.

Probably the horse racing and gambling were too much for the faculties of the colleges to stomach, particularly since the intercollegiate events were held in July, after the colleges had closed. In any event, both regatta and track games were held at the Spa for the last time

(Continued on Page 145)

The Final Run of Hopper Joe Wiley

"Well, I be Dag-Gone!" He Repeated. "Me! Steamboatin' Again!"

By ROARK BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IT IS an established fact—among river negroes, at least—that when a good steamboating man dies he turns into a mule. River negroes are wise; they know things.

"You see a mule turn his haid twarge de river and holler when a steamboat pass? Like he's hongry, but don't want nothin' to eat? Well, dat ain't no mule; dat's a natchal steamboatin' man wishin' he was back on de main deck."

If a man doesn't turn into a mule when he dies, what do the roustabouts mean when, after a disagreeable set-to with the mate, they walk off mumbling: "I'm gonter plow you some day."

Hopper Joe Wiley had come to doubt that any more river men would turn into mules. It took a good steamboating man to turn into a mule, and Hopper Joe, after watching them load and unload at the Bienville Street landing in New Orleans for ten years or more, doubted if any of them deserved the honor. Hopper did not count himself a steamboating man any more. Wet joints had driven him from the river to doing odd jobs about the freight shed.

Hopper was a veteran of the main deck though. Time was when, for the nickels and dimes tossed from the upper deck by the passengers, he had balanced a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton on his broad black back and coon-jined down the gangplank with it. Time was when old Cap'm Dick Carbine kept a thousand dollars posted in New Orleans to say that there wasn't a negro on the river who could put Hopper Joe on his back—and that thousand always talked straight. Time was—but that time was gone—Lord, long gone.

Now Hopper Joe suffered from that destroyer of good rousters—wet joints. Enlarged knees and ankles, and bulges of slow-working muscles that burned like fire when he lifted anything. So he did odd jobs about the wharf and divided his spare time between being disgusted with the sorry pass steamboating had come to, and regaling the young negroes with the prodigious feats accomplished by himself when he was on the old Red Bird with Cap'm Dick Carbine. If Cap'm Dick had just lived—— Captain Dick appointed Hopper Joe to the official position of freight captain the day he began to show symptoms of breaking physically. The position amounted to being boss rouster, which is more accurately described by the rousters as "driver."

But the job did not last. One day the engineer's enthusiasm exceeded the strength of the boiler, and the explosion sent the superstructure of the Red Bird, and with it the buckaroo mate, sailing heavenward through the tops of pine trees that lined the bank.

"De last time I seed Cap'm Dick," Hopper Joe related sadly—"well, he was settin' straddle de starb'd smokestack, glory bound!"

After that, Hopper Joe did not do so well. Already infirmities of too much river were upon him. Other mates under whom he worked had their pet men assigned to the easy jobs, and, finally, Hopper Joe had to quit altogether.

Then one day the word was that Captain Cooley had bought the George Prince off the Vicksburg run, rechristened it the Ouachita and was going to reëstablish the tributary trade up the Old, the Red, the Black, the Tensas and the Ouachita rivers.

There was a big to-do down at the Bienville Street landing. Merchants, happy to have the trade territory reopened, came down; there were brass bands and speeches, and flowers for Captain Cooley, and messages to the mayors of the half-forgotten little river towns. Hopper Joe watched the colorful proceedings from a barrel near the freight shed with extreme satisfaction.

"Dis looks somethin' like!" he declared.

When the to-do was over, the last bit of freight had been carried aboard, and the coal that was to make steam until the boat reached the loblolly-pine country wheeled on, twenty or thirty young negroes—country boys mostly, who wanted to make the run as roustabouts—edged toward the head of the stage in a silent, compact group.

"Ah, Lawd," Hopper Joe grinned ominously. Presently the mate strutted out to the end of the plank. In his hand was a bunch of red cardboard tickets. Hopper Joe squinted at him.

"Well, I be dag-gone now!" he exclaimed. "Ef'n hit ain't Mister Sam Cotton! And him de mate! I thought he was ridin' a ship on de salt water." Hopper Joe remembered the mate, who quit the river for the ocean. "Back on de river again! Can't keep a man off'n dat muddy ole witch!"

"Sixteen tickets, boys," the mate announced. "Paying sixty. Who wants 'em?"

There was an unsteady shifting among the group of blacks, and finally a voice from somewhere in the crowd countered: "Ninety!"

"Ninety!" exploded the mate. "You don't want a ticket! You want the whole United States mint!" He looked over the crowd. "I'll go sixty-five, and I'll lay up here and rot before I'll go a cent more."

Hopper Joe grinned. The mate was doing well—just like old Cap'm Dick used to argue with them. He ambled over near the group so he wouldn't miss a word of the bargaining. Of course he knew, just the same as the mate and the rousters knew, what the result would be. The rousters would be paid at the rate of seventy-five dollars a month and their keep. But still, it had to be argued out; it gave the men a chance to look over the mate and it gave the mate a chance to size up the applicants.

"Eighty-five!" bid one of the rousters.

"Seventy!" countered the mate. "Take it or leave it. I'll ship a crew of dagoes before I go another cent!"

The negroes laughed. "Eighty, Cap'm Sam," suggested one of them. "Hit's a heap er heavy stuff on dat boat."

"Not a cent over seventy," insisted Captain Sam. "Anybody want these tickets at seventy?" Nobody moved. "All right then," he announced. "We don't run." He turned abruptly and started down the stage.

When he had walked half the length of the plank one of the men yelled: "Make hit seventy-five!"

(Continued on Page 50)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Ball bearings are the bearing "jewels" of industry—and represent man's greatest triumph over friction, wear and waste. For they are built on the principle of the rolling ball—*and nothing rolls like a ball.* No other moving object is so friction free—none so strong at every point. The steel ball has no weakest spot.

New Departure Ball Bearings are self-contained units in which steel balls of marvelous accuracy and enormous strength roll freely and smoothly between grooved race rings. Both balls and raceways are made of *high carbon chrome alloy steel, the most uniformly enduring bearing metal known.*

Strength, silence, compactness and endurance—these are attributes of the New Departure Ball Bearing. Their initial cost may be more than that of other types of bearings—but they are worth more. Their inherent freedom from friction saves power, reduces wear and lengthens the life of motor cars, electric motors, machine tools and every kind of mechanism into which they are engineered.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

WORLD'S LARGEST BEARING MANUFACTURER

(Continued from Page 48)

He walked a step or two, stopped and turned. "What's that?" he yelled.

"Seventy-five! Seventy-five!" The counter bid came in a chorus. The mate returned to the head of the stage and began shoving tickets into the outstretched hands of the applicants.

It apparently was a first-come, first-served method of distributing the jobs, but Sam Cotton had sized up every man that he employed. Nor was it by accident that he reached forward and thrust one of the red pasteboards into old Hopper Joe Wiley's hand.

Hopper Joe, as if from habit, clutched the ticket. Then, as the idea that he was about to go back to steamboating dawned upon him, he grinned, edged squarely to the head of the stage and led the other ticket holders in the swingy dance trot as they coonjined down the plank. His rheumatic joints creaked and his bulges of muscles shot flames of pure fire through his back and shoulders. But he did not notice that. "Well, I be dag-gone!" he chuckled. "Who'd 'a' thunk hit? Hyar me, steamboatin' again! Well, I be dag-gone! Steamboatin' again!"

The stage was hoisted, the lines cast off, and once again Hopper Joe felt the thrill of a vibrating steamboat deck underfoot, heard the deep whistle, the jangle of bells, heard the shouts of orders and felt the fresh river air rush past his old black face.

"Well, I be dag-gone!" he repeated. "Me! Steamboatin' again!"

As the boat swung out from the wharf and headed to the slow, deep water near the opposite bank, Hopper Joe looked appraisingly about him. The Ouachita was small, designed for shallow water and not much cargo. Three hundred tons, she was registered. They didn't talk about tons on the old Red Bird; it was the number of bales of cotton a boat could drag that counted. The Red Bird could haul four thousand bales.

And such a crew! Sorry-looking little niggers who ought to be out chopping cotton! And a hump-shouldered yellow man for the driver! Still, what more could a man expect when a cub like Sam Cotton was the mate? He had taken on weight since the time Cap'm Dick tried to teach him the river, but it takes more than a big belly to be a steamboat mate. Hopper Joe knew it.

The young rousters sprawled about the deck to "catch a little sleep" before the first landing. And Captain Sam, having completed his business with the clerk, came below to look over the cargo and to give such instructions as he thought necessary to his freight captain.

"Four hundred sacks of sugar coming on at Reserve," he told his driver. "Keep these niggers turning, and let's get along." That sounded like mate talk. But the next instructions ruined him. "That old man over there," he continued, "he used to be Cap'm Dick Carbine's nigger. He was about to starve to death, so I gave him a ticket for this run. Go easy on him." That was no way for a mate to talk. "Go easy"—there wasn't any "go easy" for rousters, and nobody knew it better than Hopper Joe. A rouster was a rouster and he had to keep turning. "Keep 'em turning"—that was for rousters. "Go easy! Humph!"

The long line of wharves at New Orleans was left behind and the Ouachita hugged the willow-lined levees above the city, avoiding the swift rush of the main channel. The lulling vibration sang Hopper Joe into drowsiness, and he lay down upon deck with the younger men.

"Go easy, hunh? Cap'm Dick used to say he never could make a mate out'n dat boy. Folks done plumb forgot how to steamboat, I reckon." The boat throbbed along lazily, rocking like a cradle. "Or maybe dey ain't never learnt yit, like me and Cap'm Dick."

After nearly six hours Hopper Joe was aroused from sleep by a series of blasts from the whistle—a long, two shorts and a long. He got up, stretched and looked about. Ahead he could see a single light on the levee, and the boat's nose was pointed for that light.

"Must be de sugar," he remarked.

"Must be ain't nothin'," declared a young rouster next to him. "Fo' hund'ed sacks! I swear! Sometimes I'd druther make a woodpile den a sugar landin'."

"Sugar ain't heavy to tote," declared Hopper Joe. "Jest a hund'ed pounds in a sack. Dat ain't no load."

"De first ones, yeah," agreed the younger man. "But dem last ones bear down so hard to, I swear to my soul dey's filled wid lead."

The landing was effected, and Hopper Joe took his place in line. It was pitch dark and the air was damp and cool. Up and down the plank they went, each carrying a sack of sugar.

The first sack was the hardest. The plank was steep and Hopper Joe's old knees shot fire through his legs when he tried to spring on them. The next sack cramped his back and made his muscles burn like fire. But the third trip he began perspiring all over, his old knees began working and he coonjined easily and gracefully with the others. Up and down, up and down, feeling better each trip. Perspiration rolled off his body and blood surged through stiffened old veins.

"Take hit easy, hunh?" he snorted. "I kin tote mo' sugar den all dem young niggers put together!"

When the sugar was a little more than half loaded, Hopper Joe's wet joints and aged feeling had vanished. The younger rousters were tiring, and the driver was urging them on.

"Gimme dat sugar! You, Jesse! Don't go playin' wid yo' shoe now! Git back in line and gimme dat sugar!" Another rouster—the one who swore to his soul the last sacks were filled with lead—broke into a lonesome wailing song:

Mamma—mamma—mamma, how come you want yo' sugar brown?
You's too sweet now, darlin'; turn yo' damper down!

"Got you singin', is hit, son?" laughed Hopper Joe. "Too soon to sing yit. Us ain't hardly made a dent in dat sugar pile."

"May be sugar to you," moaned the youngster, "but hit's bearin' down on my soul like pyore lead." And he took up his tired song:

Mamma—mamma—mamma! Swear to my soul I'm burnin' down.
Hot and tired and crazy, and jest wawkin' round and round!

"Git on out er my way, boy," grumbled Hopper. "Ef'n you ain't man enough to tote sugar, well, stand aside. You niggers singin' and layin' back, and I ain't hardly got up a sweat yit. Git on out er my way."

Twenty-five times Hopper Joe and fifteen other men walked up the plank and twenty-five times they returned, each with a sack of sugar. With each trip the younger men

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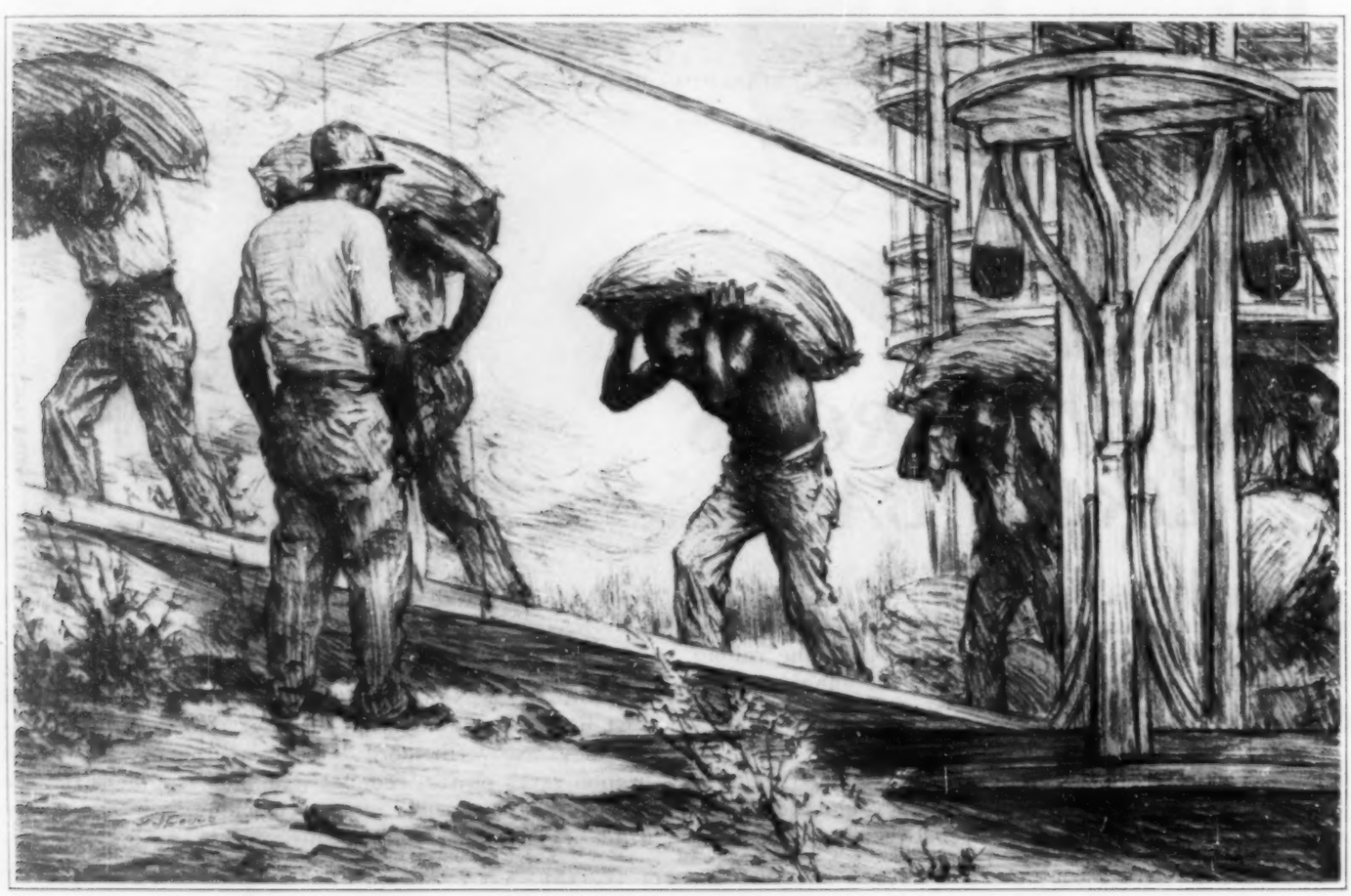

"Come On, Sweat!" He Prayed. "Limber Me Up!"

On November 4, 1927, the Mississippi River went mad. In a few hours thousands of people were homeless, and the danger of disease added to their peril. It was a time to test the measure of a man!

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One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"You bet your life I'm staying!"

A STORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD

THREE feet of water — despite sandbags wedged against the doors! T. C. Griswold, druggist in a little Arkansas town, shifted his precious stock to the highest shelves in his store and spread planks from counter to counter.

Hour by hour the water rose. "Worst flood in history," came the warning. "Fly to the hills!"

"Are you staying, Mr. Griswold?" neighbors called as they ran. "You bet your life I'm staying," he answered. "They'll need medicines here."

At nightfall Griswold got a boat. Loading it hastily, he ferried medical supplies to the railroad depot and set up an emergency drug store. There, through all the long hours that followed, he labored to supply physicians and public health workers with the medicines so urgently needed to save life and check disease.

Your neighborhood "Fortress of Health"

Whenever public health has been threatened, the druggist has always proved an indispensable factor in the situation.

He is no less indispensable in everyday emergencies. His professional resources are always at the disposal of your physician and yourself, and for your convenience his store is open from early in the morning until late at night, every day in the year.

Your druggist must have knowledge, skill, and integrity. Before he can legally compound prescriptions as a registered pharmacist he must devote four or more years to intensive training and pass rigid State examinations. His store is your neighborhood "Fortress of Health."

Why he likes to sell you Parke-Davis products

In their work of compounding physicians' prescriptions two generations of pharmacists have looked to Parke, Davis & Company for dependable, standardized drugs and medicines.

Today, with a still broader scope of service, your pharmacist carries for your convenience a number of Parke-Davis preparations for your daily home use.

Why do druggists everywhere rely so implicitly upon Parke-Davis products, and recommend them so sincerely? Because Parke-Davis standards of purity and scientific accuracy have never failed them or their customers. When your druggist says to you, "This is a Parke-Davis product," he is offering you merchandise which his years of experience have taught him cannot be excelled.

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Ask your druggist for

PARKE-DAVIS Standardized Cod-liver Oil

It is light in color, practically odorless, and free from harmful fats. It is so highly refined that it leaves no unpleasant after-taste.

It is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

PLAYING TAG WITH THE GAME WARDEN—By Charles Alexander

Where the Boom-Light Hunter Shines

OUTDOOR America, which includes, besides mountains, streams and forests, that large share of the population which annually roams around outdoors like bands of migrating Indians, is undergoing a change in manners. Not so long ago a good many Americans, when they entered the wilds, became wild Indians indeed. Vacation time and escape to the wide open spaces saw restraint flying off like Omar's winter garment of repentance in the fire of spring. There was a game that numerous law-abiding townsmen used to play—a game of tag with the game warden. If the town sport got caught, it was twenty-five or fifty dollars. But experience taught him that he had odds of ten to one or better—and that was an irresistible gamble. He was far from home and its famous refining influences; he was a boy again, which is to say, a savage; and the enemy was the warden. Half the fun was felt to lie in having an enemy lurking, possibly, behind the nearest clump of buckbush. He took greater delight in the buck he killed illegally after he'd secured his limit than in his legally killed bucks. Stolen fruit. And aware of all this, and of the great gulf that separated him from real people, the warden was likely to be of a type not too particular in his methods. When the chance was his he sometimes did some Indian work himself.

Not all sportsmen, of course, and not all game wardens. But there was, a while back, a recognizable state of mind along this line. This has slowly changed, until the outdoor state of mind today is wholly unrecognizable from the former one. Two scenes I witnessed, fifteen years apart, translate this change into fact. Each as an incident is minor, but always it has been the mass of minor detail that has made the game business difficult of putting into order.

A Court at the Lakeside

A WARDEN, in secondhand clothes and without mark of his profession, climbed from his car at a ranger station near the summit of the high Cascades. Near by was a lake, crystal clear, deep and cold, lying in the vast lava beds and fed by glaciers on the high peaks of the summit, peaks towering and gleaming in the summer sun. The lake, partly ringed by forest, partly by brown lava walls, was of fairyland beauty. So clear were its waters that the customary demonstration was to toss a coin overboard from a boat; it could be seen sliding and tumbling downward, until on the two-hundred-foot bottom its date or inscription could be read by the eye above. Besides this magnifying quality of the water, caused by the oval banks of the old crater and the white volcanic sand covering them—a matter of refraction of light, it has been explained—curious and delicate colors attached to all objects on the bottom. This included the schools of big trout. They were magnified into sharks. What I am getting to in all this is that every prospect was exceedingly pleasing, and the only vile element was *Homo sapiens*.

There were half a dozen boatloads of fishermen far out on the lake, possibly engaged somewhat in disregarding the law; and one game warden behind a bush at the boat landing, rolling cigarettes and peering out greedily at the feast that soon would row right up to him. Both sides were saps in those ancient days; each fought the other with no thought at all of the welfare of the trout, which was, after all, the sole and only issue.

Not all the boats came in at once as dusk was falling; some lingered. This was because the warden was forced to reveal himself when the first boat tied up; the other anglers recognized the foe and stalled out of reach for a time. The warden weighed and counted each man's fish, checked all licenses, and in the first three parties could find no hair-line technicality to work on. He went into their citizenship, but at this they offered to throw him into the lake. The fourth boat held only two fishermen—an old man and his grown son—and only one fish pole. The old man held it, and was reeling in with a palsied hand.

The warden pounced. Here was meat; he scented it. The son, it proved, had a license, had done the fishing while the old man rowed. The old man had no license; knew nothing about fishing, he said. The anglers grouped about insisted they had noticed all afternoon that the old man was not fishing.

"You had the pole in your hand," snapped the warden. "I saw you. Line, hook an' spoon in the water. That's fishin'! I'll just write you a ticket."

"Listen," snarled the son; "he was tired; I rowed in an' laid the pole down. He said he'd take it down for me. He was slow, didn't know how. He never fished, I'm tellin' you!"

The warden's grin was unholy. At this moment a last boat hovered offshore, backed water noisily and departed.

"Here!" yelled the warden.

"Where?" came an answering taunt, while the anglers laughed loudly.

"I'm a warden. Come in here."

There was no answer. The boat disappeared in the dusk. Snatching out a gun, the warden fired into the air.

"I'll shoot lower," he warned; "come back here."

Half a dozen men leaped for him, threatened, offered to throw him in the lake. He put up his gun then, turned to the man under arrest.

"I can't go to no court," he begged. "I got to work. I'd lose my job."

"Yeah?" said the warden. "You'd have to give me bail right here anyway. Think I'd let you go? It'll be the same as your fine. Twenty-five an' costs."

A Way Around the Game Law

THE son paid it. "Get a receipt," urged an angler. To the warden he said, "What's that four dollars and sixty cents costs for?"

"That," said the warden, "goes to the J. P. for trying this case."

The last boat returned; three hilarious young men climbed from it, exhibiting creels and licenses to the warden and winking openly at the others. The minutest consideration of their effects revealed no lawbreaking.

"I suppose you threw 'em in the lake," growled the officer. "Why didn't you come in when I said to?"

"We forgot something," grinned the boys. They—and everybody—trooped off to the campground by the ranger station, the warden strictly by himself. Among the others was much indignation for the arresting of the old man and much gratification and glee over the three boys. They had put something over. The warden knew it, but could not place his finger on it. In the morning he would search their car.

Camp was quiet early, and midnight was at hand when the three boys silently loaded their duffel, pushed their car two hundred yards to the brow of a long downward slope, and quietly departed, motor off. Several miles down the road a weary figure loomed ahead, carrying a grain sack full of trout.

"Gimme a drink an' grub," he begged as he climbed aboard.

From the boat he had been landed on the lava beds with the illegal trout, had circled for miles around camp. He must have been a woodsman or a child to take the chance of becoming

(Continued on Page 54)

The Wardens Find Evidence Scattered Over the Winter Hills of the Poacher's Work

"Yeast builds resistance," says PROF. DOCTOR PAUL REYHER

famous lecturer at the University of Berlin

"The medicinal uses of yeast are many-sided. There is a high percentage of Vitamin B in yeast . . . Vitamin B bears a very close relation to the proper functioning of the nervous system. It also improves the appetite, regulates metabolism, promotes growth and raises the body's power of resistance to every kind of infection . . . One can see, therefore, that yeast contains a remarkable healing factor."

Prof. Dr. Reyher

ANOTHER of the great medical leaders of Europe to add his voice to the movement of health preparedness is Prof. Dr. Paul Reyher, of the University of Berlin. His contributions to modern medicine have made him known to physicians everywhere.

Dr. Reyher has made an exhaustive study of yeast. His findings extend new hope to all who suffer from indigestion, headaches, nervousness, depression, too frequent colds and sore throat —sure signs of constipation and lowered vitality.

In a recent survey throughout the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass daily through your system they rouse the muscles that control elimination, combat harmful poisons. Your digestion improves. Your skin clears.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-79, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

PROF. DR. PAUL REYHER

LECTURER, *at the great University of Berlin, Germany, on the subjects of Vitamins, X-Ray and Pediatrics, or the care of children. He is director of the Children's Hospital at Berlin, an institution which he himself built and equipped. The Germans refer to this hospital as "the jewel box" because of its perfect appointments, modern scientific equipment and beauty of structure.*

UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, *where Dr. Reyher is a noted lecturer*

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. 90% of ills start here. Poisons from clogged intestines easily spread through the system, lowering resistance to disease. But here is where yeast works. "Yeast builds resistance," says Dr. Reyher. It keeps the entire intestinal tract *clean, active* and *healthy*. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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lost, of injuring himself in the darkness on the glassy, jagged lava and in the trailless forest. And the road out was as dangerous. It wasn't driven at night. In those days the forest service used teamsters and wagons exclusively on it. It consisted of bowlders, grades and creeks to ford. But the boys made it. Had the outraged warden found their homes and entered with search warrants, he would have secured no extra fish. When they reached their town they gave the fish away to friends. They hadn't wanted them. They had wanted to take a chance on beating the warden.

A decade and a half later I stood at this boat landing beside a warden—not our old friend, for he and his methods long since had been eased out of office. The gleaming peaks, the magic water—all the old tang was there. Numbers of boats were in sight, still more too far away to see. The warden was a quiet, clean-cut chap in an outdoor rig that hinted itself as a uniform. He had asked me along to do some fishing and prowling, if I liked. He wasn't putting on a show for my benefit or for publicity. We were old friends and he would act, before me, just as if I weren't looking on.

He didn't wait behind a bush for the victims to come in, all unaware. We took a boat and rowed out. When he stopped beside the first fishing craft everybody in sight knew him to be an officer. No excitement ensued.

He would drift up quietly, mindful of the lines and the fishing. "Hello, boys!" he'd call. "Check your licenses, please?" There would be some guying and kidding; the anglers would display their fish without being asked, and the warden would row on amid mizpahs from both sides.

Soon a distant boat approached, intercepted us. In it was a voluble family man and his family; they'd traveled far for a Sunday's outing, and dad had shown the youngsters how he'd done it when young.

"You an officer?" he called.

"Yes," replied the brush cop.

"Say, I got quite a string. Ain't got no scales with me. I was just wonderin' ——"

"I'll weigh 'em. Come alongside."

The limit at this lake was fifteen pounds and one fish—your biggest, of course—a person in one day. In this family were two poles, two licenses, covering the father and eldest son. Their trout were in a flour sack; the warden sorted them out, laid aside the two largest—which were three-pound beauties—and hefted the sack. He handed it to me. "What would you say that weighed?"

I never have served in a meat market and can't guess weight. Also, I knew there should be no more than thirty pounds in that sack. I thought, as I hefted it, that thirty pounds was there—and possibly more.

Mindful of the proud father, I ventured, "Well, there's a good twenty-five—maybe more."

One Sportsman to Another

THE warden grinned. "I think so," he said; and with his pocket scales weighed the sack. "A shade under thirty-one."

"I thought we had a-plenty," the little man assured us. He eyed the warden anxiously. In the old days—the days of our former warden friend—that extra pound would have come high. "I should have brought scales."

"You've got plenty," the warden repeated. "Leave some for seed, you know."

"You bet, you bet—ha-ha! Say, this lake's better'n it was a few years back. With all this fishing going on I don't see how it keeps up. You boys been plantin' it regular, I guess."

"Fifteen thousand fry in the tributary creeks each fall. They're kept closed, you know. We can keep fine fishing here for everybody if they don't get to hogging it. Fifteen-sixteen pounds of trout ought to be a good mess for any man. Then they don't all have to quit as soon as you do. They get sport all day, but not so many fish."

"Guess that's so! You see, I know the babies in this lake." And the family man chuckled as he pulled for the landing. Also, to his flock he expounded how things were: "Y'see? They're not bad guys—these wardens. I told you so when I pulled over to him. We're payin' for him, and for the hatcheries and trout fry they plant. We paid six bucks, see, for our licenses, and that's what pays for the fish an' the wardens, and so on. Gotta have wardens, because there's always some guys will hog it all if they ain't watched. But what I say, we don't pay our money for permission to fish; we pay it to have some fish to fish for."

As I said, no one ran away. One chap hadn't his license, and he felt he was in for it. But he didn't run. He'd left the paper at home—forgotten it in the usual haste of departure.

Taking his name, date and place of purchase of the license, the warden gave him a written order.

"You won't be fishing during the week?"

"No, no. I'm a barber; only get out Sundays."

"When you get home tonight, mail me your license. I'll check up on it and mail it back to you at once."

Relieved, the man said, "I have to quit fishing now?"

"No, go ahead for today. If you bought your license when and where you said, it's all right. If you didn't, of course ——"

"Oh, I got it all right. Just forgot it."

"Go on and fish," grinned the warden, "and mail me that license."

Now, if one will put this day's picture of public and of warden against that earlier one, he will see something. He will see a changed state of mind, and see that it is based on apperception of the fact that the trout must come first, and not horseplay and Indian work; that angling and regulation are apposite, not opposite.

After Several Years of Operation, a Venison Slaughterhouse in the Mountains Was Found and Seized by These Wardens

At Willamette Falls, but half an hour's drive from Portland, Oregon, the warden force in one day during the salmon run checked one thousand and eighty fishermen. These were pleasure-seekers from the city—many amateur sportsmen who knew nothing of the cult of Izaak Walton; foreigners from factories and shops; people from the country districts. Forty to fifty boats in a row were lashed together, and at the shout "Fish on!" one boat would be cut out, while in all the others lines were reeled in. The boat behind the royal Chinook salmon would go down river in haste; if it returned without its salmon it received the vociferous ragging of the crowd. Royal sport for everybody.

The wardens, working rapidly, walked from boat to boat forth and back across the river. Among the thousand and eighty anglers, eighteen without licenses were found. Most of these were aliens.

I submit that outdoor America is learning where its bread is buttered.

This alien-angler-and-hunter matter may contain a surprise for some native-born Americans; at least those in the Far West. An alien is required to possess a gun license to begin with, and many of them overlook this detail, since it is costly. My game-warden friend tells me that above every other class, the Japanese are the most law-abiding aliens. Seldom do they violate a law; then usually it is through ignorance, and they are anxious to make it right. The explanation lies in the fact that the Japanese consuls familiarize themselves with the laws, instruct their countrymen and hold them to strict obedience. Not all consuls are so thoughtful, the warden added, naming certain nationalities that could greatly boost their prestige in outdoor circles by similar courteous and trouble-avoiding methods.

Back far before Adam, man killed the wild beasts for food and for protection from them. Today the proposition is reversed; man must protect the wild beasts from himself, his lust of killing. Of all laws the game code should be the most popular on our statute books, the easiest to enforce. Save for the actual criminal class—a small one, in this case—the average American who enjoys camping, fishing and hunting will coöperate with game officials if he is coöperated with and understands why. So it is that the servants of the outdoor folks—the game officials—are giving more thought to education than to prosecution. Warden forces are coming to consist of men of intelligence and integrity—young college graduates, lawyers, trained men.

Changing Manners Out-of-Doors

I THINK now of a warden in the plains country, where large ranches reach to the foothills; a year ago he was an ace on the football team of his state university, and his name as the hero of mighty battles was on every tongue. Clean as a hound's tooth, of good family, he might have entered business, the usual professions, or nearly any easeful—also gainful—niche open to such widely popular men. He is in the game business instead—because he likes it, believes in it. The incidents I might tell of his brief administration would highly ornament my theme—that of changing manners out-of-doors. He is not the ancient and humble gamekeeper, despised of all men; he is an official of the people—I had almost written proletariat—charged with the conservation and the public use of resources of vast and increasing value.

But just here I have in mind the actual criminal element in the outdoor scheme, as well as the element of otherwise respectable persons who still turn slightly disagreeable when they see the picnic board laden and groaning with Nature's delectable bits spread before them.

In some sections there still exists the illegal market hunter. Especially in the venison business. Such a case I saw brought to book not long ago. A group of men, able and shrewd, operated a winter camp hidden in the mountains. From it they exported jerky—dried venison—for sale in the cities, where it brings around one dollar a pound by the bootleg route. According to report, this crew had carried on for years, nor could the wardens run them down.

It isn't always simple to travel a road up a mountain canyon to its end, strike off to some old cabin or homestead, without news going ahead. For fifty or a hundred miles your passing is under the eyes of the lonely natives, and there always is the ever-present forestry telephone.

Five wardens, armed and determined, at length penetrated the heart of the range from a distant point. The last seven miles they floundered through waist-deep snow; they became lost, for these were mighty ranges jumbled together, without system or trend. One warden went under and was sent back. The others, after days and nights in the snow, found the old Hee-Hee trail. And shortly they had the final ha-ha on the commercial killers.

They stayed a night at an abandoned cabin, and in the morning saw a doe hanging near by, head and feet cut off. Soon they were at the headquarters, had arrested six men. Sacks and stacks of jerky were in the smokehouse, partly cured; carcasses were strewn about. Does, fawns, towheads, spikes, bucks—all were meat for these killers. From the smaller deer they took only the hams. The total kill may have run into hundreds.

In court, however, the forces of the state found themselves up against their worst stumblingblock in such cases—the jury system. These commercializing poachers were prominent in their community, also powerful. They fought. And the wardens brought in their mute evidence—piles of cured, half-cured and beyond-cure venison. By this time it was ripe, and not at all mute, in another sense. The odor was overpowering, the sight ghastly. A woman fainted, the jury became only too anxious to function, the judge ordered the windows opened.

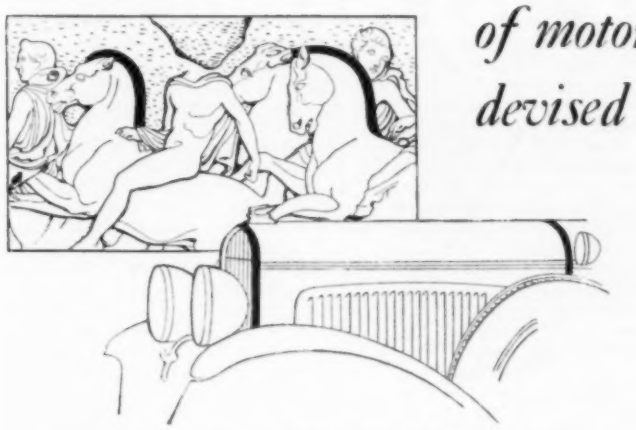
After the verdict, and before sentence, the wardens stirred up the real sportsmen of the community; the judge could only do his duty. One man, a wealthy outsider, was fined four hundred dollars, the others three hundred and costs. Nor has the gang ever reassembled. The ice has

(Continued on Page 56)

CHRYSLER

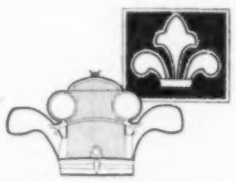
BEAUTY *is no chance creation*

FOR the first time *in the history of motor car design an authentic system has been devised based upon the canons of ancient classic art*

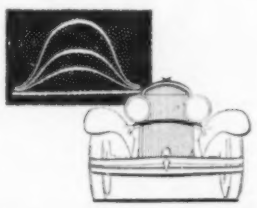


The most modern thing in motor car design—Chrysler's matching of slender-profile radiator with cowl bar moulding—has its artistic origin in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.

Note how the dynamic symmetry of Chrysler fender contours and wheels expresses the very essence of life and motion, just as does their counterpart in the "wave border" of the classic masterpieces of architecture and design.



The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf pattern. Modified to its modern application, it is perfectly proportioned, and applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility.



Artists know this as a "rising, diminishing series." The level road, the slightly arched bumper, the shorter arched tie-rod above, and finally the shorter and more deeply arched radiator contour, form a series in perfect harmony.

CHRYSLER designers realize fully that beauty is an elusive thing and that the pursuit of it in motor car design must not be hampered by too rigid adherence to laws and conventions . . . But Chrysler also has found that there are so many glorious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture and design, that the search for authentic and harmonious symmetry can actually be reduced to something like a scientific system in which results are certain . . . Chrysler has left nothing to chance . . . Chrysler has not relied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers . . . Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and *translate* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility . . . The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions . . . The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception.

New Chrysler "75" Coupe (with rumble seat) $1535. Wire wheels extra

All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and at special displays in the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, January 5th to 12th; and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, January 26th to February 2nd.

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

WHEN *you see a UNIVERSAL picture that pleases you, will you write and tell me why you like it? If, on the contrary, you think I have a brickbat coming, empty your hod and let me have it. A constructive brickbat is often more valuable than a compliment. In the past, I have had very few brickbats. Those I have received have been deserved, for the public makes few mistakes in judging its entertainment. I have thanked the persons who threw them. So that a letter from you, whether it contains a compliment or a brickbat, will be welcome.*

* * * —C. L.

P. S.—If I were given to sensationalism in advertising, I would like to cry from the housetops, "See ***'The Last Warning'***, that mysterious ghostly play starring LAURA LA PLANTE". Likewise I would say, "Above all things don't forget to see ***'The Girl On The Barge'***, starring JEAN HERSHOLT, with SALLY O'NEIL and MALCOLM MACGREGOR"—Rupert Hughes wrote the story, which has a beautiful love theme set in the entirely new atmosphere of the Erie Canal with scenes made in the actual location; and I would urge you to see ***"The Shakedown"***, a dramatic exposé of the inside workings of a crooked gang in a traveling carnival. In this picture JAMES MURRAY and BARBARA KENT give exceptional performances. But I won't—I will go on being conservative and let you judge for yourselves.

Evelyn Brent in "Broadway"

Nora Lane in "Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City"

MOREOVER—I would enthusiastically charge you to see that beautiful spectacle, ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"***, whose message went round the world; HOOT GIBSON in ***"King of the Rodeo"***; GLENN TRYON in ***"The Gate Crasher"***; ***"Give and Take"***, with JEAN HERSHOLT and GEORGE SIDNEY.

ALSO—watch this column for further news of ***"Broadway"***, which scored such a great stage-success and is now in production—GLENN TRYON, EVELYN BRENT and MERNA KENNEDY have been chosen for leading parts. Great progress is being made on ***"Show Boat"***, Edna Ferber's wonderful story. You will get a real thrill when you see LAURA LA PLANTE as Magnolia in this gorgeous production.

James Murray in "The Shakedown"

INCIDENTALLY, have you seen ***"Lonesome"*** and, if so, what did you think of it? Have you seen Victor Hugo's ***"The Man Who Laughs"*** and what was your opinion of that? They are pleasing great audiences. Why not you?

Carl Laemmle, President

Do you want to be on our mailing list? Just say the word.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 54)

been broken, and they know the public in their own home town no longer will tolerate slaughterhouse operations among the herds of breeding stock that belong to everybody.

As against such instances, there is that cheering picture to have been seen a few years ago in a railroad-construction camp in the West. Here a wild-eyed town was assembled: Saloons, dance halls, gambling joints, and quite unsafe streets. For in the operations "up the line" a long tunnel was being cut, and for this and other skillful, hefty and dangerous work the usual crew of hard-rock men from the corners of the earth was gathered. Their name describes them as well as the stuff they work in. From the Andes, from Siberia, from wherever the last job was, they flock to the new one, bringing their loud, old-fashioned ideas with them. In this case, the rest of a peaceful Western State left this town strictly alone. But as it was a rich game country, the wardens sauntered in among the several thousand, noted the drunks tossed into the streets, the sanguine knife fights punctuating the night, the general scream and blare; and they decided this sort of chaps would be hard on the helpless deer.

A warden went "up the line" to the camps where the men lived near their work—while working. About dusk, to his amazement, he saw a four-point buck stalk into camp, nose around. A young engineer, out of college on his first job, rushed forward with a rifle and shot the buck.

Immediately an infuriated hubbub arose. The youth was mobbed; then saved by the superintendent, who gave him his papers and turned him over to the warden.

A Gentle But Firm Hand

The warden learned, thereafter, that every man coming to camp parked his machine gun with the super or lost his job; that deer entered the camp in numbers daily, and a man might butcher his neighbor over a borrowed match, but he could not touch a deer if it devoured his best overalls. On the line, where the workmen sweated, deer left their coverts and played openly—especially at lunchtime, when plug cut and snooze was available. They, and all wild life, were taboo among the men.

"I'll leave it to you," said the warden, "for the hardest-bitten gang since the days of Nome, how do you figure them?"

"I'll pass it on," I answered. "And let the reader do the figuring."

Admitting a slight sentimental bias on the part of the hard-rock men toward creatures that became as tame as pets, there was, perhaps, something of more significance in this affair, my first reader pointed out. These hard-handed gentry had lived and worked in the wilderness places in many parts of the earth. Wild game they had seen, and again, the absence of it must have been borne in upon them in other districts. In short, they had a strong, if unworded, idea that the wild creatures weren't enemies, and no longer were a food supply to be consumed recklessly; they were, rather, to be jealously protected as friends. When these construction crews, which in earlier days proverbially had lived off the game of the country, were called to this particular job and found the hills alive with deer, they set up an immediate protectorate. Nor was it a company rule that guns must be left with the superintendent. It was a rule the men made and enforced on newcomers, so that no deer's life be endangered. And all of this, amazing to the game warden who went there certain of having plenty of trouble, meant but one thing: That aforementioned change of mind that has come about slowly.

Roving in the hills each season are still many otherwise upright nationals, busily engaged in fracturing the game laws out of conscious or unconscious carelessness. These are not members of that large group of yard-wide Nimrods and Waltonians who wouldn't pass up the hunting bivouac each fall, or the duck blinds, or the spring trout forays. The latter by now are as well informed on game regulations as the wardens themselves. They have a respect for the purpose of the law and a feeling that wardens should not be overworked by careless infractions.

The people referred to are those who decide upon a gasoline vacation, find themselves far from home and in the bosom of Mother Nature herself, with perhaps an unplanned opportunity presenting itself for spearing a breakfast. Their outdoor education has lagged, because they are not confirmed outdoor people and have paid little if any attention to what goes on there. Among them are types, such as the gentleman from California who parked his sedan at a tourist camp ground, rented a cabin for the night and discovered a small lake near by, wherein nice large bass rolled among the lily pads chasing frogs. The sight suggested something to the Californian; it took him back to a Mid-Western boyhood—willow pole, five-cent line and penny hook. That was the life. By George, he would fish again!

Next morning found him at the camp-ground store; and he parted with fifteen dollars instead of fifteen cents, getting a bass outfit. He bought everything but a fishing license. Leaning on the counter was a game warden, who said nothing and sorrowfully considered this doubtless citizen and mulled over methods of training him without spoiling him. After a time the warden searched out the tourist where he perched on a log, two bass on a forked stick beside him, wildly casting a rubber frog into the lake.

The warden watched a while. Then: "Nice fish you've got. Here"—producing a gaudy plug from his pocket—"try this. They take it pretty good here."

The tourist immediately caught a bass with the plug. "That's the pussycat's hicka-ta-diddle!" he agreed. "How'd you know what to use here?"

"I'm the game warden. You've got your license, haven't you, brother?"

"Yes, sure. It's—it's a California license."

The warden examined the paper. He said nothing. It wasn't necessary. Obviously this wasn't California.

"I never fish," the tourist explained. "My wife just bought that before we started out. She never thought, I guess, about it not being good over here. This is the first I've fished on the trip."

"Yes?" said the warden. He had decided on a little hardness. "What's the matter with you fellows? You wouldn't think of fishing in California without a license. Just because you're in another state—think no place but California is civilized? You bought a pile of tackle at the store, but never worried about a license. Where do you think these bass come from—California? No, sir, brother, we raised 'em and planted 'em here, with the money of good law-abiding sportsmen."

A Fine Distinction

The angler stood stricken, red-faced, silent. At length he asked, "How much is it, officer?"

"I'll tell you. I'm not going to hook you on this; I was in the store with you, and should have told you. But that would only have made you sore—then. So I let you go ahead. Now, you go back to the store and buy a license. Then fish all you like. Get some plugs like mine there. Then, when you get home to California, tell your friends about our fishing over here. Tell 'em they're welcome, and all they have to do is treat us right. We'll meet 'em more than halfway."

Now, of course, the occasional and amateur sportsman is as apt to be from Rhode Island or any other state as from California. But this class, too, is easy to train in the way it should go. "Not," explained the warden, "that this is a business of letting everybody off with a warning. If they get hard they have to go to court, that's all. I try to study my man. He isn't a lawbreaker, he's a careless violator—if you get the difference. Ignorant and careless. You can make friends and supporters of that type, or enemies, as you choose. One good scare; then treatment that convinces him the law is necessary, right, and not as interested in jailing him as it is in making him see the light—and he is a fast friend of outdoor life. Never again will that Californian fish without a license. Nor his friends.

"But when even the simple vacationist, out for camping and not for hunting or fishing, gets hard about these matters, he has to take the count. Such people understand nothing else and would have no respect for fair treatment. There was that man and his wife, I remember, camping by the road in the mountains. City people, well heeled, out for a jaunt. When I came along they had a grouse cut up ready for the frying pan already on the fire.

"'Isn't that a grouse?' I asked.

"'Certainly not!' the woman snapped. 'That's a chicken.'

"'Look here,' I said. 'The grouse season doesn't open for two months. I'm afraid you'll have to explain about that grouse.'

"'That's no grouse!' shrieked the woman. 'Get out of here. See—it's a chicken.' She held up the skillet where the meat, nicely cut up, now sizzled.

When They Refuse to Play

"I picked up a drumstick with my knife and the dame slapped my face across the fire. Her husband came to. He said, 'It's no go foolin' him, Mabel. Dark meat, you see. He knows. It was like this, he was runnin' around in the road, like he was sick or something. I killed him with a little stick. I never thought ——'

"With my knife point I dug out two or three birdshot where they'd made little red holes in the meat. 'I'll take a look at your shotgun,' I said, and started for their car, parked under the trees.

"The dame ran after me, yelling. 'You stay out of that car, you big backwoods bull! You don't know who we are. I tell you—why, I danced with the governor of the state just last week. You'll find out! You'll lose your job!'

"She raved on, but I opened the car, found the man's shotgun and two more grouse. He stood at my elbow, getting dignified. 'I think you are a bit hasty, officer,' he told me. 'We can talk this over and you'll benefit by it. I ——'

"I'd got tired of it by this time. That slap still tingled. 'I'll do the talking,' I said. 'I'll take your birds and gun. Bail, fifty dollars. You can get your gun back when you go through town, at the J. P.'s office. Trial any day you say. I'll make the charge tomorrow and if you're so well-known the newspaper boys will pick it up. When you get home your friends 'll tell you about it. Now, ten to one you haven't any license to hunt. You're hunting out of season. You've been shooting from a public highway—I found an empty shell back there on the road, and where the bird was killed. That's three charges I can hook you on.

"'And let me tell you something. It doesn't matter who you are—I know who you are anyway, from your car license. But when you want to shoot grouse, come in the grouse season. Fish or hunt—come on, and we'll help you. But don't think because you're somebody in town, you can come out here and help yourself and walk all over everybody else's rights. I'm reporting you to every game officer in the state. Wherever you go to camp or enjoy yourselves you're going to be watched as a public nuisance, a liar and a thief. If you pull anything you're going to pay for it. We have to blacklist your kind. You're not fit to enjoy the hunting and fishing. And maybe if you live long enough you'll learn what somebody didn't teach you in school!'"

The game warden said it was chiefly the woman's fault. "Women—when they're hard they're harder than men. Men take it like a kid caught hooking apples. Women

(Continued on Page 181)

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of Aviation is vital to American progress.

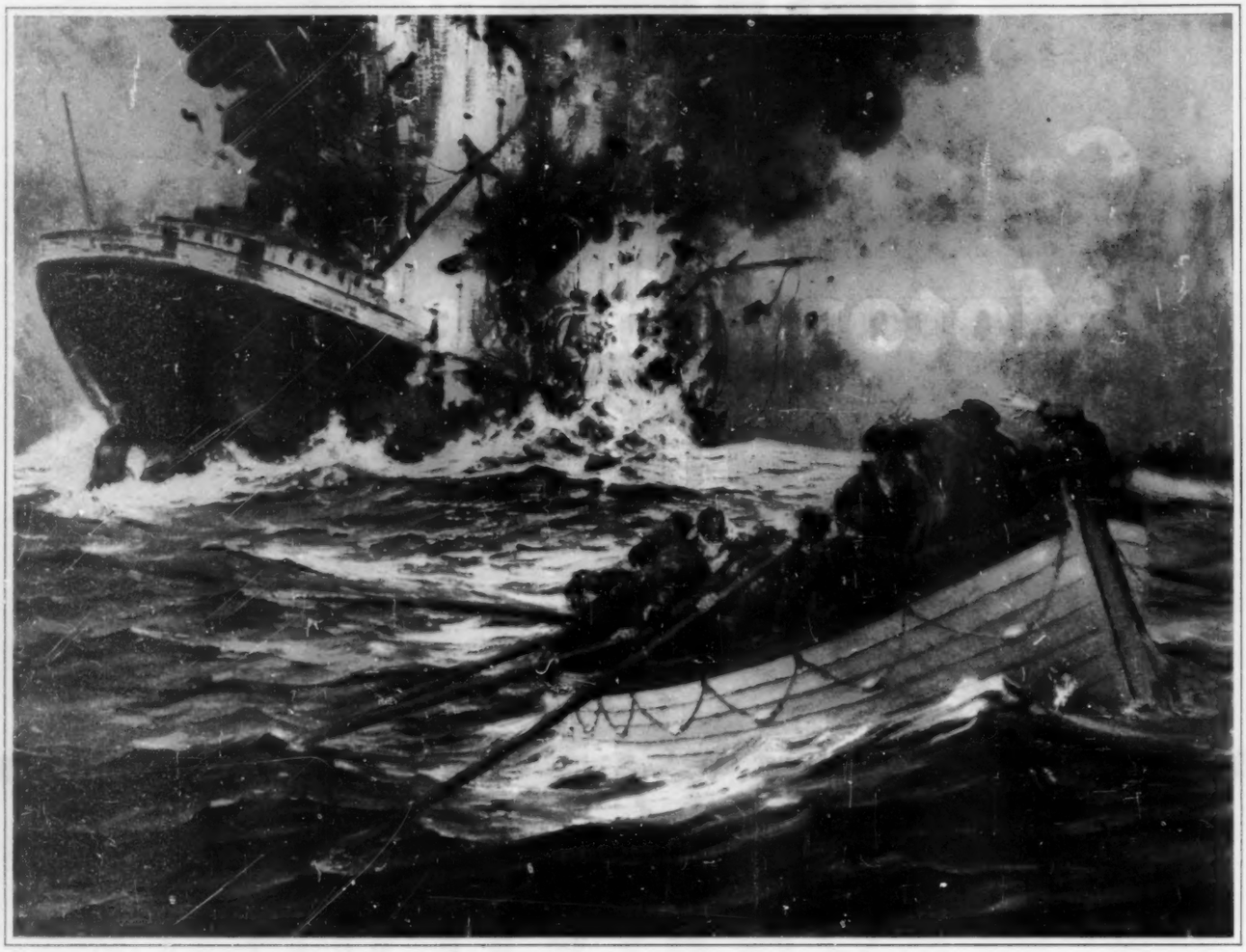
Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than, It is-

LYCOMING MOTORS

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING CO.
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

You are invited to the Lycoming exhibit at space C32-C33 at the New York Automobile Show and also at space 124 at the Chicago Automobile Show.

THE WAR HEROES



The Solar Star Leaped Half Out of the Water in a Blinding Holocaust of Yellow Flame

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

OLD ships are like old servants and old fire horses—they go on from master to master, sinking lower and lower in the scale of usefulness, becoming sadder and sadder at heart, until finally they break down forever and slip into nameless graves or lie by helplessly waiting for the final blow that will finish them. The Mary Powell, once the fastest, proudest steamer on the Hudson, lies rotting in Rondout Creek at Kingston. Barney Barnato's yacht turned up at Three Rivers some six years ago, trying bravely to pull pulp-wood barges up and down the St. Lawrence. One of the Chicago class—a battleship of the Great White Fleet days—is tied up in the Hwangpu near Shanghai, trying to ignore the sad fact that the Pittsburgh and Hawkins are really protecting the Foreign Quarter.

Of old ships was the Solar Star. Paint and tar and concrete covered the fact that she had started life as the Cardiff in the halcyon days of Robert Doble and Son. But in her old heart she knew and remembered. She knew, too, that she had been the General Kearny—Union Seaboard—the Kasegawa Maru—D. K. K.—and for three brief months, until she sank to her boat decks in Puritan Bay, the Herbert Smedley—Green Diamond. In 1917 she became a highly important commodity—an available bottom—worth her weight in gold. Up she came from the sand. Painters swarmed over her once again. Engineers scraped and hammered and patched her insides, and off she started once again, as the Solar Star.

Like ships, masters were also scarce and a ticket was in truth a ticket. A man named Huntley, for instance, had been watch quartermaster and one of the nine survivors of the Victoria. After the inquiry, a man named Palmer turned up with a second mate's ticket in the East. A tramp owner took him on and lost his shirt in pidgin freight on the Tongku run. After that, Palmer came into the Indian Ocean, with an eye to working back to the Atlantic. For several years he played carefully and got his first officer's berth with the Choate-Seymour flag. People had forgotten the Victoria and had never heard of the tramp owner. In 1910, when the C. S.-Indian and Straits Settlements Navigation merger went through, Palmer got the Elizabeth, 6000 tons. Thereafter, in 1914, when the Fleetwing was launched, he jumped to the Norwich, London to Calcutta, and sat down to his first captain's dinner. Eight months later the Norwich was torpedoed three hours from Gibraltar and sank in twenty minutes. Thereafter Palmer played rovers, and played well. When he took the Solar Star, he took it because it was a Joseph Christiansen boat and a berth there meant the big line after the war.

Bull Logan, Rory the Duke, and the Kid came up the Solar Star's gangway in Brooklyn with their bags on their shoulders and their white caps cocked over skeptical left eyes.

Bull sniffed. "Wal," he said, "she must be a boat. She's in the water, an' as near as I c'n see, she ain't part of the jetty."

"Mebbe she's broke loose temporarily and they ain't nailed her back onto it yet."

"Well, step easy anyways," said the Kid. "You don't wanta push a hoof through the deck and break an ankle while you're seein' no world through no porthole."

"Yeah, an' don't make no loud noise. They might hear us at the Yard and assign us to another tailor's dummy ensign, lessen they think Bull can't run this gun crew alone."

The chief mate came down the ladder and led them forward to what passed for a glory hole.

"You'll bunk in here," he said.

"Sorry," said Bull, "we ain't got no vertical hammocks; they's twelve of us."

"Well, there's another place aft, but the gun's on the foc'sle head."

"Leave us look at the other place."

Rory threw down his bag and gave his trousers a hitch. He squinted at the Kid. "We thanked you already, but turn around while I give you another hop in the pants."

"What for? Ain't you got the royal suit to sleep in?"

"I ain't talkin' about no night shirts. I'm talkin' about this here hooker. We was comfortable on the Carmencita anyways, until you sink us a Heinie boat an' get us so famous we're transferred to a tubful of dynamite. One more trick outa you and they'll have us rowin' a raft acrost to France for bravery."

"Say," said the Kid, "I'll have youse two guys President and Secretary of the Navy before I quit. I ain't even started yet."

(Continued on Page 201)

110000

With high enthusiasm, the American public has placed its stamp of approval upon the new Nash "400." ¶ Announced only six months ago, already 110,000 have been sold. ¶ At the Motor Show be sure to see this record-breaking motor car, with its new Twin-Ignition motor, Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication and many other decisive improvements.

NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

GOOD FRIEND

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

The Distribution of "White Jade Thoughts" to the Hungry Oriental Minds of San Francisco Began at Noon on the Following Day

AFTER the narcotic squad had finished their inspection of the Golden Citron, old Sum Yet locked the door and crawled into his bunk above a ten-thousand-dollar stock of silk. "Between an earthquake and these Government men there is but one important difference—the same earthquake never comes back."

Sum Yet raged for a while, and then, "Only an evil conscience questions the will of heaven," he reflected. "Well"—and he smiled coldly for a moment—"the back of a conscience can be broken with a weight of gold."

He thought for a while of gold, and presently a high golden mountain stood between him and the quiet valley of sleep. He got up and walked to the front room of the Golden Citron. From underneath a crimson Tibetan hat he retrieved two bank books. He opened these and translated a string of numerals into clicks on the beads of a worn abacus. To the resultant his twinkling fingers added a series of clicks for the estimated profits of the fiscal year ending in firecrackers. Then, subtracting blackmail, taxes, a pork banquet and his annual contribution to the United Missions Fund in China, he inhaled deeply from a little silver pipe and blinked his eyes at the reward of virtue as expressed by the black beads of the calculating machine.

"Klam bok tens of hundreds," he said in the Cantonese dialect.

Well, that was fair enough, considering several unexpected financial emergencies which the year had brought. The Government men would probably let him alone for a month or two; the tourists were moving into the sunlight country from the East; the Benevolent Hand Society, of which he was a prominent member, was at last in control of affairs at Watsonville, Fresno, Salinas and Monterey; and the killing at Buffalo had been adjusted to the satisfaction of the Hip Sing people. The future seemed fair.

He put another pinch of tobacco into the bowl of the silver pipe, but before he could light it a knock sounded on the street door of the Golden Citron.

"Sum!" a white man called. "Sum, open the door. It's Sam Ridley. I want to talk with you."

What was this? The Government man again.

Sum Yet opened the door. "What do you want? You all finish one time."

"I left my glove in the basement."

"No ketchum. You likee look-see? You go down, mebby ketchum." Here was a clear conscience speaking.

"I not look-see now," the white man said. "You find him, you telephone me. Very fine glove. No likee lose him."

"Allight, I find him."

When the white man had gone Sum Yet laid down his pipe and shuffled down the twisted stairway that led to the storage basement from the back room of the Golden Citron. There, in plain view on a packing box, lay the white man's glove. In the palm of it was a tin of opium. "Aye! A wise man understands a nod." Sum Yet chuckled to himself as he restored the tin of opium to its hiding place beside others of its kind.

At the desk back of the counter upstairs he wrote two characters on a slip of bamboo paper: "Good Friend." He laid a hundred-dollar bank note on this paper and rolled both pieces of paper into a little tube. He thrust the tube of paper into the index finger of the inspector's glove. He parked the glove in the cash drawer under the counter. Tomorrow, he decided, he would telephone the owner of the glove to come and get his property. That would be better than sending it by messenger. Messengers were people you could not always trust.

It developed early the next morning that the telephone message was superfluous. The owner of the glove called at the Golden Citron before ten o'clock.

"Somebody squealed," he announced. "I got canned."

"You mean Guvment he tell you goo'by?"

"I tell him good-by."

Sum Yet opened the cash drawer under the counter. Without his visitor seeing the transaction he removed the glove which had been stored overnight in the drawer. He put the glove in his pocket and withdrew to his sleeping apartment, wherein was stored the ten-thousand-dollar stock of silk. In this sanctuary he fished the hundred-dollar bill and the Good Friend message out of the finger of the glove. He replaced the hundred-dollar bill with a fifty-dollar bill. "Plenty big for little man," he said.

He returned to the front of the store. "I find your glove."

"Much obliged." The glove owner, half wise in ways that were dark, retrieved his reward. He gave no evidence of surprise. He glanced at the paper folded around the fifty-dollar bill. "What he say?"

"He say, 'Good Friend.'"

"Fifty dollars not very good friend."

"On a cold day, very easy borrow a fan," Sum Yet returned. "After battle finish, no good makee sword sharp."

"Yeah! Well, listen to me." Sam Ridley settled himself as comfortably as he could in the angular teakwood chair. "Mebby we make sword sharp now with big money. You win big battle."

"The silent man is never strangled by his own tongue," Sum Yet reflected. Then, aloud: "What you mean?"

"First thing I mean, you better hide that hop. New Government man come back talk you today. This time he raise plenty hell."

"Paper say Good Friend," Sum Yet commented. "I think you good friend. You tell me when Guvment man come."

"You bet your sweet life I'm your good friend. Listen, Sum; you and me can get rich right away if you do what I say."

"Man is not born with knowledge," Sum Yet reflected. "This may be a tiger who has swallowed arsenic. Fate plans for a fool—but there are still good nails in a wrecked boat." Aloud, "How we get rich?" he asked. "I likee get rich. No more work. All time sit down."

"Listen. You ever know very rich white man name Martin Barr?"

Sam Ridley expected a negative reply to his question, but to his surprise, "Long time I see him one time," Sum Yet answered. "Ten, mebby twelve years ago he wife buy two piece silk. Cost him seven dollah, ninety-five cent. He live big house Chicago. Makee stove."

Sam Ridley wagged his head in admiration. "You got the world skinned for remembering things," he said. "Listen. Martin Barr wife she die. All time now he likee do good thing. Long time now ——"

"I know what you say." Sum Yet nodded wisely. "Long time now Mister Martin Barr he spend much money, try stop eprybody smoke opium."

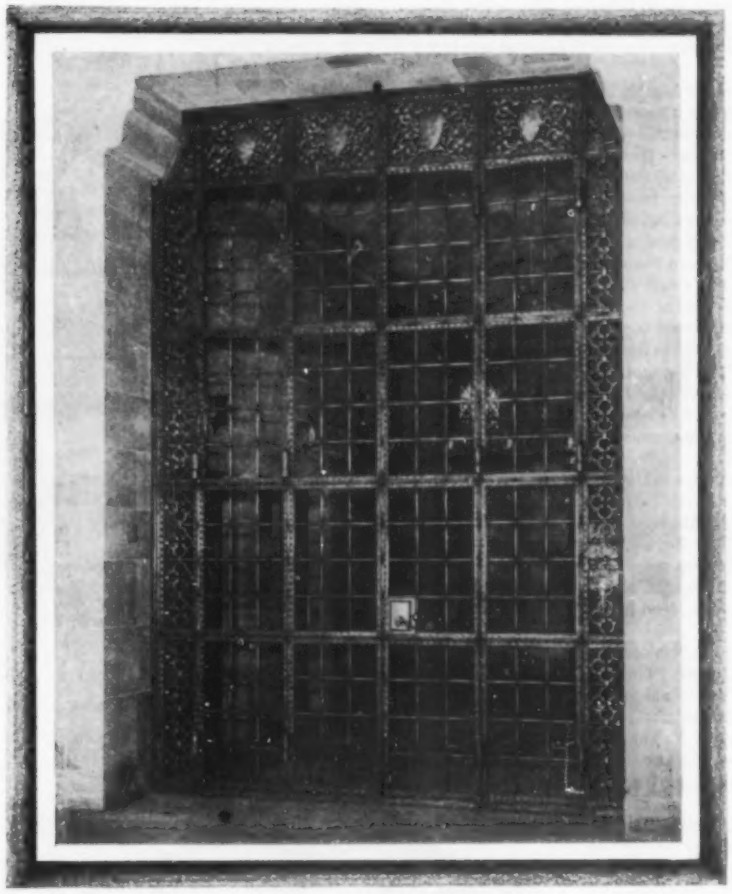
"You got the world skinned! What did he have for breakfast this morning?"

"No savvy breakfast. Long time no ketch any news. China boy Chicago cook his house my cousin."

(Continued on Page 62)

Wherever vibration and repeated shock must be endured, wrought iron is the safest material. Over 100,000 tons goes into small parts for railway cars and locomotives alone, every year.

Is this the Age of Imitations?



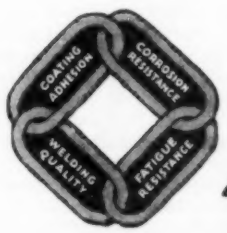
Wrought Iron Screen in entrance lobby of prominent banking institution. York & Sawyer, Architects. Samuel Yellin, Metal Worker.

EVERY age is characterized by some prevailing tendency. A noted architect fears that ours may take its place in history as the age of imitations. At least we devote a great deal of thought and cleverness to making things look like what they are not.

In buying jewelry, furs, clothing, or furniture, the intelligent person does not expect a cheap imitation to yield values like the genuine. But where building materials are concerned, he may be less on guard; for in this field his purchases are infrequent and his experience limited. Cement and gravel are made into artificial cut stone; sawdust and other ingredients compose quite wonderful wood carving; and for marble, tile and many other materials there are numerous ingenious counterfeits.

So-called "wrought iron" hardware; ornamental "wrought iron" gates, fences, grilles, and the like; metal objects in many forms purporting to be wrought iron, often turn out to be rather sorry modern substitutes. When the purchaser of such a thing finds it subject to untimely impairment by rust, or lacking any desired physical property, he may come to feel that wrought iron is "not what it used to be." Possibly some disillusioned friend will inform him, "You can't get real wrought iron nowadays. It isn't made any more." This sounds conclusive if you are unacquainted with the fact and a little inclined to pessimism.

The fact is, many hundreds of thousands of tons of wrought iron bars, billets, plates, pipe, etc., of the highest quality ever known, are being produced annually in this country and manufactured into things of use or ornament.



High immunity to corrosion; toughness and dependability under constant shock and vibration; peculiar capability to absorb and hold special finishes like paint, enamel, zinc, tin or lead; unequaled welding quality—for these and other distinctive merits, real wrought iron is being used in increasing quantities. In plumbing, heating, water supply, gas and industrial piping; in boilers, tanks, rivets, barges and ships; in railroad car and locomotive parts subject to severe stress and strain; in ornamental grilles, gates, fences, builders' hardware, fire escapes and other objects for outdoor use, where high resistance to corrosion is desired, the surpassing qualities of this time-honored material were never so well understood.

Imitation being so resourceful as it is, and the terms "wrought" and "iron" being loosely applied to much that is not Wrought Iron, the wise purchaser will specify "genuine wrought iron" and wherever possible will demand some unmistakable mark or guarantee. Attention to this will be rewarded by enduring satisfaction.

For any desired information on the uses or availability of genuine wrought iron, address

WROUGHT IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
1111 Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wrought Iron

RUST-RESISTING · SAFE · ENDURING

(Continued from Page 60)

"Well, listen. You know part of it, but you don't know everything. Martin Barr spend plenty money right now on new scheme stop everybody smoke opium. I think maybe we can help him spend very much money. I tell you what we do."

Sum Yet nodded his head affably. To himself, "Only a dead snake is straight," he commented. "Desire is the father of all motives, but I shall listen to this man. A grain of sand can hide a mountain. I will sharpen my wits and listen to this fool, for maybe I have been blinded by the sunlight of my own superior wisdom." Aloud, "You tell me," he invited. "Mebby more better tell me quick. I savvy very much some things."

Martin Barr had made his first million out of Red Barr Stoves and Ranges. Heat is Health. The slogan and the stoves worked so well in the northern markets that after the first million had been made it would have taken more than the combined talents of two or three of Martin Barr's new efficiency experts to have stopped the second and third millions.

Life was a good game for Martin Barr up to the time that his first million was safely invested. Then, celebrating his victory, the stove man spent a few thousand dollars and a year of his time on a pleasure trip to China. In China the thing that impressed him most deeply was the bit he saw of the traffic in opium and its related evils. He was ideal timber for the purpose, and out of the ideal timber, before he knew it, Fate had fashioned a crusader.

With a deeper enthusiasm than he had known since the day he had applied the single-pin hinge to all the Red Barr stove doors, he leaped at the Dragon with the bright sword of ignorance sharpened to a razor edge. He fumed at the Tartars, three centuries dead, and held them first of all responsible for China's plight. He cursed the poppy growers of India and Turkey and Persia, two centuries late. He raved to his patient wife about the heartless British merchants, the Bengal Government and the Lintin traders on the Canton River.

He reviewed the evidence in the case against opium, and with a thousand dead reformers he classified it neatly under three headings—moral, financial and political. To the patient Mrs. Barr he read long extracts from books. He quoted easily from the writings of the missionaries and sought, with increasing gusto, horrible examples to feed his appetite for facts.

Before he returned to the United States he had become a red-hot reformer. Thereafter he devoted his activities first to aiding in the futile attempt at cutting off the traffic at its source. He made a trip especially for this purpose to Persia, and he journeyed rampant through half a dozen provinces of China.

It was on this expedition that his wife succumbed to a fever brought on by bacteria unknown to her own Mississippi Valley country. The loss of his wife served to spur Martin Barr onward to a new crusade.

He realized, finally, the difficulties of destroying the traffic at its source, and he turned his attention to the other terminal. Within three years he became a pest around government bureaus and departments at Washington.

Presently, somewhat fatigued, he decided that some of the Chinese philosophers had the right idea. "Of three roads, choose the middle one." He elected to follow the middle course, and thenceforth he devoted his energy and his talents to the middlemen in the traffic which linked the opium manufacturers and the consumers. When this had failed, "A campaign of education will do more to abolish opium than anything else," some one of his advisers suggested. "There is no way of preventing the growth of the poppy in half the provinces of China. It is not feasible to stop the manufacture of opium. There is no way of preventing the delivery of the drug, but if every opium user in the country knew what was in store for him as well as you do, a great number of them would probably stop."

"We will stop them. We will educate them and they will stop of their own free will." Forthwith Martin Barr concentrated his attack on an educational campaign.

At Sum Yet's invitation Sam Ridley related the salient features of the latest phase of the stove manufacturer's educational campaign against opium.

"Mourning clothes may hide happiness," Sum Yet reflected after the project had been explained to him. "I enter upon the Seven Decades of Felicity." Replying to Sam Ridley, the first thing Sum Yet did was to point to heaven, to earth, to his companion and to himself.

"I understand," Sam Ridley nodded. "Secret between heaven, earth, you and me. From now on you my partner. First thing I need is expense money. I got to put up a front."

Promises are flowers in the mirror—the bright moon on water. But then, time is an arrow, and on the jail gates it is written that repentance is ever late.

"A turnip is no substitute for an egg," Sum Yet decided. "I will invest some money in this good-friend man."

When the investment had been agreed upon, "Listen," Ridley said; "this is what I do now: Mr. Barr stays three-four days Palace Hotel. I talk him, get job help him. He ask me, I tell him you best man in Chinatown. You know all about hop. You very glad help him make opium stop."

"Why you think he give you job? Guvment let you go. Boss guvment man tell Mistuh Barr you bad man."

Then, Unexpectedly, He Popped His Eyes Wide Open and Exploded in a Violent Cough Which Ended in a String of High-Pitched Cackling Curses

"Nobody ain't gonna squeal at headquarters. Nobody say nothing bad about me. I got too much on 'em. He ask my government boss I good man, my boss say Number One good man."

"You try. Mebby Mistuh Barr give you job," Sum Yet agreed; and to himself: "A thief has as much talent as a first-honor man, but on the other hand, a corpse buried in the snow requires two funerals."

Before Sam Ridley left the Golden Citron, "What time you think new guvment man come look-see opium my store?"

"Two o'clock this afternoon he come. He not stay long. I see you four o'clock. Maybe bring Mr. Barr with me. Good luck!"

"You got money, you got luck. Goo'-by."

The two-o'clock raid on the Golden Citron was perpetrated as scheduled. The net result was another star in Sum Yet's crown.

"We turned the place upside down, chief, and there wasn't enough hop to fill a pipe," the head of the raiding squad reported. "Sum Yet has quit the hop business for good, from the way it looks."

At four o'clock old Sum Yet, in conference with Martin Barr, told the listening world that he'd quit the hop business. Sam Ridley, the third member of the conference, nodded affably when Sum Yet had finished his claim to virtue.

"I tell you, Mr. Barr, this bird has been through everything in the opium traffic. He knows it all. There's nobody knows every end of the business as well as he does. He's the best man we could have to help us right now."

Beaming at his new friend, "How many Chinese are there in the United States, do you think?" Martin Barr asked Sum Yet.

"Book say hund'ed t'ousand China man. I think mebby fo' hund'ed t'ousand, mebby some moah. All time come, not many go back."

"That's what I've always maintained," Martin Barr agreed. "Now suppose we get a fourth of the Chinese in this country fully informed as to the evils of opium—consider the magnificent moral effect, viewed solely as propaganda, that their daily conversation would have. I venture to say that within a year after the educational campaign is well under way, no Chinese will have the audacity to approve, even passively, the sinister activities of those who control the vile industry that has cost so many lives."

"Yes, indeed," Sam Ridley agreed. "You're dead right about that."

"The spoken word is light and transient. The truth in cold print has a cumulative effect beyond the power of man to calculate. I proved this first to my own satisfaction long ago by risking half the assets of the Red Barr Stove Company in an advertising campaign."

"And you win big, didn't you?" Sam Ridley approved of Martin Barr's advertising campaign.

"The results were most gratifying. What I now propose to do is to print the outstanding facts and the bitter truth about the opium traffic, in the Chinese language. We will distribute copies of this book free to all the Chinese men and women in the United States."

"That's bound to do lots of good," Sam Ridley commented. "There's no two ways about it."

Martin Barr seemed to be pleased with the favorable criticism. "To make the bitter truths palatable," he continued, "we shall sugar-coat them with some of the gems of Chinese literature. You know, of course, that humor and adventure and first-class love stories were written in China as far back as two thousand years ago."

"I never knew it went back that far."

"Students of Chinese literature have assured me that some of the most interesting things in the Chinese literature were written fully that long ago. Poetry, of course, goes back much further, but I am not much of a believer in the advertising impact of poetry. Good red-hot mystery stories, adventure and plenty of humor is the stuff. Along with this—scattered in between the jokes, say, or right after every story—we will print the sordid account of some prominent Chinese citizen who killed himself with opium."

"That sounds like a mighty good scheme to me," Sam Ridley agreed. "When are you goin' to get the stories and everything for your book in shape? There's a lot of work to be done after you get them all ready. It will take that big printing outfit in Shanghai three months to get the books printed after you get everything ready for them. There's no Chinese printing house in this country that can handle the job."

"I have a dozen Chinese scholars editing the material right at this moment," Martin Barr set forth. "What I want you to do is to expedite the actual work of printing the book. We will have it printed in Shanghai as you suggest. With your knowledge of Chinese business methods and your long commercial experience in the Orient, it seems to me that you are particularly fitted for the job. For our friend here"—and Martin Barr smiled and bowed toward Sum Yet—"he can serve us best by aiding in the distribution of the work after it is published."

"Sure! He knows all the leading Chinks in every town in the United States." Sam Ridley turned to Sum Yet. "You got Chinese friends every place."

"Epry place I got my cousin. Fresno, Monterey, Buffalo—epry city I got cousin. All time write letter. All time got large bizness."

Sam Ridley turned to Martin Barr and his eyes glowed with pride.

"See what I told you? He has a mighty big trade in all those towns. Silk and firecrackers and China dishes and things like that."

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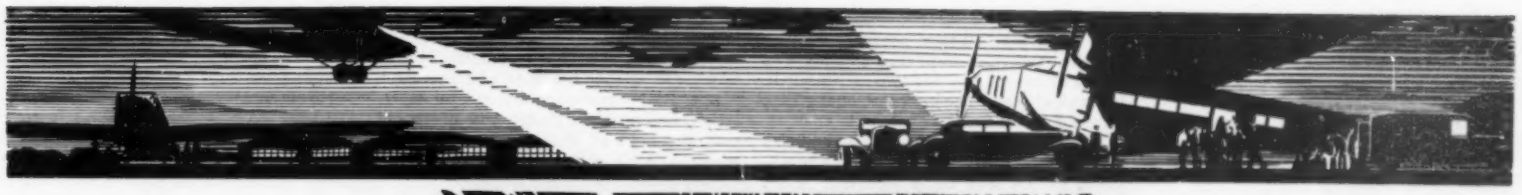

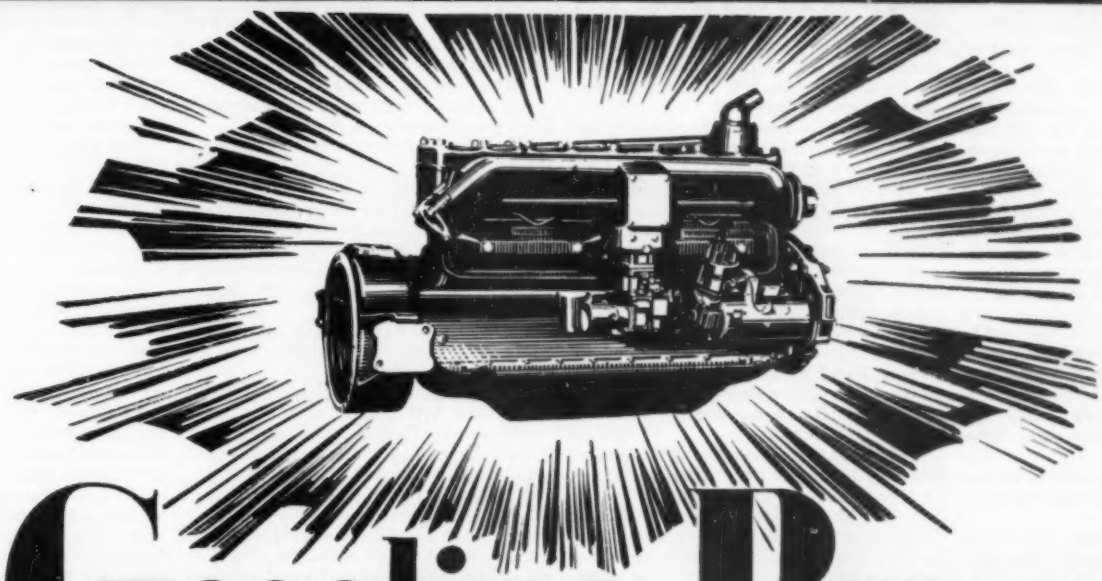

Gasoline Power is KING

CONTACT! . . . sleek wings take the air . . . a plane is off. The drone of city traffic . . . the flash of swift cars on the road . . . great buses roar and truck wheels rumble . . . passengers and freight annihilate time and distance on the highway. Fast cruisers seek horizons on a thousand different waters. The hum of industry is quickened . . . man's work is halved . . . and cut in two again . . . as power units for every conceivable purpose contribute their part. ¶ Gasoline power is KING . . . and Continental Motors, with its experience, its constant research, its facilities for quantity production of a quality product, its tremendous resources of men, money and materials . . . is Prime Minister to His Majesty in every field where he holds sway.

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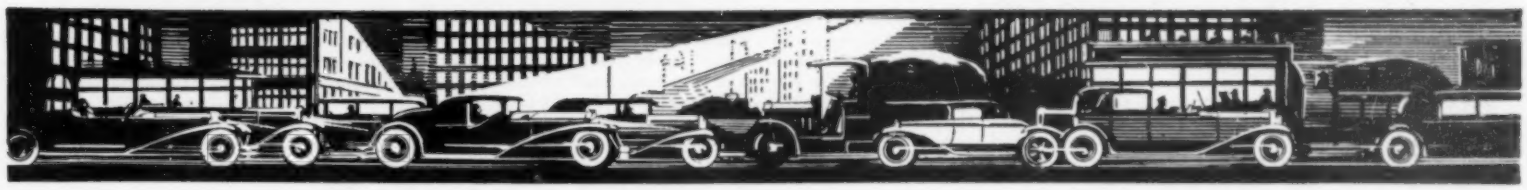

(Continued from Page 62)

"His address list will mean a great deal to us," Martin Barr agreed; and then to old Sum Yet: "You like to help me with opium war?"

"I help you," Sum Yet promised, and then to himself: "The superior man bows to the will of heaven. I have discovered a gold mine on two legs."

When the gold mine left his establishment, Sum Yet bowed his deepest, most respectful bow.

"I go back to hotel with Mr. Barr," Sam Ridley announced. "I see you tonight."

Late that night old Sum Yet and Sam Ridley came to an agreement over a transaction involving their private interests in the benevolent publishing enterprise of Martin Barr. When this had been accomplished, "Time is an arrow," Sum Yet reflected; and to Sam Ridley: "How soon you go China? More better we hurry up."

"Listen, Sum Yet, don't get in a hurry. Four-five days more, boss he ketchum story for book from four-eye China school man in New York. Maybe I sail on Banzai Maru."

"Putting quicksand in an hourglass does not hasten the day." Sum Yet knew this well enough. "Banzai Maru steamer sail nine days more. I have very many letter for Shanghai bizness."

"You don't need many letters for our business. More better not write too many letter."

"Large bizness, large letter. I give you letter all my cousin Shanghai. Ten man, mebby fitteen man."

"All right." Sam Ridley ended the argument by submission. "Get the letters ready. I know Shanghai better'n you do, and I know how to finish our business in that town so quick it'd make your head swim. I don't need no letters, but have it your way. Write your letters. The only letter I need is cash for the German that's running the Mien Chou factory for the Jap outfit, and maybe a note to that Chink boss of the Pigeon Chop Factory that handles the Persian trade."

"I make him allight. One cousin he name Sum Soon. Very big man Shanghai. He know eprybody."

"Yeah? Well, give me a red ticket to him. Chances are I'll not need him, but you write me red ticket all same."

Sam Ridley sailed on the Banzai Maru. He carried with him a roll of expense money supplied by Martin Barr, and the manuscript of the sugar-coated counterblast against opium, written beautifully by scholars who had been retained to assist the enterprise. In addition to this he carried five letters addressed to five useful men in China, and Sum Yet's draft on the Shanghai-Yokohama Bank for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Before the Banzai Maru had cleared the Golden Gate, Sum Yet had translated the twenty-five thousand dollars into a series of clicks which, subtracted from another series of clicks, left a mere thirteen thousand dollars remaining in the Sum Yet cash reserve. That is to say, klam bok tens of hundreds minus yee ung tens of hundreds left a mere yit klam of thousands between Sum Yet and the wolf.

"Gold comes like iron and leaves like quicksilver," Sum Yet sighed. "A day of life can hold a thousand years of sorrow. Maybe—but away with that thought!" He sought the advantages of a happier philosophy. "Man is not born with knowledge. A wick is no substitute for a walking stick. Fate plans for a fool, but action is the father of luck."

He poured a libation to the Gods of Chance, and another, somewhat larger, to Milo Fo. "Whuff! A corkscrew cannot pull a man out of trouble." He lighted a pinch of tobacco in the bowl of the little silver pipe. "An intelligent man recognizes the will of heaven, but in spite of that, twenty-five thousand dollars is a lot of money."

Sam Ridley came back on the second return trip of the Banzai Maru. He brought with him, testifying to his energy, an edition of ten thousand copies of White Jade Thoughts, which had been printed under rush orders by the Bamboo Press of Shanghai. The book had been bound in another establishment. It measured roughly five inches by seven, and was two inches thick. It began with half a chapter by Chuang Tzu, who had devoted all his energies to an exposition of the teachings of Lao-tsze, and this was all of the heavy material of a philosophical nature that could be found in the book. There was an essay by Han Fei Tzu; an extract from a memorial by the inventor of the Lesser Seal script; a humorous fable by the Drunken Dragon, Tsai Yung; and then a poem by Lady Pan.

The rest of the book was given over to adventure and to humor, much of which had been taken from the Hsiao Lin Kuang Chi.

Twenty pages of the four hundred which comprised the book were devoted to an exposition of the evils resulting from the use of opium. Opposite each of these pages was a woodcut, and the series illustrated the journey of the opium user from robust health to a point three cellars below the portals of the the Cave of Death.

The cargo of books was contained in twenty heavy packing cases. They were consigned to Martin Barr in San Francisco, and that gentleman was on hand when the Banzai Maru docked.

The anti-opium crusade had received some publicity in the San Francisco newspapers, and from the first case of books opened by the customs inspectors, sample copies of White Jade Thoughts were distributed to half a dozen of the ship reporters as souvenirs of a great and worthy enterprise. A few of the books in each case were unwrapped and examined by the inspectors, and the duty on the edition of ten thousand was forthwith paid by Martin Barr.

By nightfall the twenty heavy cases had been hauled to the warerooms adjoining Sum Yet's establishment, where five extra clerks had been hired to meet the new stress on the shipping department of the Golden Citron.

"I would like to get the Eastern shipments off our hands first thing," Martin Barr explained to Sam Ridley, who had established himself in charge of the distribution of the books at Sum Yet's storerooms.

"We are getting the packages made up for Buffalo and all those Eastern towns right now. Sum Yet has got cousins in all those places who will handle the business for us at that end."

"The main thing is to distribute the books where they will do the most good."

"Yes, sir," Sam Ridley agreed. "Sum Yet has got addresses of the leading Chink merchants in all the big California towns. That's where the books will do the most good. We used to raid more opium out of California towns than any place else in the United States except New York."

"I think we would better send five hundred copies of the book to New York, instead of one hundred," Martin Barr suggested. "They found a lot of opium in the chain locker of a ship at Hoboken only last week."

Sam Ridley made a note in his memorandum book. "Five hundred copies to New York—that will cut down some of these local allotments."

"We will get another edition printed if it seems advisable," Martin Barr announced.

The distribution of White Jade Thoughts to the hungry Oriental minds of San Francisco began at noon on the following day.

"It is very gratifying to see the eagerness with which these people seek light on their problem," Martin Barr commented.

"The book will do more good in San Francisco than any place else," Sam Ridley returned. "It is something new for these Chinks to get anything free."

At ten o'clock that night the general distribution of White Jade Thoughts ended for the day. Martin Barr, glowing inwardly at the thought of a good work well begun, returned to his rooms at the Palace Hotel. After Sum Yet's clerks had fixed the iron shutters across the windows of the Golden Citron, and when the front door of the establishment had been closed, Sam Ridley sat conversing with the proprietor of the place.

"How many old men you think will come?" Sam Ridley asked.

"Message boy tell him last night all hurry up tonight. Mebby two hund'ed man come."

Sam Ridley made a quick mental calculation, and then: "Better give every old man him book all same time. Everybody come little bit, everybody go all night—mebby police man make trouble."

"Better go all same time," Sum Yet agreed. "Eprybody go away same time, police man he think we have large dinner."

"What time man come?"

"Message boy tell him all come midnight. Mebby some man come more soon."

The first eager member of the midnight throng who came to the Golden Citron seeking their reserved copies of White Jade Thoughts was old How Yip, who cooked for a prominent Jackson Street family. Sum Yet experienced some difficulty in explaining to the impatient old man the necessity for waiting until the rest of the book cravers had arrived.

"It will not be long now until you can return to your master's house with the treasure which you seek."

"The quicksand of desire lags in the hourglass," How Yip whined.

Presently the Golden Citron was crowded with an assemblage of nearly two hundred old Chinese men who had gathered in answer to Sum Yet's summons. They entered the Golden Citron through the side door which opened into the shadows of Ross Alley.

Half an hour after midnight Sum Yet called to his doorkeeper: "Admit no more visitors," and then to Sam Ridley: "It is the packing case numbered 17?" he asked.

"Seventeen it is," Sam Ridley replied. "It's the one there that my overcoat is on."

From case Number 17 the first two layers of White Jade Thoughts were removed. Sum Yet picked up a copy of the book from the third course of tightly packed volumes. He turned to How Yip, who was the nearest member of the throng of old men who filled the wareroom.

"One hund'ed dollah," he said briefly.

Old How Yip delayed the game for ten seconds in making a second count of his five twenty-dollar bills. He handed these to Sum Yet. The second man had his money ready. Thereafter, working fast, Sum Yet sold nearly two hundred copies of White Jade thoughts at a standard price of one hundred dollars a copy. Out of each payment Sam Ridley, standing at Sum Yet's elbow, received fifty dollars.

Before the midnight sale of White Jade Thoughts had ended, the white man's pockets bulged with currency. "I figger the night's been worth close to ten grand," he reflected, and then with some impatience: "Get 'em to hell out of here in a bunch," he advised Sum Yet. "There ain't no tellin' what the bulls might do later tonight."

Ten minutes later Sum Yet's warerooms were deserted and his throng of customers had dissolved into the shadows which lay along Ross Alley.

When the Golden Citron was deserted save for Sam Ridley and Sum Yet, "Well, it worked O.K.," the white man observed. "You'll sure clean up big on this. You're not lettin' all the rest of them books go out at that price, are you?"

"More far away, more money. Monterey, Salinas, Stockton, Buffalo, he pay more money."

"You got to be mighty careful," Sam Ridley advised. "I'll be goin' back to the hotel now. See you tomorrow."

Leaving the Golden Citron, Sam Ridley walked two blocks in the direction of his hotel, and then he turned to the left. He quickened his pace. Ten minutes later he was on board of a tramp freighter which cleared at dawn for South America.

At about the time that Sum Yet's companion boarded the ship bound for South America, old How Yip arrived at the Jackson Street residence wherein he had tried for twenty years to cook his way into a fortune large enough to permit his continued indulgence in opium and at the same time to provide a sum sufficient for the needs of his old age in China. He carried with him, carefully buttoned between the thick woolen layers of his second and third jackets, the copy of White Jade Thoughts which he had bought from Sum Yet.

He entered his master's residence through the back door and walked directly to his room. Here, without the deliberation that usually characterized the process, he prepared himself for his night's rest. He removed his dusty black hat and threw it on the floor under his bed. He kicked off his oversize shoes. He removed his coat, and following this, he fished his copy of White Jade Thoughts from the cargo space between his second and third woolen jackets.

He hesitated a moment, and then he decided that the further business of undressing could be postponed. From the depths of a teakwood chest he lifted a glass lamp and an opium pipe. He set these on the table at the head of his bed. He lighted the little lamp.

He unwrapped his copy of White Jade Thoughts. The first twenty pages ruffled freely under his fingers, but the rest of the book was inflexible. The next ten pages had been glued over a cavity that contained a six-ounce tin. A label on the tin read, Happy Sleep Flower. He cut through the metal at one corner of the Happy Sleep Flower container and carefully cleaned his knife blade of the black gum which adhered to it.

His hand was trembling now with the eagerness of his desire. He picked up a short wire which lay beside the little lamp. He thrust the end of the wire into the black gum. He withdrew a pill of gum and held it in the flame of the lamp for a moment. He reached for his opium pipe.

His eyes were half closed now in pleasurable anticipation of the spiritual wealth that the Happy Sleep Flower was about to bestow upon him.

He smeared the gummy, bubbling substance which adhered to the end of the wire into the little cavity in the center of the bowl of his opium pipe. He tossed the wire into a pewter tray and shifted the long pipe until the bubbling gum lay in the flame of the little glass lamp.

The gum sputtered. Old How Yip closed his eyes and inhaled the acrid smoke, seeking to fill the lower cavities of his lungs with its benevolent fumes.

Then, unexpectedly, he popped his eyes wide open and exploded in a violent cough which ended in a string of high-pitched cackling curses. He coughed for the next ten seconds, and for twice that length of time he cursed.

"By the Seven Cinders in the eye of Kwan Yin! Burn sugar! Ho lee damn! Smell allee same molassy candy!"

He picked up the thin wire and tasted a bit of the black gum which adhered to the end of it. "Molassy!" Sulphuric Chinese epithets again filled the narrow room.

Old How Yip reached for his shoes. He would lose no time in explaining to Sum Yet the vital differences between thick molasses and the good black gum of the poppy flower.

His impetuous haste, as far as Sum Yet was concerned, was not demanded, for at that moment the proprietor of the Golden Citron was defending himself against a wildly cackled series of similar protests from a group of twenty or thirty connoisseurs who had dipped into their copies of White Jade Thoughts a few minutes before old How Yip.

The verbal battle in the Golden Citron ended an hour before dawn. It left Sum Yet trembling with a rage which prevented recourse to his clicking abacus, but for that matter, arithmetic was superfluous. Subtract twenty thousand dollars from a personal fortune of eighteen thousand, and what have you?

When his anger was ashes, "A day of life can hold a thousand years of sorrow," Sum Yet whispered to himself. He drifted, presently, out upon the tranquil sea of sleep which he found after the fourth pill of veritable Dream Flower gum had begun to burn. "Man was not born with knowledge. Now and then even a monkey falls out of a tree."

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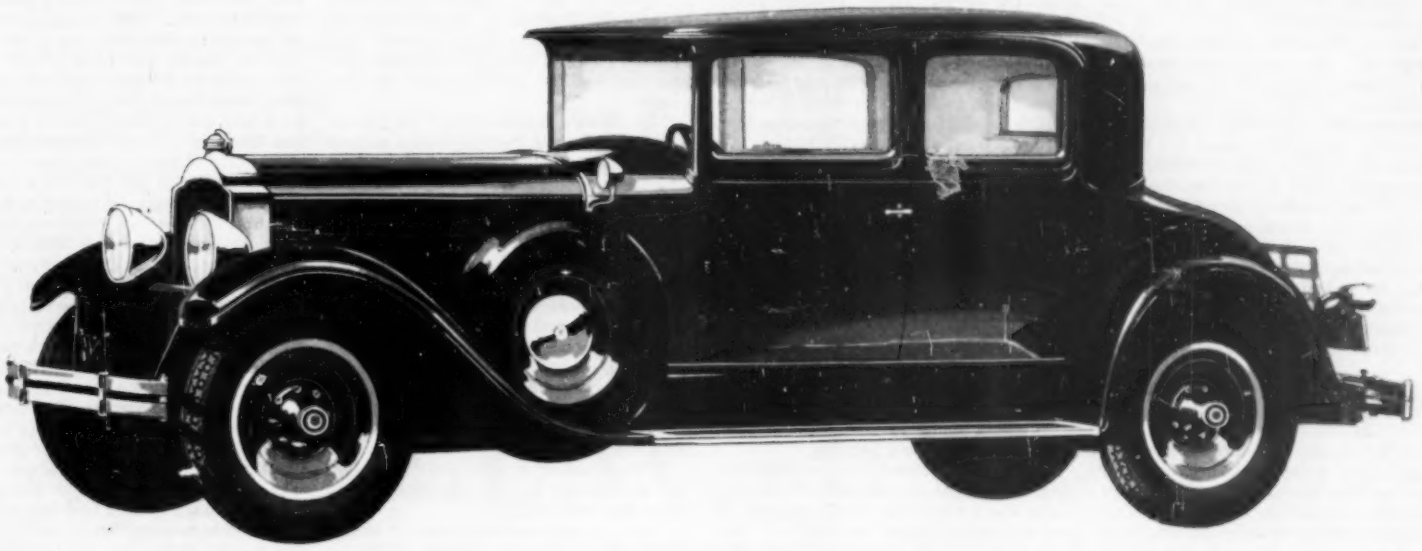

IN THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW

(Continued from Page 21)

"Through the ages," Selby resumed, "the severest critics of woman, men who have heaped scorn and contumely upon her with the greatest relish and the utmost malice have been celibates and sour-doughs—monks and hermits who wouldn't let a woman come within a mile of them and knew nothing of her refining influence, her tender ministrations and her loving self-sacrifice. Show me a married writer or speaker who ever called her a snare of Satan or a sticky fly paper!"

"He wouldn't dast," said Jorgenson. "He's got to live with her, ain't he?"

"The objection is frivolous," Selby told him. "I cite my own case in support of my argument. Simple as you see me, I, too, have been a single man and led a single life. In those shameful days I tasted its so-called delights. I gamed and sported and there was none to say me nay. I looked upon the cup when it was red and had babblings and contentions, and those that reproved me I smote upon the snoot. I raised all kinds and varieties of hell. If I happened to be in Beersheba and wanted to go to Dan, I packed my grip and went, and none stayed me. If I got tired of Dan and took a notion to make a side trip to Gomorrah and see the sights, whose darned business was it? Nobody's. You can't tell me anything about the foot-loose joys of freedom, men and fellow citizens."

"I bet you was a perfect devil before you reformed and went into politics," said Ellery.

"You wouldn't believe!" Selby assured him. "But now I come to where noble, gracious woman, out of the divine compassion of her tender heart, stooped from the sublime heights on which she had hitherto wandered in maiden meditation fancy free, and yielding to my importunate entreaties, consented to become the guiding light of my existence and chase away the clouds from life's tempestuous hours."

"They're dead willing to guide, all right, all right," commented the cowboy misogynist.

"She gave her hand where she had given her heart," Selby continued. "She became mine—or, in other words, I became hers. Before the altar she plighted her vow of obedience. There were other vows, but I particularly recollect that one. It comes to me every so often that she plighted it. I can imagine that I hear her. In some respects, I am richly endowed with imagination."

He caught the young man's eye fixed upon him and smiled.

"Do I imagine a look of disapproval on your face, sir?" he inquired. "I trust that I am not its unhappy object. You don't agree with me?"

"I ain't a competent witness, according to your tell," the young man answered easily. "Most of what you've said sounds all right to me—if you mean it."

Selby laughed. "Chivalry, chivalry! Being married, naturally I mean it. I was about to say, when you so inconsiderately interrupted me, that having had the privilege of marital companionship for lo, these many years, with moral excellence and irreproachable conduct, I have, so to speak, the everlasting bulge on old stags like Brother Stegg and young bucks like Bill Jorgenson. *Experto credite.* For which reason I object to their similes as derogatory and libelous. . . . Gentlemen, I thank you."

"The objection is sustained and, s'far's I'm concerned, the expressions is withdrawn," said Mr. Stegg. "Far be it from me to heap any scorn or contumely on the sex that is now a-darning of my socks and a-watching over me with the tenderest care with the best of cooking; not to speak of all them moral excellences and maiden meditations. I ask anybody here to kindly look at the bosom of my shirt. There's something you overlooked. You don't notice nothing p'ticular about it, do you?—apart from it being extry clean? Well, look closer and you'll see that there's a patch on it that my grandniece Eileen sewed on with her own fair hands. Look all you want to—anybody."

There was a general inspection, in which even the young man who had come in on the stage ventured to take part.

"There was a big hole right where that patch is," Mr. Stegg informed them. "I kind of drowsed off in my chair after a big fried-chicken dinner with all the fixings, and I reckon my pipe must have fell out of my mouth. Anyway, I dreamed that self-sacrificing tender care was a-holding a mustard plaster down on my chest, gentle but real firm, and when investigations was made, here was a good four-dollar shirt, not more'n three washings old, a plumb total loss. At least that's what I thought; but my grandniece told me to go upstairs and bring down that shirt and she'd fix it, and I leave it to you, gentlemen, whether she done so or not. What do you think?"

He appealed to the young man, who told him that he never would have believed that it could be done if he hadn't seen it. It was evident that the young man was perfectly sincere in his admiration.

"Just a piece cut out of the tail where it wouldn't never be missed," said the old bullwhacker proudly. "Well, I ask you if it's likely, after such ministrations as them, I'd be getting off any insinuations or implications. I ain't that ungrateful for my blessings. No, no, don't misunderstand me, Selby. If you or any other man can fool a girl into stooping from her heights and a-chasing his clouds, far be it from me to object. If a man waits patient until he's got years and wisdom and a good stake to s'port a woman like she'd been accustomed, I'd be the last to blame him for so doing—provided he's shown her parents or guardeens that he amounted to hell room, anyway, and had got their consent. I'm like you, Selby—this thing of bumming around foot-loose and spending your last summer's wages on riotous living, as the Good Book says, ain't what it's cracked up to be. Don't you forget that, Bill."

"Well, maybe I'll look into it," said Jorgenson. "I ain't hidebound, and that was certainly a good job your niece done on that patch."

"On the other hand, and looking at it dispassionate," Mr. Stegg went on, "there's something to be said on the other side. Fred, you remember Bob Siever, up at Ruby Basin, don't you?"

"I certainly do," Willor replied. "And I remember the time Doc Ammerman pulled a good sound back tooth for me afore he got the one that ached. I remember the time my house burned down at Rochford too. Come to think of it, seems to me that Siever skinned me out of fifty-two dollars in a poker game once. There was fifty-two cards in the pack that he done it with—s'posed to be. . . . Yes, I remember him, all right. What about him?"

"I was thinking of him in connection with this here subject of debate," the old bullwhacker answered. "Well, there's been worse than Bob. He was young and liked to have a good time. You remember he married Eva Trevarrick and settled down, don't you? Yes, he was much about the same looking sort of a feller as this gentleman here—same sort of a mus-tash, too, if you'll excuse me a-mentioning it, Mister ——"

The young man dropped his hand from his upper lip.

"Nothing much to mention," he said, smiling. "My name's Lenning."

Mr. Stegg was pleased to meet Mr. Lenning. The name seemed kind of familiar. There was a man name of Clendenning he used to know in Indian Territory —— No, he was wrong; his name was Hickman. "But you favor this Siever I was telling about. He was a gambler. . . . You ain't? No, I didn't think you was."

He turned to Selby. Nobody couldn't have been more foot-loose than what Siever was—the old bullwhacker went on. That boy had been about everywhere—one of these globe-trotters. He'd been to Omaha, St. Joe and Wichita and Santa Fé and Leadville, and when I first seen him he was in Cheyenne. He was flush that time and dressed up to the nines, but a month or two later, in Deadwood, he told me he was broke, and I b'lieved him afore he told me. I knew what he was a-going to say next too.

"Well," s' I, "if you're sure your hunch is good, I'll stake you to the extent of one sawbuck."

"That's better than a bucksaw," he says. "If I don't strike it this time, I may have to make my pile with that there instrument—woodpile. I thank you kindly," he says, and walked over to the faro table.

I stood and watched him for a while. He won at first and it begun to look like I'd made a good ten-dollar investment. Then his luck changed and it looked like the cards come out of the box as if they had a spite against him. Fin'ly the last half dollar went.

"Looks like the bucksaw," he says. "Bucksaw and sawbuck both. Well, I hope you have better luck next time, pardner."

"If the worst comes to the worst, you can make an honest living as a perm'nent thing," I told him. "I know where you can get a job right now that'll pay you better'n sawing wood or washing dishes or even playing hunches."

"I doubt that," he says, "unless you want me to help you hold up a stage; and you couldn't hardly call that honest—a hunch is hard to beat when it's genuine. Is this here job you mention in any p'ticular place?"

"The Old Abe mine," I says.

"Is it one of these jobs where you have to work?" he wants to know.

"I fear so," I told him. "But I'll use my influence with the boss and see if he can't start you easy until you get wonted."

"There's a boss, then," says he; "somebody that tells me what to do, and I'll have to do it the way he says?"

"I reckon that's about the size of it," I says.

"Then, thanking you kind and grateful, I don't b'lieve I could bring myself to accept of your offer," says he. "It's got three things against it," he says. "First, it's situated in one place, and I reckon you can't move a mine around none whats'ever, being it's sort of rooted in the soil. Second, I'd have to work, and I was born tired and ain't got rested up yet. In the third place, I don't let no damn man tell me what I've got to do, my sperit being too proud and haughty to p'mit of it. If it wasn't for them three objections, I'd fall in with your s'gestion glad and willing, but the way it is, you can see for yourself that it ain't possible.

"And there's another thing," he goes on to say. "It's against my principles and my philos'phy of life," he says. "We're here only the one time, and looming ahead of us is failing eyesight, shaky hands, loss of hair and teeth, rheumatiz and the silent tomb, after which you can't help staying dead. We can't be young but once, so I claim it's a duty we owe to ourselves to get all the fun we can in the days which is allotted to us. There ain't no real enjoyment, s'far's I can see, in getting blisters on your hands and all sweated up, swinging a pick; and all the fun there is ain't confined to any one spot, but is scattered around over the country so's you got to travel to get all kinds. Them's my sentiments."

"There's a heap in what you say," I told him and he said I could bet my life there was a heap and a plenty.

"And you can hear a heap and a plenty of the same in Yankton," I says. "They've got a place there where they send crazy folks, but all the foolishness ain't confined to any one spot; it's sort of scattered around. I will now travel and leave you to your enjoyments," s'I.

"Stay around awhile till I see if I can't hock my derringer," he says, but I didn't linger. I reckon he must have hocked it or found another sucker, because when I next run acrost him he couldn't have made enough money sawing wood to have bought the diamond stud he was a-wearing. It was in Mike Devlin's, in Crook, and he was setting in a tol'able stiff poker game and playing with 'em mighty close to that diamond stud. I seen he was a-winning, but I didn't wait to see how he come out, account of having to make an early start in the morning, and the air in at Mike's wasn't none too good; but before I went he looked up for a second and reco'nized me and grinned. Then he give his strict attention to the game again.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when I yoked up my bulls and started 'em down the street from Harmon's corral. As I got near Mike's place I seen Mr. Siever just a-coming out, a couple of fellers with him—ornery-looking cusses. They started down the street tords the hotel together, but afore they got far Siever stopped and waited for me, letting the other two go on.

"I thought it was you," he says to me. "I got ten dollars I owe you that I'd like to pay."

Of course he didn't owe me nothing, it being a sporting proposition, me staking him in Deadwood. I told him to keep his gold until I changed my idees on the subject, and he apologized.

"Having a good time?" I ast him, as he walked alongside. He was a-looking 'sif he'd been wrung out and drawed through a knot hole.

"The finest kind! Elegant!" he replied to me. "Where are you bound for this late?"

I told him I was headed for Rochford and he ast me what kind of a place that was, and I told him the bare, unvarnished rock-ribbed facts a-rearing into the blue empyrean.

"I b'lieve I'll go see all them wonders for myself, if you've a mind to take me along with you," he says, stretching his jaws in a wide yawn.

I told him I'd be tickled plumb to death to have the pleasure of his comp'ny, and he ast me if I'd mind stopping a second when we come to the hotel while he run in and got his grip and paid his bill, and I done so. When he come out again, the two fellers that he'd been walking with come out with him and seemed to be a-talking real earnest. One of 'em ketched him by the arm, but he shook himself away and swung his grip when the other feller made a grab at it, laughing at him. They let him go and stood on the porch, a-watching him as he climbed into the wagon, and I started off. For a while, until we got apast all them turns and dips, I stayed with the lead yoke, but when we finally got a straight trail I went back and found my passenger a-spreading some sacks, kind of fixing to lie down.

"I ain't closed my eyes for a couple of nights," he tells me. "I needed to keep 'em special wide open too, with them buzzards, after the clean-up I made. That's the reason I shook 'em. If I'd have gone to my room and laid me down to sleep, I'd have woke up flat busted—if I'd woke up at all. Gosh, they hated to see me go with all that long green! I wouldn't wonder a particle if they come a-riding after us. If they do, I wish't you'd wake me up—if you can."

He laid his head down on his gripsack and was asleep before you could say scat. It wasn't and ain't the best of roads along there if you ain't a mountain goat, and he was sure rolled and bumped a plenty. Every time the wheels hit a bowlder, which was about twice to every ten yards, I'd think I was a-going to lose him, but he didn't even let out a grunt. There was pitches where I had to pop my whip till it sounded like a

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66)

shooting gallery so's to keep my team a-scratching gravel, but he never knowed it. Oncet a hundred-pound sack of sugar toppled over and fell on him and I had to stop and drag it off'n him, and it might have been a rose leaf for all the sign he gave of feeling it. You'd have thought he was in a feather bed with the shades pulled down and a highly respected corpse in the house, the way he wasn't disturbed. After a while the sun got hot on his face and I had to stop again and fix him. He was still sleeping ca'm and sound and looking so sweet and pretty I almost felt like kissing him for his mother. Sleeping thataway, he didn't look so tough as he did when he was awake, and he looked younger. I figgered he was along about twenty-six or twenty-seven when I seen him in Deadwood.

I wasn't right easy in my mind about them two galoots he'd left behind a-mourning. I read once about a feller that said the worst use you could put a man to was to hang him, and mebbe that's right in a general way; but there's exceptions to all rules, and Crook had a few of 'em that would have been more beneficial to the c'munity a-swaying in the soft breezes from a tree limb than loafing around the bars and dance halls or secluding themselves behind a rock till the stage come along with the pie box; but I reckon somebody must have posted 'em about me if they was newcomers to the Hills. Anyway, the only person that come along was Ed Blake in his buckboard with the mail for Mystic.

What fin'ly woke Siever up was when I stopped at Coon Creek for my nooning and begun frying bacon after I'd turned the team loose. He claimed it was the meat a-sputtering in the pan, but I told him it was more likely the coffee a-bubbling in the pot. I can always hear them sounds as far's I can smell 'em, asleep or awake. I asked him how he was a-feeling, and he told me true, and I got out my bottle of liniment for him. He made out to eat, though, and I'll say for him that he didn't hang back when it come to scouring the pan and the plates after us. He went so far's to limp after the oxen and help me yoke 'em, although I begged and prayed of him not to exert hisself. He seemed to be in tol'able good sperits, for all his bumps and bruises, account of giving them tinhorns the slip. He showed me his roll, and there was close to three hundred dollars in it.

"What do you aim to do with all that wealth?" I ast him.

"Enjoy life," says he.

"The way you've been enjoying of it?" I ast him, and he ast me what did I mean. "I'm a-trying to get at your idee of enjoyment," I says. "It sure must be a heap of fun, a-setting up to a table in a stinking saloon with a pack of putrefied hyenas, going without your sleep, drinking rotgut and skipping out of town for fear you'd get your throat cut."

"It ain't always like that," says he. "Any man might have a streak of bad luck. And don't you never believe that I touch a drop of anything stronger than ginger ale, unless I'm on a bender; and if I set up all night, there ain't nothing to prevent me from sleeping daytimes as long as I'm a mind to, and not on no freight wagons. The best there is ain't none too rich for my blood—the best hotel in town with the best room in it and the best bed in the room, and when it comes to grub, humming birds on toast and such is an old story to me. I've paid five dollars for a single meal and thought nothing of it. And when I do go out on a bust—mamma! Champagne wine and music and dancing and pretty girls to set on your knee till the cows come home! Don't you never fret about me!"

I told him I'd try not to. "How long have you been a-leading this here blissful existence?" I ast him, and he told me ever since he could riffle a deck. It was tough sledding at first and there was times when he was almost tempted to go to work, and even now, oncet in a while he'd have a streak of bad luck; but he'd got so that they was fewer and fewer.

"So you've got three hundred dollars to show for it," I says, sort of sarcastic.

"That don't cut no ice," says he. "I've had a good time, ain't I? And some of these bright starlit nights I'll make my big win—enough so's I won't have to quit a game when the luck's just a-going to turn my way just because I've run out of chips, and then—mamma! My good time'll be all the time then. Blooded horses, elegant booze and good clothes; nigger to wait on me and carry my grip and run my arrants—everything high-toned and elegant—theayters, balls and doings of all kinds and everybody a-taking off their hats to me."

"You was down in Chinatown when you was in Deadwood, wasn't you?" I ast him.

"Not any," says he. "That ain't no pipe dream, and don't you never think it."

Well, I got him to Rochford and left him there after he'd blowed me to humming birds on toast at the Palace. After I'd unloaded my freight, I went on to Ruby to see Jack Ransome about a load of truck that he'd sent word he wanted hauled for his comp'ny. Just as I was leaving the next afternoon, who should come in but Mr. Bob Siever. I ast him how come and he told me that there wasn't much sporting blood in Rochford and he aimed to stay at Ruby overnight and take a whirl at Pactola the day follering, after which he'd gather up what loose money there was in Bendigo and Strawberry Gulch and then leave this Godforsaken Black Hills country to its fate and hie him to some burg where pleasure done nothing but beckon and fortune done nothing but smile.

"In that case I'll bid you a long and fond farewell," I says, and we parted the best of friends.

"Was it in Ruby or Rochford that he showed you how to play poker, Fred?"

"It was in Rochford that he didn't show me," replied Willor. "If he'd showed me how he done it, it might have been worth more'n fifty-two dollars to me—I mean to say, if I could have brought myself to play anything but a straight game."

Be that as it may, and not saying that it ain't, I didn't expect to see no more of Bob Siever—Mr. Stegg went on. Judge of my s'prise, as the feller says, when, nigh on to a month later, I come into Ruby with Ransome's freight and found the young man still there. Of course there was the Holy Moses mine there and a regular pay day, but the miners was mostly Cousin Jacks with fam'lies, and Cousin Jenny don't hold with the menfolks spending their money, outside of a reasonable allowance for beer. Not that there wasn't gambling. At the club, some of them hard cases would stake as much as a dime on a game of backgammon or checkers. I've seen two bits change hands on a single flop of the dice in that club of theirs.

Also there was some of the old-timers working their placer claims down the creek, and when they made any more than grub and tobacco money, they'd bring their dust in and blow it free; but that didn't happen right often, and it didn't seem to me that there was enough in the camp to justify a young man of Bob's gifts and talents wasting much time on it. I told him that there must be about a thousand gallons more sporting blood than I had any idee of, the one saloon reminding me of one of these here havens of rest.

"Well, it ain't as lively as some," Bob admits. "Not much more'n chicken feed, but the air's something wonderful. Fresh and bammy, with the ozone of the whispering pines. When a man draws in a lungful of it, it's like new wine, and it gives him an appetite for his food that he sure needs to have, the kind they give you at the hotel. Let's go see what they're a-going to perp'trate on us for supper. Will you have a drink with me first?"

"I thought you didn't drink," I says.

"Only a draught from the crystal spring when it sparkles bright and clear," says he. "But that don't need to prevent you. I'll take a cigar."

He was a-smoking one then, a-drawing the smoke down into his lungs like new wine; but he spoke sort of tired and sad and moved like he hated to. Seemed to me he'd lost flesh. Otherwise he looked 'sif he'd stepped out of a bandbox, and the diamond stud was a-flashing in the bosom of his pink shirt so's I had to shade my eyes. He was close-shaved, too, and the barber had curled up the ends of his mus-tash with a hot iron.

"If some folks tried to do that they'd sure burn themselves bad," observed Jorgenson, grinning at the young man named Lenning, who happened to be fingering his silky little mustache at the moment. Lenning glanced disdainfully at the cowboy and then looked up at the ceiling.

"If some folks got too near to where sparks was a-flying, a person'd be apt to smell tow a-burning," he remarked. "Tow's right inflammable. Me—I don't like the color of it."

"Hair," said Selby, "is a matter of taste and *de gustibus non est disputandum*, which means that we're interested in what Brother Stegg is telling us and don't crave unseemly disputes. Brother Stegg, the court is with you."

"I was just a-codding," said Jorgenson apologetically.

"The same identical here," said Lenning.

Where was I at?—Mr. Stegg again. . . . Yes, I told Bob that I wasn't staying at the hotel, being as Ransome had give me an invite to stay with him and wouldn't take no refusal.

"Who?" says Bob Siever, with his eyes a-lighting up.

"Jack Ransome," I repeats.

"Ast you to his house?"

"Well, I took it thataway," I says, "but maybe he meant the barn and aimed to fit me out with a tin bill and let me scratch with the chickens."

"Gosh!" says he. "My gosh!"

I ast him what he was goshing about so much and he said why nothing, but pretty soon he ast me if I knew Ransome int'mate and pers'nal. I said I certainly did, and then he wanted to know if I was acquainted with Mis' Ransome and I told him I knowed her right well.

"How about her?" he inquires. "How do you stand with her? I mean to say, would she take any stock in what you told her? Would she think you knew enough to judge?"

"Judge what?" s'I.

"Oh, judge anything," says he—"anything you told her was so."

"Listen," says I. "If I told Mis' Ransome that the moon was made of green cheese and that there was wing feathers a-growing out on all the hogs, she would take her oath that it was so, unsight, unseen."

"Then I want to ask you a question," says Bob. "Do you b'lieve I play a straight game? Am I on the square? . . . Well, I am. I hope to die if I ever cheated in my life—except, of course, if I was playing with a crook who was trying to skin me, and then I claim I'd be justified. But you could set down with me and take my last cent—if you had the luck—and I'd never slip a card on you. I'd have to catch you in some shenanigan first. That's right. I've lost money by it, but you can ask anybody if Bob Siever plays a straight game and he'll tell you yes."

"All right," I says, "I'm willing to take your word for it, Bob, but I've swore off gambling, myself, so you'll have to excuse me. All I can do is lend it my moral s'port by a-looking on, and maybe staking a good player who's broke and has a good hunch."

"You don't get my meaning," he says. "I don't want any of your money; but f'rinstance, if you happened to mention my name at the Ransomes', would it strain you to say that I was square and would cut my hands off at the elbows sooner than cheat?—as a favor to me."

"Let's get at this," I says. "What's the idee? Jack ain't been playing poker with you, has he?"

"No," says he. "He ain't no sport. The idee is that I b'lieve somebody's been backcapping me and taking away my character. I'm a-going to light out of here in a day or two, bammy air or no bammy air, and I don't expect to ever come back, but I'd like to leave a good name behind me, like any self-respecting man would. So I'd take it as a favor if you'd put me right."

He seemed a heap set on it, so I told him I'd do my best, and I done so. I went up to Ransomes' a little afore supper—the first time I'd been in their house since they lived in Hill City, being as I'd caught Jack at the mine the trip before and was too pushed for time to see the missus. Hows'ever, I squared myself with her and we was having a right pleasant visit when a girl come into the room that I'd never seen before.

She was as tow-headed as Bill there. I never seen lighter hair on a woman, and her eyes was as blue as the sky ever gets. When Mis' Ransome give me a knock-down to her and she smiled, she almost shut 'em. Every time she smiled she done that, and somehow it looked real cute. Outside of that and her smooth white skin, there wasn't nothing p'ticular, nor yet anything you could find fault with. You'd just say that she was restful to the eyes, and as soon as she opened her mouth you knew she was a Cousin Jenny, although the most of them is dark complected. Her name was Miss Eva Trevarrick, and Jack told me later that she come to the camp with her father soon after the Holy Moses opened up. He was a good miner, Jack said, but a heap given to gambling and drinking and spent the most of his pay on them pastimes; so before he was killed by a blast, everybody felt sorry for the girl. After they'd picked Trevarrick's fragments out of the good pay rock and transferred 'em to the graveyard where the formation ain't nothing but conglomerate and gravel, Jack got Eva a permit to teach school, and she'd been a-doing that ever sence and boarding with the Ransomes, who thought a heap of her.

It was a good supper, and enduring of it I made mention of Bob Siever. As soon's I spoke his name, I took notice that the two women looked at each other kind of cur'ous.

"He's a right good-looking feller," I says. "Has either of you ladies seen him?"

"'Andsome is as 'andsome does,'" says Miss Trevarrick, and I wondered if she learned the kids to talk thataway. Still, they was all little Cornishers, and as long as they minded their *p*'s and *q*'s, I reckon the *h*'s didn't matter much.

"We've seen him," says Mis' Ransome, a-laughing. "I've seen him half a dozen times, anyway, and I reckon Eva has seen him, too—ain't you, Eva?"

Miss Trevarrick blushed and ast me would I take some cream in my coffee.

"There's one thing about him—he's square, as well as good-looking, and he's got a good reputation wherever he's been, I'm told. He travels a heap, too," I says.

"I wish 'e'd travel out of Ruby," says Miss Trevarrick. "'E ain't wanted 'ere. And I don't understand you saying 'e's got a good reputation. 'E's a gambler, isn't 'e? You wouldn't say a 'orse thief 'ad a good reputation."

"There's good and bad in all trades," I says, but she wouldn't have it thataway. A gambler made his living by taking advantage of men that was weak and foolish and wicked enough to play with him and lose the money they'd earned by hard, honest work—money that their fam'lies needed, often as not. The Bible said that a man should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, didn't it? Well then! She put up quite an argument, and was mighty earnest about it. I told her she ought to talk to Bob thataway and she'd sure make him see the error of his ways.

"You'd find him an interesting talker, too," I says.

"No, thank you," says she. "You can't touch pitch and not be defiled—the Bible says that."

I said that Bob wasn't pitch and she didn't need to touch him—only his heart.

(Continued on Page 71)

THE LINCOLN
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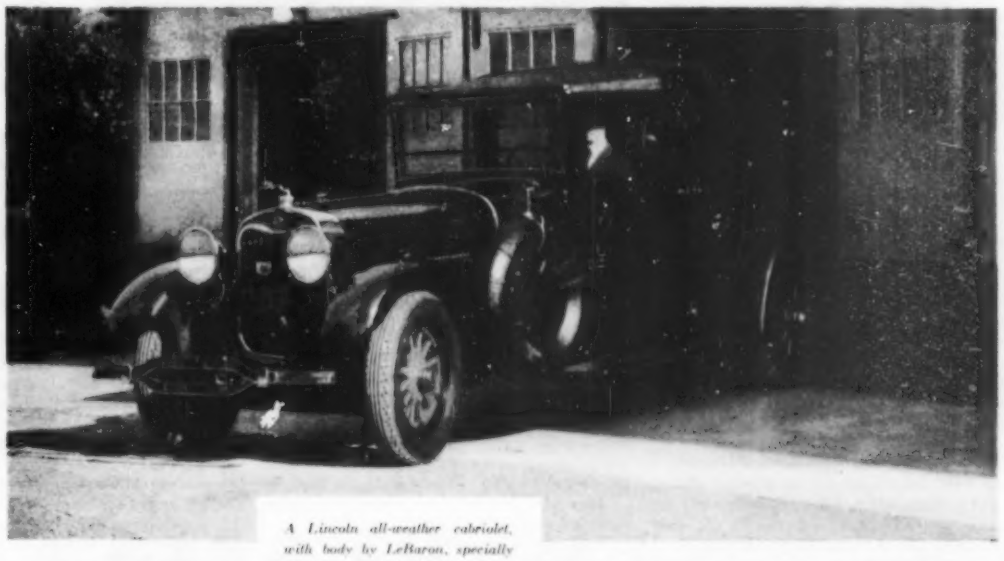

A Lincoln all-weather cabriolet, with body by LeBaron, specially designed and built for H. E. Manville, Esq., of New York, photographed at "Hi-Esmaro," his estate at Pleasantville, New York.

ONE of the most gratifying aspects of owning a Lincoln is the sense of permanency which it imparts. For this is not the sort of motor car that is out-moded in a year. There are no yearly models. Instead, Lincoln believes in making automobiles so beautiful that they are always modern . . . so durable they simply won't wear out.

The owner of a Lincoln comes to know his car as he knows a faithful friend. He feels a real affection for it. He depends upon it implicitly, because his experience has shown that it will never fail him. And he is proud to be seen with it under any circumstances.

That is the test of any automobile. As a matter of fact, many Lincoln owners become so attached to their cars that they take them abroad with them. And these much-traveled Lincolns are just as much at home in Paris or London as they are on Park Avenue or Lake Shore Drive. For the Lincoln is the work of the greatest living coachmakers: LeBaron, Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. It is quietly and authoritatively smart.

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That is because the Lincoln, from start to finish, is a precision-built car. Extreme accuracy is the rule at every stage of its making . . . accuracy controlled by 29,944 separate inspections. *More than* 100 *operations are kept within limits of* 1/5 *of* 1/1000 *of an inch*—1/15 *of the diameter of a human hair!* The result is an automobile that pulls better, rides better, and looks better than anything you have ever thought possible.

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The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit.

THE LINCOLN

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The woman who loves the new and modern . . the woman who likes quaint old-fashioned designs . . the woman who prefers the conservative—each now can find in *genuine* Congoleum Rugs designs to suit her taste.

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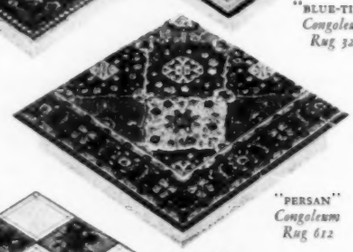

"PERSAN" *Congoleum Rug 612*

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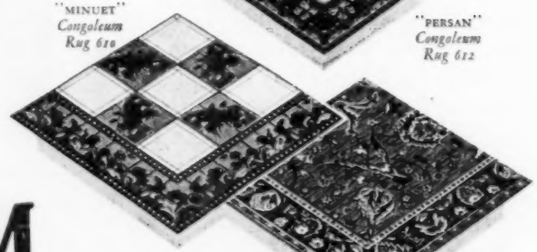
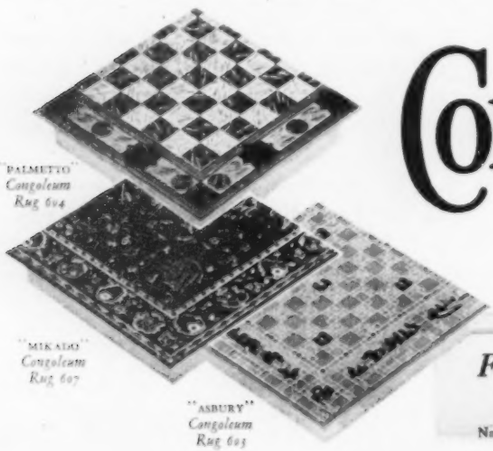


"ORIENTALE" *Congoleum Rug 608*

"WINDSOR" *Congoleum Rug 602*



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(Continued from Page 68)

"A word in season might pluck him like a brand from the burning," I says, to show her I was posted on the Scriptures.

"He can go to church and hear a word in season," says Mis' Ransome, a-laughing; and for some reason or another, Miss Trevarrick giggled, too, and blushed again. Hows'ever, I quit deviling her and we talked of other things, and it wasn't long afore I had her crinkling up her eyes at me again.

When I seen Bob again the next morning, I says to him, "It ain't that she objects to you pers'nal, and she's willing to admit that you may be what is known as a square gambler, as well as a nifty dresser and a thing of beauty; the trouble with you is that you don't eat your bread in the sweat of your brow."

"What are you a-raving about?" he asks. "Who do you mean?"

"Miss Trevarrick, and well you know it," I makes answer. "I judge she ain't been a-smiling on your suit," I says. "It's a nifty suit and good goods and it fits you, but it ought to be blue denim or brown duck that's seen service. Didn't she tell you that?"

"She ain't said one single, solitary word to me all the times I've been here, excepting of once when she ast me would I kindly let her pass," says Bob. "Mostly, she don't even look at me; and the few times she has, I'd a heap rather she hadn't, the way she done it. If she'd speak to me like she does to that old fool in the store, or them kids she teaches, or anybody, I wouldn't ast for no better. But, shucks!" he says. "Somebody's done me dirt with her. She acts like I had the smallpox. Was she around when you told Mis' Ransome that I wasn't no crooked tinhorn?"

"You ain't listening to me," I says. "I told you just now what the trouble was. She ain't got no use for no gambler, square, round, oblong or three-cornered. She's got all kinds of gamblers classed up with man-eating taggers, polecats, rattlesnakes and cockroaches."

"For gosh sake!" he says. "Why?"

"You'll have to ask her," I says. "But if you'd eat your bread ——"

"I heard all about that bread-and-sweat business in church last Sunday," he says. "You needn't to act like that. I reckon I've got a right to go to church if I want to. When the plate come around I paid my way—liberal when you think of the raw deal I got.

"Say, I'm beginning to get the idee now. There was an old black-whiskered billy goat of a Cousin Jack a-preaching, and I'll bet he wasn't no regular preacher. He took for his text: 'They toil not, neither do they spin,' and something about Solomon in all his glory not being attired, and I noticed that everybody was a-turning their heads to look at me—all except one person; she wouldn't look at me on a bet—but I didn't pay no attention. Then he bellered a heap about the sin of idleness and sons of Belial and rung in that about the sweat and how if you touched pitch you got defiled and evil communications corrupting of good manners. It sure wasn't my idee of good manners, the way them yahoos twisted their necks to look at me. I couldn't make out more'n half of what he said, account of that Cousin Jack lingo, so I didn't think he was being pers'nal, or I'd have done more than ducked out after the plate went around."

"Nobody couldn't have blamed you if you had held out on it—told 'em you passed," I says.

"It's been a myst'ry to me all along," says Bob. "Because when I take notice of a girl, I ain't used to her turning up her nose and asking me will I kindly go to Hades, as it were; and I ain't used to hanging around on the street for hours on the chance of seeing her go by, nor follering her into stores, nor climbing the hills for ten miles around the town to sneak up behind a schoolhouse without being seen and remarks made, so's I could hear her through the open windows a-learning the kids the multiplication table. But now you've made it all clear to me, and I'm a-going to shake the dust of this one-horse camp off'n my feet, by jiminy crickets!"

"About the best thing you can do," I told him. "Go where there's music and song and lights and laughter and change and v'riety, and enjoy life."

"I'll do that," says he. "You leaving town this morning?"

I told him I sure was and ast him would he like to ride with me. But no, he b'lieved not. He'd go pack and pull out with the mail buckboard, with many thanks for the kind offer and for my kind endeavors, and he'd say good-by to me now, which he done. I felt real sorry for him missing all the fun he might have had in the last month.

"A more or less unfortunate experience, demonstrating that the dart of contempt will pierce the shell of a tortoise," Selby commented. "Let us hope that this engaging young voluptuary found the compensation you suggested."

"As to that, I'm a-going to relate something that you'd find it hard to b'lieve, coming from anybody but me," said Mr. Stegg.

These here events was in the late summer and early fall of '84. Along in the early summer of '85 business took me to Ruby oncet more. The six-o'clock whistle blowed just a little after I got in, and by the time I was a-walking down the street, the day shift was a-coming out of the mine and one of the miners stopped when he met up with me. He was pretty much spattered up with drill mud all over his overalls and hob-nail boots and face and hands, and his old hat had enough grease on it to have made a batch of candles if it had been rendered out. Well, gentlemen, b'lieve it or not, that horny-handed toiler was Bob Siever. I couldn't skassly b'lieve it myself.

"This ain't you!" I says to him. "This ain't my tony boyhood friend! As the feller says to the jockey that lost him the race, 'Me good man, what on earth detained you?'"

He grinned kind of sheepish as he shook hands, and then looked up and down the street. "It ain't been on earth—it's been underground all winter and spring," he says. "The way it is, I got to studying and made up my mind that I wasn't a-going to leave no town with a bad name, no matter if the people did have some cur'ous idees. I allowed I'd show 'em I wasn't no son of Belial, anyway. You got to respect public opinion—ain't that so?"

"Just as well to humor it," I agrees with him, "if it don't take no more'n a ten-hour shift underground to do it. You got a sweatband in that hat?"

"Hush up!" he whispers, and draws me back from the middle of the walk and pulls his hat off. I looked where he was a-looking, and here was Miss Trevarrick.

"Why, it's Mr. Stegg, isn't it?" she says, holding out her hand to me and crinkling up her blue eyes in a lovely smile. "Are you a-coming up to the 'ouse? I 'ope so. Mr. Ransome, 'e's over at the office still." Then she turned to Bob. "Good evening, Mr. Siever," she says, and dog me if she didn't shake hands with him and crinkle up her eyes even more so than she had at me.

"If that's the case, I'll hurry up to the office and catch him afore he gets away, if you folks'll excuse me," I says, and there I left 'em.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" Selby said, and sighed. "I take it that was the beginning of the end, Brother Stegg?"

"That," said Mr. Stegg, "was the beginning of the end, like you surmise. He fixed his gaze solemnly on the young Mr. Lenning and wagged his head. "A horrible example!" he said. "A horrible example of the dark side of the picture of the bliss and joy of marital companionship that Judge Selby has painted for us. From that on, Bob Siever's life was a life of toil. Up in the morning to tromp off with his dinner bucket to the mine afore the seven-o'clock whistle blowed; back, a-dragging of his feet, at six to do what chores there was to do and eat his bread by the sweat of his brow; then to bed to rest up his weary bones until the whistle shrieked him out to go through the same old thing again. Day in, day out!

"He did travel oncet. That was when the Holy Moses shut down and him and his wife and the one kid they had then moved to Lead. He got a job at the Old Abe and staked him off a lot on the sidehill near the mine and built him a house. But it was the same thing over, only he had a heap more to do after the day's work, a-leveling off the lot so's the kid wouldn't roll down the hill into the creek and a-fixing up generally. The last time I was up there, he was starting to spade up a garden. They was saving and laid by money, but they had to do that account of the kids, which they was ambitious for, and which kept on a-coming so's I doubt if there's a-going to be any rest for Bob much this side of the silent tomb.

"No elegant booze—only mebbe a bottle of beer now and then or a tumbler of hot grog if he caught a cold or wasn't feeling right good. No bright lights brighter than the hanging lamp over the center table. No music—only what his oldest girl got out of the melodeon he'd bought her. No pretty girls to set on his knee—only the youngest, who favors her ma and crinkles up her eyes the same way when she smiles. Nothing but work, work, work, and rest up his weary bones to go to work again—that's what Bob Siever got himself into, and which might happen to any young man.

"Well, I got to be rustling to get through with my business and get the mail and be back home afore it gets too dark," said Mr. Stegg, and shifted his chair. Selby got up too.

"*Tempus fugit*," he said. "Time flies swiftly, listening to our friend. A sad, sad story! But then, *Crescit sub pondere virtus*—we grow in grace with the weight of our burdens. I'm getting round-shouldered, myself. . . . Well, gentlemen, one and all, I bid you good day." He reached for his black slouched hat.

Jorgenson called after Mr. Stegg: "Don't be s'prised if I run the resk of riding over to see you some of these fine Sundays. And tell that niece of yours with my respectful regards that she done a fine job on that patch."

A little more than half an hour later, Mr. Stegg entered Henry Albien's general store, and after making a few small purchases, went to the post-office window and asked Henry to give him his mail. He received a few papers and some letters, one of which was addressed to Miss Eileen Kane, care Mr. Samuel Stegg, Blueblanket, Minnekahta County, D. T.

This one Mr. Stegg put carefully in the inside pocket of his waistcoat and tied up the rest with string at the grocery counter. As he left, he found the young man named Lenning already at the door, but waiting politely to give precedence to his senior.

"You don't mind if I walk with you a ways?" inquired the young man pleasantly, when they were outside.

"No, I ain't proud," replied Mr. Stegg. "Just a-going to the livery to get my horse and put for home."

"That's on Hat Creek, about four miles from the Cheyenne River, ain't it?" the young man asked. "The stage driver told me it was. He said you had some ladies a-visiting you."

"The facts is as stated," Mr. Stegg answered shortly.

"I—I hope they like it—the ladies, I mean," said the young man. "And that they're well—if it ain't presuming too much." He spoke with great diffidence.

"It's right kind of you to ask," said Mr. Stegg, still rather coldly. "They don't act like they was sickening for anything."

"That was an interesting story you told us, Mr. Stegg," the young man next observed—"mighty interesting! I've bummed around some myself and I know how it is. I'm through with all that now though."

"Yes?" said Mr. Stegg, showing no evidence of interest, however. They had by this time arrived at the stable and he shouted for Jim Bell. The young man lingered, fingering his mustache, while the colt was saddled.

"I wish't I could ride as well as you do," he remarked next.

"Well, for an old man with one foot in the grave," said Mr. Stegg, "mebbe ——" He tightened a cinch and the colt tried to rear.

"But that feller Bob," the young man persisted—"I reckon he got a heap you didn't tell about. I think ——"

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Stegg. "Hold on to them bits, Jim, for a moment." He swung into the saddle. "Now you can let 'im go."

"I think he was lucky—dog-gone lucky," the young man said hurriedly. "I think he had the best kind of luck and ——"

The colt danced and sidled down the street, the old bullwhacker sitting him gallantly. He grinned.

"Them young roosters!" he chuckled. "They won't never take warning." He gave the colt its head.

Pike's Peak as Seen From Near Colorado Springs

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CAR.....BY HUPMOBILE

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HE DID AND SHE DID, *but for different reasons*

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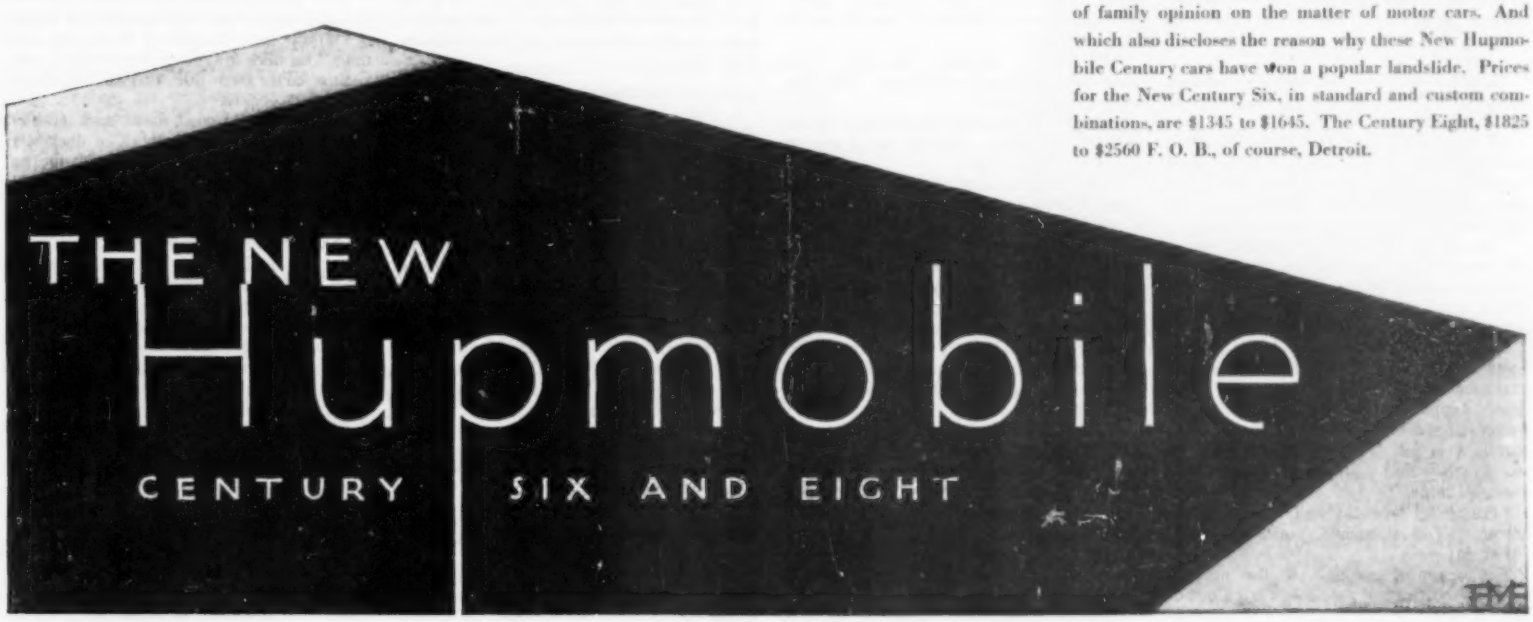
So the other day, when he and she fared forth to choose their 1929 car, she said: "John, let's get a HUPMOBILE!"

And John K. Husband, the rogue, chuckled up his sleeve. For that was the very car he had intended to get, all along.

N. B. . . . This has been going on all over the country. Which accounts for the recent extraordinary unanimity of family opinion on the matter of motor cars. And which also discloses the reason why these New Hupmobile Century cars have won a popular landslide. Prices for the New Century Six, in standard and custom combinations, are $1345 to $1645. The Century Eight, $1825 to $2560 F. O. B., of course, Detroit.



THE FINAL RUN OF HOPPER JOE WILEY

(Continued from Page 50)

grew wearier and wearier and Hopper Joe grew stronger and stronger. It had been years since he had felt so good—so free and "soople" in the joints. The hundred-pound sacks rested on his head like a feather and his arms and legs swung from side to side with such even, graceful rhythm as he trotted down the plank that he could have rested a tumbler of water on top the sugar and never spilled a drop.

"Dis ain't steamboatin'," he chuckled. "Dis ain't nothin'. Ef'n I had old Cap'm Dick on dis run wid me, us'd make dese niggers tote two sacks at one lick."

The boat cast off and pulled out. It was well past midnight and the river air was cool and foggy. Hopper Joe found a comfortable place on the sugar sacks and lay down. He was dripping wet and still perspiring, but he felt good. Presently a little breeze brushed his face and sent a chilly little shiver down his back.

"Uh-huh!" he said and he got down, stripped to the skin and mopped his body with a rough strip of croker. In rubbing himself he felt a trifle of the old stiffness coming back into his shoulders and arms, and his knees stung a little. But that did not worry him. He had shown these young niggers—had put them to singing! And the mate had said, "Go easy!" If Cap'm Dick had been there —— He hung his perspiration-soaked clothes out to dry, rummaged about until he found a piece of 'paulin for covering and lay back upon the sugar.

When Hopper Joe awoke the sun was two hours high and beating through the openwork of the deck sides. He did not feel well. His shoulders and back pained terribly, and when he tried to move, his feet and legs seemed like lead. It was with the greatest of effort and much discomfort that he managed to sit up at all, and it was only after he moved about enough to work up a sweat that he managed to get into his clothing.

A hearty breakfast with muddy-black coffee, and he felt better. Considerable tramping about the deck loosened up his joints, and when the boat stopped at Baton Rouge he was ready to help in the brief unloading process. The freight was miscellaneous merchandise—boxes of canned goods, brooms, washtubs. The boss rouster singled him out.

"Hyar, you, ole man," he said, "you let dem boxes be. You take de brooms. Boxes is too heavy for you."

Hopper Joe said nothing. Merely, he directed a withering gaze at the driver, picked up a case of canned goods and shambled up the stage. Every step was a painful one. His back ached and cramped; his legs seemed as if they would blaze into flames. But he made it, stolidly, determinedly.

"Quick as I kin git warmed up," he told himself, "I'll show dese young niggers some mo' steamboatin'."

All day and night the little Ouachita churned up the river. There were no more landings—not even a woodpile. The coal taken on in New Orleans would last until the loblolly-pine country was reached.

"But when us do hit a woodpile," Hopper Joe promised himself, "I'll show dese young'ns some stuff dey don't know about. Totin' wood is hot enough to melt de ice out'n anybody's j'ints."

At daylight the boat pulled into Angola Landing at the mouth of Old River, and four men began rolling off a drum of gasoline. Hopper Joe watched them with extreme disgust. They didn't know how to handle a barrel. They twisted and turned too much. Too much muscle and not enough brains.

"Hurry up wid dat ba'l," ordered the driver. "You, Charlie! You, Wingfoot! Twist dat ——"

The drum of gasoline, in the manner peculiar to drums of gasoline, darted out of the hands of the four rousters and plunged into the river between the boat and the shore. The mate, who had been watching in silence, broke out with sharp, explosive instructions mingled with a steady, rumbling stream of profanity. The driver sent two men down with rope slings, and after much tugging and swearing the drum finally was hoisted from the water and rolled up the stage.

After the boat resumed its journey the rousters grouped about the four unfortunates and the joking started.

"But didn't ole Cap'm Sam do some cussin'!" insisted the one called Wingfoot. "Ah, Lawd, when Cap'm Sam gits to cussin', things gonter take place!"

Hopper Joe, who had been listening with disgust, turned upon Wingfoot. "You think dat was cussin'?" he demanded. "He can't cuss."

Wingfoot laughed. "Maybe he can't," he declared, "but he sho' kin mock de man which kin cuss!" And he gave way to a paroxysm of mirth.

Hopper Joe changed from sarcasm to complete tolerance. "Son," he said gently, "dat wan't cussin'. Dat wan't nothin' much."

"Naw?"

"Naw. Ef'n dat had been Cap'm Dick Carbine instid er Cap'm Sam Cotton—well, nobody'd had to dove down for dat ba'l."

"How come?"

"'Cause Cap'm Dick'd a cussed hit to de top er de water. He'd a cussed dat ba'l so hard—well, hit'd floated to de top like a cawk on a catfish line." Loud guffaws of disbelief interrupted him, but he drowned them out and continued: "He'd a cussed dat iron ba'l so hard hit'd floated right to de top, and den maybe rolled right up de stage, too."

The boat traversed the bends of Old River and plunged into the Red, and finally into the Black. Occasional landings were made at country stores scattered through the sparsely settled country, and small consignments of freight were toted ashore. Always Hopper Joe would seize the heaviest piece of freight in sight and by sheer determination, force his way up the plank. He frankly limped and groaned, so great were the rheumatic pains in his old body, and the younger men began making sport of him.

"Let a man git a-holt er dat, granddaddy," they would say. "You's too good a steamboatin' man to go liftin' ——"

"Git away f'm me," Hopper Joe would retort. "I'm a good enough man dat I kin burn you niggers out. Ef'n dat sugar'd a lasted longer last night, I'd a laid you in de shade. I had you singin' and layin' back."

But the limping was so apparent that the mate noticed it.

"Looky here, old man," he said. "You let these young niggers do this. You ride, see? Take it easy."

"I'm jest a little stiff in de j'ints," grumbled Hopper Joe. "Quick as I gits to sweatin', I'm awright."

"Well, let that stuff alone," ordered the mate. "If you want to sweat, we've got a nice woodpile ahead. That'll sweat you."

Just before they left the Black River, the first woodpile was reached. Eight cords of heavy pine had been cut, split and stacked on the bank. The young rousters improvised hoods of bandannas or old sacking to cover their heads and shoulders so the pieces of bark and rosin would not get down their backs. But not Hopper Joe. Hopper Joe stripped himself to the waist, filched a handful of cup grease from the engine room, smeared his head and body with it, and took his place in line.

Both sides of the river were lined with virgin pine forests. There was no breeze and the sun was high enough in the heavens to beat down upon the workers. The first few trips to the woodpile, Hopper Joe suffered. The air was stiflingly hot, his breath came heavily, and every muscle in his body ached and burned. The younger men moved up and down the plank with catlike tread, chattering gayly among themselves and bearing their burdens lightly. That added to Hopper Joe's misery.

"Better be savin' they breath," he grumbled to himself. "Gonter need all they strenk befo' dis woodpile gits down."

But the mumbled admonition was not consoling. These young men didn't know anything about steamboating, and he did. Yet they were gay and happy, and he was wading in a pool of misery. He was so hot he could hardly breathe; he wasn't sweating a bit, and the grease on his body was catching the particles of bark and rosin, which irritated him further. It seemed that he could not make another trip.

Yet: "I ain't never been burnt out yit," he growled, and he threw his whole determination against the forces of nature that were bearing down upon him.

Up the plank he stumbled. It seemed a solid mile long. Something grabbed at his throat and strangled him, and things went black before his eyes.

"I ain't never hollered 'ca'f rope' yit," he said, and he lunged forward one more step. It did the trick. The pores of his leathery black skin opened and the perspiration poured out. The relief was instant. His old body responded. Old muscles, stiff and irresilient, became soft and pliable. His knees worked better; a springy glide supplanted the halting, jerky steps, and an elasticity came to his huge shoulders. Great drops of perspiration appeared through the grease on his skin and the little sharp particles of bark and rosin rolled off in a stream.

"Ah, Lawd," he chuckled, "hit takes mo'n a woodpile to burn me out!"

"Got you tawkin' to yo'se'f, ole man?" It was the boy who had sung at the sugar landing.

"Git out er my way, son," countered Hopper Joe. "Let a man tote wood which kin."

Eight cords of wood is a mighty heap of wood when it has to be toted down a long, steep stage upon the backs of men. It was enough to change the gay chatter of the young rousters to a moody, glum silence, and finally, to set them singing songs about other and less strenuous tasks:

Chop my cotton; hoe my cawn;
Love my woman, sho's you bawn.
Uncle Bud, Uncle Bud!

Even Hopper Joe, who felt better and better as he worked, began to tire before the last sticks were carried aboard, and quite forgetful of his recent troubles with stiff joints and fiery muscles, as well as the more immediate drudgery of the woodpile, essayed a little pop-out about the old steamboat Red Bird:

Bigger den de Stacker, Lawd; faster den de Belle;
But de b'iler busted and blowed her plumb to hell!
Lawd—Lawd, ain't dat a shame!

When the boat finally pulled out, Hopper Joe was still on his feet. The younger men flopped flat on the deck and slept. A man was entitled to sleep after an eight-cord woodpile. But Hopper Joe's nerves had carried him considerable of the way through that woodpile, and they weren't so easily quieted. He stomped about the deck restlessly. He would have relished further argument with the young ones about the comparative excellence of old steamboating men and the modern ones, but even the driver was "resting his eyes."

Finally the vibration and the rush of air soothed him and he retired to his bed on the sugar sacks. His knees creaked and his back pained, but soon he was asleep.

Presently the Black River gave way to the Ouachita. The great virgin pine forests faded away and in their place appeared the broad cotton fields of Northern Louisiana. White chalk banks supplanted the willow-topped levees, and plantation settlements appeared with increasing regularity. Landings were more frequent as the signs of a prosperous agricultural area multiplied.

As the boat pulled out from a small country store, a shaggy, pot-bellied mule, astride of which was a half-grown negro boy, appeared on top of the bank. The mule thrust his long ears forward and brayed lustily at the boat. The rousters laughed and began trying to identify him.

"Rusty-lookin' ole jackass, ain't he?"

"Yeah, dat must be ole Copperhaid. He was kind er rusty like dat."

"Copperhaid? He ain't daid, is he?"

"Yeah. Died last summer up at Monroe."

"Well, I be damn! I knowed he was gonter die sometime, ef'n he jest lived long enough. I thought dat ole devil wan't never gonter die. He drove me so hard on de Oliver, dat I swear to my soul ——"

"Ef'n I knowed dat was ole Copperhaid, I'd git off'n dis boat right now and go up yonder and git me a job plowin' him. And, Lawd, wouldn't I make him keep a turnin'!"

The talk rattled on. Other landings were made. Other mules were identified. Hopper Joe took no part in the small talk of the youngsters. He was having enough trouble with his shooting pains. He could hardly stand the misery that he suffered when he crawled down from his resting place, and lifting and toting a box up the stage seemed more than he could bear. But he bore it time and again.

"Go easy, old man." Humph! Any steamboating man ought to know there was no "go easy" for a rouster. It was the law of Cap'm Dick Carbine; it was the law of the river itself! He spat disgustedly at a stanchion.

Then an idea came to him. It was the principal business of the freight captain to see that all the rousters were ready to walk when the stage went down. Well, he'd show this yellow driver something else about the river too.

He lay quiet and still until the boat whistled for another landing, and instead of getting up, he pulled the piece of 'paulin over himself. The landing was made, the freight toted off and the boat started out again.

Hopper Joe chuckled. "Ef'n a nigger'd hid out on me and Cap'm Dick when I was drivin'," he said, "I'd a beat him half to death."

Three times the boat whistled for landings and three times the old river man committed the sin of sins: He hid out while the work was being done.

Late that afternoon the mate came below and walked around the stack of sugar.

"You'll have to get off there now, old man," he said, dragging Hopper Joe's concealing cover from him. "This sugar goes off next."

Hopper Joe crawled down and hobbled painfully about the deck. The deck was small and most of the cargo had been put off. He saw no other place where he could hide with impunity, and he recalled that, after all, it was the first few trips up the plank that were painful to him.

"Quick as I gits up a sweat," he told himself, "I'll show dese young'ns how to tote sugar again."

The boat nosed toward the shore. There was a mediumly high chalk bank, on top of which the stage would be placed. Back of that was a high hill that sloped gradually toward the landing. There was no building; the town, like many others, had moved inland to the railroad and was connected to the river by a wagon road, now almost overgrown by Japanese clover, so infrequently was it used.

"Lawd—Lawd, look at dat sugar again!" moaned the singing roustabout. "Pyore lead! And look how steep dat plank is! I swear to my soul hit's gonter burn me down!" (Continued on Page 79)

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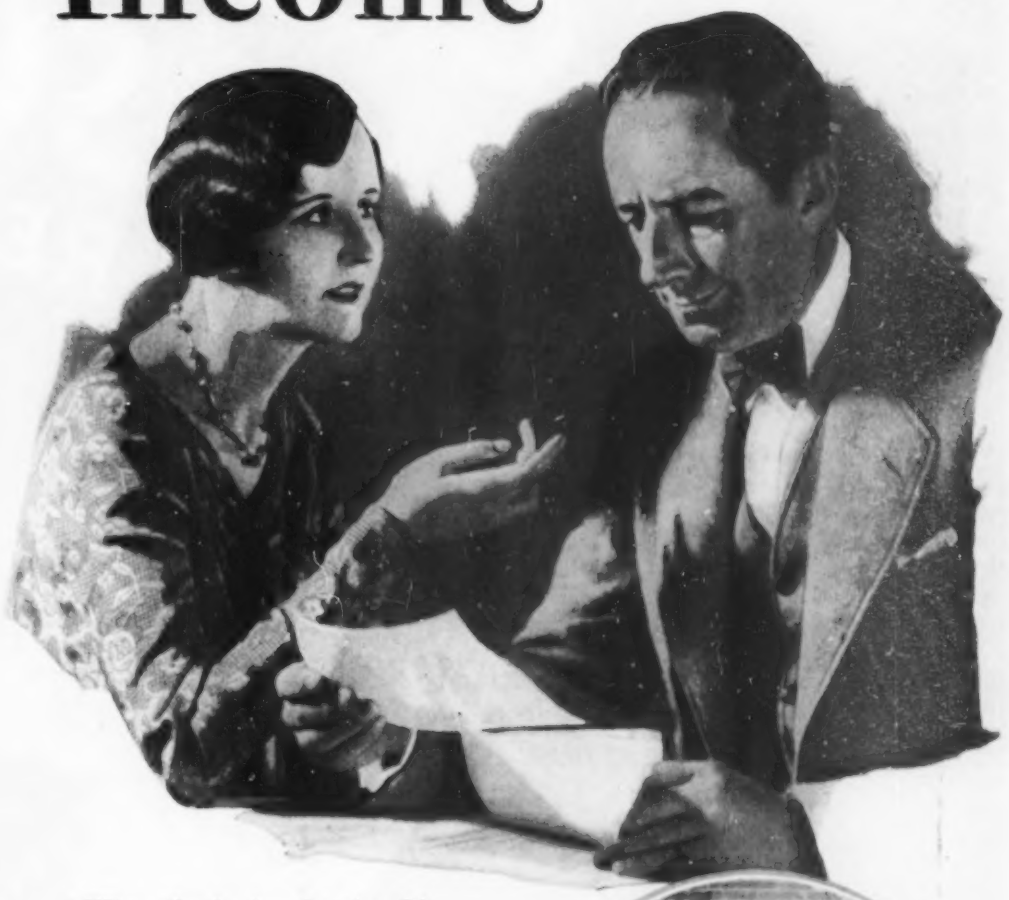

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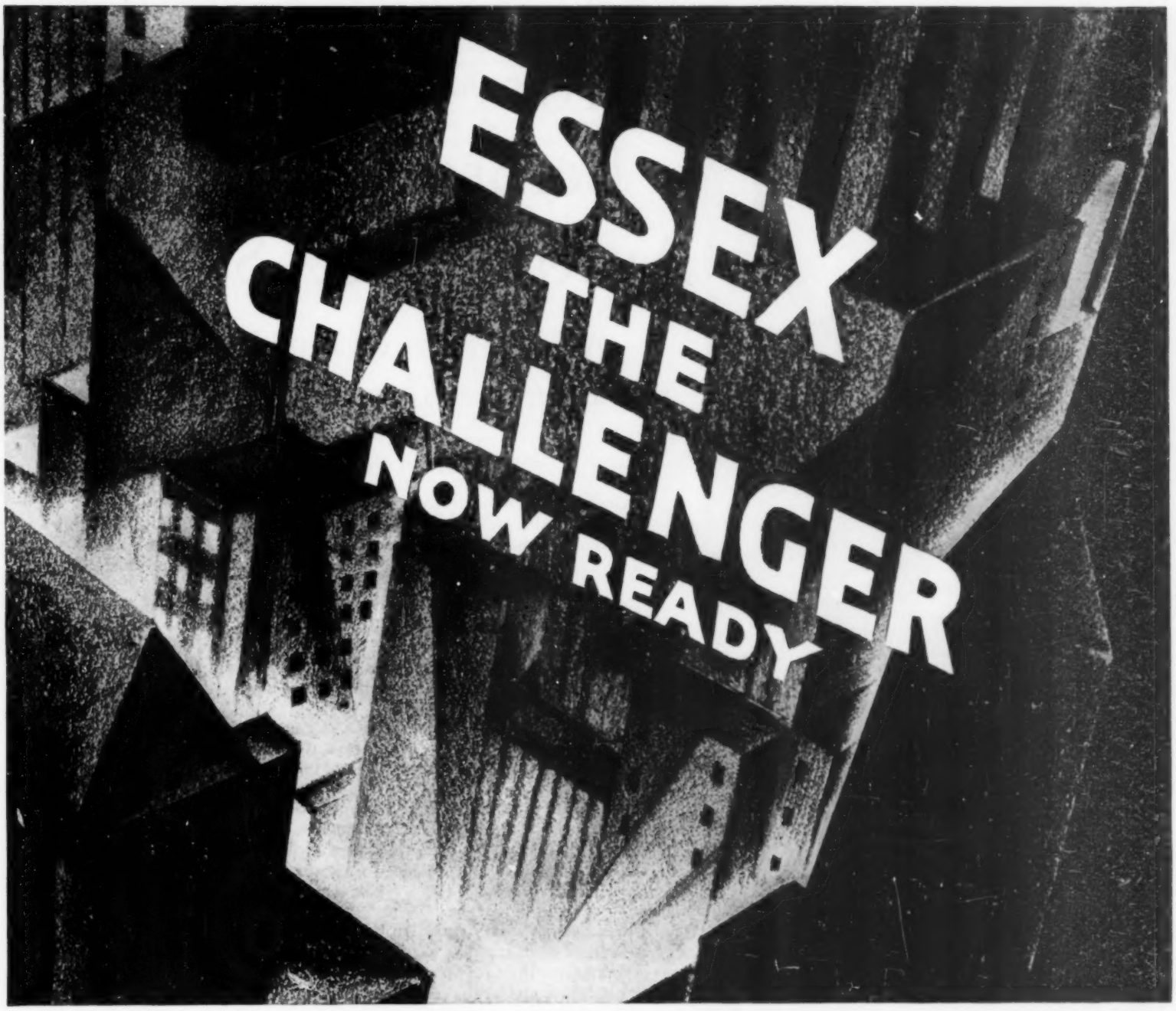

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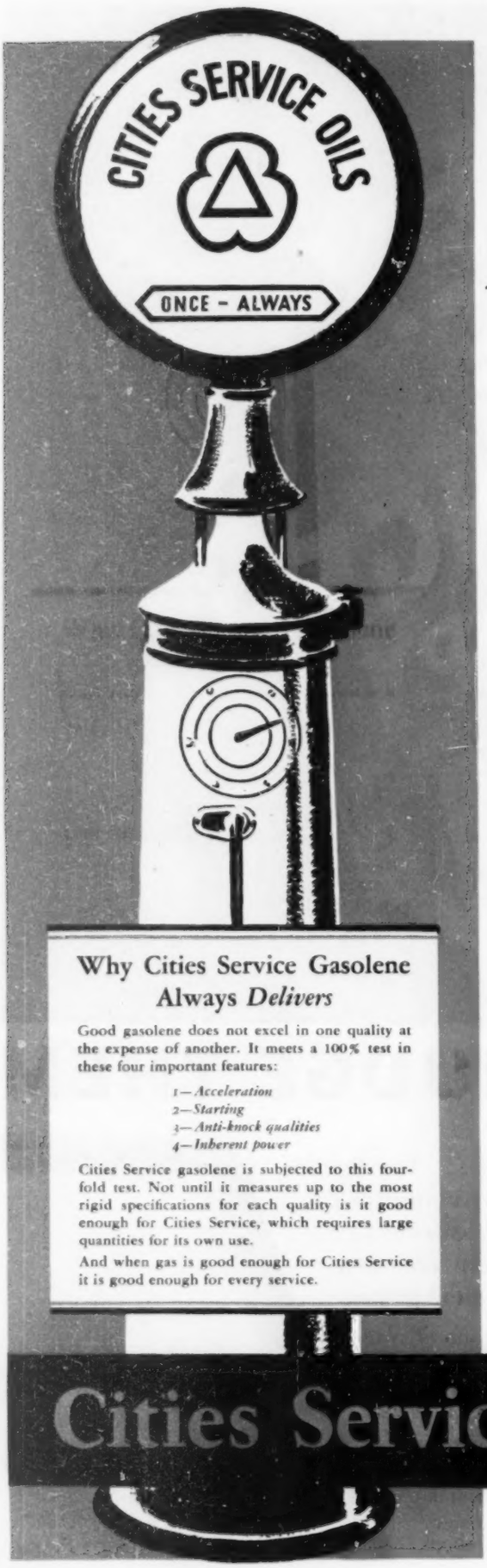
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(Continued from Page 74)

Hopper Joe smiled to himself. The steeper the plank and the heavier the load, the sooner the sweat would pop out on him and wash away that pain that lurked in his joints and muscles.

"Two trips," he estimated—"maybe three—and I'll be sweatin' like a boar shote."

The first trip up the plank with a hundred-pound sack of sugar on his head was pure misery for Hopper Joe Wiley. The second was even worse. The third was just a little more than his old rheumatic body could reasonably bear. But he made it.

"Come on, sweat!" he prayed. "Limber me up!"

He started on his fourth trip, and still no sweat to relieve him. Lord, it was far up that stage. A solid mile, it looked to him. And beyond that, things weren't so clear to his eye. The wagon road danced and wriggled like a lazy snake, and the stack of sugar already toted ashore was but a quivering mirage. He pushed one foot forward for another step. The foot weighed down like lead—hot lead. The other foot went forward. It weighed a ton.

"Come on, sweat!" he prayed. But no sweat. The road on the hill suddenly quit wriggling and a wagon pulled by a team of mules appeared on it, coming to haul the sugar to town. Then the road began wriggling again, and with it the wagon and team. And suddenly the whole thing became all dark and black and something grabbed him by the throat.

"I'm fixin' to sweat now," he told himself, remembering his experience at the woodpile earlier in the day. He took one more step and the thing at his throat squeezed harder and he couldn't breathe.

"I'm about to sweat now, for sho," he declared. "I kin feel hit comin'! Come on, sweat!"

The sweat came suddenly—came in huge cold beads that rolled down his face and off the end of his tongue.

"Dat's hit!" he exulted. "Dat's hit! I'm sweatin' now; look out, you young'ns!"

He forgot the thing that was choking him; he forgot the pain in his back and legs; he forgot that his feet weighed a ton—forgot that he had any feet at all. They were away down below him somewhere, moving of their own accord. Somewhere down in that same abyss near his feet, old knees were springing under the load that he carried on his head. Everything was all right now. He would show the young'ns. Already the wagon had come to the sugar pile and was being loaded. He could see it plainly—everything was plain—the men, the sugar, the mules, and all.

One mule was big and black—and a fool. He champed nervously and foolishly at his bit, and stomped wildly at the flies. The other was a grizzled gray veteran that stood quietly. He was a wise one; he didn't waste energy stomping at flies and biting at an iron bit. Hopper Joe noted it.

Suddenly the gray mule pointed his ears toward Hopper Joe and brayed. Away down below Hopper Joe something was happening to his feet; they were getting tangled up and weren't working any more. But Hopper Joe kept right on going.

"Dat must be ol Cap'm Dick Carbine!" he exclaimed. "Look kinder like him in de face, and ack like him too—about not stompin' and chewin' de bit at nothin'." His knees twisted and buckled, and he began sinking. But he didn't pay any attention to that, for the wise old gray mule was speaking to him.

"If yonder ain't Hopper Joe Wiley, I'll eat my hat!" roared the mule in a voice that was quite familiar to Hopper Joe.

"Cap'm Dick! Hy-dy!"

"Howdy, hell! I've been looking for you for years, and here I find you rousting for that cub, Sam Cotton!"

"Yass-suh, but Cap'm Dick ——"

"Don't argue with me, boy. I've got things to do. Quick as I get my backing lined up, I'm putting a steamboat on this river! A real steamboat! It'll take a hundred niggers to handle the freight and I want you to drive 'em. I'll run that tub of Cooley's up the bayou where it belongs, and I'll run that cub, Sam Cotton——"

"Cap'm Sam ain't so ——"

"Ain't worth a damn!" interrupted Captain Dick. "Don't know how to handle niggers at all. Looky yonder! He's got a man down now!"

Hopper Joe looked.

Sure enough, there was a man down—flat on the gangplank with a sack of sugar on top of him. As he watched, four men picked up the limp body and toted it back on the boat.

"Git up, mules!" commanded the teamster, and Captain Dick Carbine and Hopper Joe Wiley crowded their shoulders into the collar and stepped off together.

"When I get my backing lined up," repeated Captain Dick, "I'll show people how to steamboat."

The young black mule settled down to a steady walk with his mate.

"Sho will," he said—"me and you, Cap'm Dick."

DISCIPLINED MONEY

(Continued from Page 42)

Unexampled activity in the stock market was the outcome. Three and four million share days were not infrequent. A veritable tide of money swept into the market to engage in speculation. Persons who never before had dreamed of trading joined in the speculation.

Much of this was done on margin—that is, buying a stock by putting up a part payment for it and selling when it had advanced far enough to give a good profit. In the event of a decline—and momentary declines occur in any boom—such buyers on what amounts to option were called upon to put up more margin. If they could not they were wiped out. The most were successful, making money through the advance in price on their marginally held stocks with a minimum of investment.

Right there lies the real seed of the weakness of a rate of interest on borrowed money deterring trading in stocks. Thousands of dollars' worth of stocks may be carried on hundreds of dollars' worth of margin. Advances over a month, over a week—indeed, over an hour—will reap large profits if the market is a rising one. It must be noted that the profit shown actually comes down to a profit on the margin put up. A man can afford to pay a large rate of interest on his hundreds of dollars if by use of the money he is going to make a profit on thousands. If he had to buy outright his thousands of dollars' worth, the rate of interest would be a bar; but he does not.

Rich Enough to Speculate

This stock trading had been proceeding for many months with the boom in full swing when many persons felt alarm. The spectacle of so much money being employed in what they regarded as stock-exchange gambling appalled them. Too, there was a distinct feeling that such vast sums could not be found for the stock market save to the detriment of sound productive enterprise, and it was especially felt that the farmer must be an object of discrimination.

The present Senator La Follette of Wisconsin offered a resolution early in the last session of Congress seeking to have the Federal Reserve Board administer a check to such speculative use of funds. On January 11, 1928, brokers' loans—that is, money advanced for stock trading—had reached the astonishing total of $3,819,573,000. This sum was a billion dollars more than had been advanced a year previous and three billions more than seven years previous. Senator La Follette also showed that straight commercial loans—that is, loans for productive rather than speculative purposes—had declined from $925,370,000 in October, 1924, to $610,945,000 in October, 1927. The surface appearance was that money was being withdrawn from sound enterprises to be thrown into speculation.

The La Follette resolution caused the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency to hold hearings which brought out some remarkable statements from witnesses. Perhaps the most remarkable were those of Senator Glass who, in 1913, as chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency was reputed to be coauthor, with Dr. H. Parker Willis, professor of banking at Columbia University, of the basic Federal Reserve Act itself. These gentlemen, after witnessing nearly fifteen years' operation of the act, declared that in some respects it needed revision. But, doubtless to the surprise of very many close students of the situation, the best-equipped witnesses were of the opinion that, all things considered, the vast volume of brokers' loans was not excessive in view of the prosperity of the nation and that such loans more nearly approached the ideal of liquidity of security, which is the essence of the Federal Reserve System, than some of the loans for productive enterprise, such as loans to farmers.

Brokers' loans continued to rise in volume. By April they had passed the $4,000,000,000 mark, and at the end of August the $5,000,000,000 mark. This was in spite of the fact that the Federal Reserve Banks had set in operation its two chief measures of credit direction. Rediscount rates were raised from 4½ to 5 per cent and open-market operations were engaged in. This latter system is presumed to augment the effect of rate changes to manage credit ebb and flow. Federal Reserve Banks are large holders of government securities. When it is desired to take cash out of the market, large blocks of these government bonds and certificates of indebtedness are offered in the open market. They find ready purchasers, and cash is withdrawn which otherwise would be employed in stock trading. When it is desired to stimulate trading, the Federal Reserve Banks buy up governments again, releasing cash which flows back to the market.

But this time the Federal Reserve officials found that credit and stock-market trading were not so readily directed as they had been on previous occasions. Their open-market operations made no real difference. Brokers' loans continued at a high level and stock-market trading continued with no abatement.

Two points of tremendous importance stand out. One is that the nation has become so prosperous that there is ample money for stock-market speculation, over and above what is needed for other financing. The second is that the financial affairs of the nation are so large and so energetic that the Federal Reserve Act, as now constituted, has lost much of its effectiveness in such a situation as now obtains.

The wealth of the country is past normal comprehension and, more strikingly, the income also is. It is not a static wealth which we enjoy—not static in the sense of the wealth of older and what might be termed finished countries, where property has fallen into definite grooves. In addressing the annual convention of the American Bankers' Association at its Philadelphia convention in October, Roy A. Young, governor of the Federal Reserve Board, pointed out that although in the past year we have lost a billion in gold as the result of exports, we still have a round billion in gold in excess of legal reserve requirements.

High Wages and Output

Consider the steel industry. In 1913 the average annual wage paid was $797. In 1927 it had grown to $1746—a gain of almost 120 per cent in less than a decade and a half. This was money in the pockets of the workers—money to be spent and to be saved. But looking beyond this to the solid addition to the common wealth, we find that in 1913 the production of gross tons per man of finished steel was 70.8 and in 1927 had risen to 95.2—a gain of 34.5 per cent.

Great Britain stands next to the United States in wage scales. Recent figures compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics show that in Great Britain coal miners earn from $2.02 to $2.65 a day as compared with $6.26 to $9.65 in the United States. Other comparative figures—giving first the British and then the American—are: Machinists, $2.29 compared with $5.60; rolling-mill heaters, $4.36 compared with $7.60; rolling-mill common laborers, $1.64 compared with $3.28; farm hands, $1.27 compared with $2.36.

The list could be indefinitely continued and show a much higher return for human effort in the United States in every line.

Fantastic figures concerning national income have been compiled for the period covering approximately the last quarter of 1928 and the first of 1929. The estimate is based on firm statistics, chiefly from government sources. It shows that this six months' income will be $37,533,000,000.

Mass-production systems used in the United States not only bring more earnings to the individual worker but increase the sum total of tangible, useful wealth in the form of articles. Because of a difference in the year of the latest statistical compilations on the subject, a precise comparison is not available, but these figures are illuminating. They show the value of output per wage earner in the United States and Great Britain, the country of next highest wages. American figures are for 1925 and British for 1924. In steel the figure is $7947 for the United States and only $3301 for Great Britain; motor vehicles, $11,029 for the United States and $2550 for Great Britain; cotton $3851 for the United States and $3196 for Great Britain; woolens, $5921 for the United States and $3316 for Great Britain; boots and shoes, $4471 for the United States and $1872 for Great Britain.

Total resources of the member banks of the Federal Reserve System amount to the astounding total of $25,000,000,000. Checks cleared through reporting member banks amount to nearly $60,000,000,000 a month. Savings, insurance, equity in real estate, ownership of all manner of commodities—every sort of wealth has gained. The United States never before has known such a period of prosperity so widely and equitably distributed. Even the ownership of the great industrial and public-utility corporations has been distributed through employe ownership and other plans to a point where single corporations are not, as of yore, owned by a tight group, but by tens, even hundreds of thousands of individuals, both men and women.

So, then, economists find it no cause for wonder or alarm that there is so much money available for stock trading.

Doctor Willis, in testifying on the La Follette resolution, said that while, theoretically, the volume of Federal Reserve funds being employed in the stock market was out of proportion, he believed that for the board to lay a heavy hand upon the situation, under existing circumstances, would be unwise.

A stronger statement was made by O. M. W. Sprague, professor of banking and finance at Harvard University, who said:

I do not think that any serious objection can be raised against the brokers' or dealers' loans.

The records in regard to losses of banks, though not perfect, clearly indicate that the losses arising out of this class of loans have been very small. Therefore, I rule out, in discussing the desirability of placing checks upon brokers' loans, both the feature of drawing money which is needed in other parts of the country and the matter of risk. I do not believe that any part of the country is suffering from a dearth of needed bank credit because of brokers' loans, and I do not believe that the interests of depositors are jeopardized in the slightest degree by the granting of that sort of loan.

Most brokers' loans are made on what is known as the call-money market. Banks and others having money to lend for stock-market trading advance it to brokers wishing to trade. As security they require stocks and bonds to the extent of 125 per cent of the value of the loan made. The supply of and demand for money in the market dictates the rate. This rate usually is low, often around 2 or 3 per cent, or even fower, but again ranging up to 10, 20 or 30 per cent. Such loans start with interest prevailing on the day the transaction is made. If the next morning the rate has changed, the new rate applies. This goes on every day. The call-money rate may be higher or lower in the afternoon than it was in the morning, but the rate on any loan remains for the day at the rate quoted at the hour of lending. Beyond the security put up, there is no evidence of indebtedness such as the usual promissory note or bond. There merely is a memorandum, oftener than not transmitted over the telephone. Brokers usually have on hand at their bankers' portfolios of securities held there both for safekeeping and to be available to borrow against.

The liquidity of the call loan lies in the fact that it is instantly callable. There are no days of grace, scarcely minutes of grace. The lender does not have to go through any elaborate procedure of service and judgment. A telephone call transmitting the message, "I want that money at once," does the business.

Making Money Make Money

It sometimes happens that the borrower is caught and cannot pay. His security is forfeited. And the lending banks scrutinize the security on which they lend with a cautious eye to its own instant negotiability for an amount sufficient to cover the loan. In a great, general slump, a real panic, it is possible for the security to fail of realizing the amount which it secured, but this is very rare indeed. The fact is that the security very seldom has to be seized; the call is met on the dot with cash.

Now the Federal Reserve Act does not permit Federal Reserve funds to be used for stock-market speculation. The law clearly says that Federal Reserve Banks shall confine their rediscounting operations to eligible commercial paper. But it is simple to present such paper to the Federal Reserve Bank and obtain funds to replace funds which have been lent on call. Doctor Willis is of the opinion that this is a matter which might better be reached by closer regulation of banking practices through policy of officials than by legislation of a prohibitory nature.

It has been shown that the country is rich and constantly grows richer. In its very cradle, the American nation was taught by Benjamin Franklin, in the guise of Poor Richard, that money shou'd be kept at work. The Bible teaches the same lesson in the parable of the talents. Common sense, of which Americans have a reasonable store, admonishes that idleness is as bad for money as for individuals.

So, with money piling up so rapidly, it is natural that it seeks employment. For many years—even long before the establishment of the Federal Reserve System—country banks were in the habit of sending surplus funds to New York to be lent on call. The term "country banks" is applied to any bank outside a Central Reserve city, even though such bank be in a large city.

Here arises a close question. President Woodrow Wilson, in urging upon Congress the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, dividing the country up into twelve districts and decentralizing the money center at Wall Street, explained that it was necessary "to fructify the lean regions." The act has accomplished that to an extraordinary extent. But neither President Wilson could nor can anyone else repeal or permanently modify economic laws. Money seeks the place where it can be best and most safely employed, as water seeks its own level. Indeed, it may be said that, in one sense at least, the Federal Reserve Act did much to force money into Wall Street.

Seeking a Safe Market

Banks in thousands of communities are absolutely unable to find employment for their funds in their own localities. They must, to comply with the law, make only such loans as are safe. In consequence, funds pile up. Banks must pay interest to depositors, own or rent banking quarters and pay their staffs and, to be successful, pay dividends to their stockholders. They must employ their funds profitably somehow. They may not hide it in a hedge or a napkin. The call-money market furnishes a natural and safe outlet. Interest, sometimes rich interest, is earned and the funds are available instantly upon call when they are needed at home.

In the belief of many sound economists, bankers and legislators, there are too many banks in the country. North Dakota has one bank for every 750 inhabitants and Iowa has one for every 1400. Although Iowa is a typical farming state and has too many banks, still those banks have tremendous surplus funds. Iowa farmers have complained that they have been unable to obtain all the bank credit they desire. To be sure, there is scarcely anyone in the world who does not want more money than he has. Moreover, no matter how much or how little he has, he wants it to be safe. He does not want to make deposits in a bank and have his money lent on poor security and for long terms, especially where the currency is based on the loans.

So the result is that Iowa has sent some $400,000,000 to the call-money market in New York, this being a surplus which could not find safe employment at home. The loans which can be made at home are immensely more profitable than the call loans. The legal rate in Iowa is 8 per cent, while 1¾ has been the average available at New York. Yet Iowa, by no means one of the richest states of the Union, found it necessary to send the vast sum of $400,000,000 to the stock market to find employment on safe terms.

This operates all over the country to the extent that money for brokers' loans in New York at the end of August was coming more largely from out-of-town banks than from the New York banks themselves. New York banks, at the end of August, showed only $793,000,000 lent on call, whereas out-of-town banks had $1,535,000,000 in the call-money market—nearly twice as much.

A sound reason why the country bank sends some of its funds to New York for investment at call is the need for diversification. Farmers and investors generally recognize that safety lies in diversification. A farmer will plant various crops on his acres so that he will be fairly sure to bring something to market. It is hardly likely that all his planting will fail to come to harvest.

Many bankers are locating in communities where there is a single dominant industry. Such a banker, in the nature of things, goes to a safe limit in financing his local industry, but he is a foolish steward of his depositors' money if he ties up all the bank's resources in one venture. Its possible failure will pull down the whole structure. So he lends some money to industry, some to farmers, some to merchants, but protects himself against a local collapse by sending some far afield. This may be diversified. He will probably have some government bonds, some state and municipal bonds, and he will almost certainly have some money in New York on call.

New Funds at Call

In the past two or three years another factor has entered into this complicated equation. The rise of prosperity, which had so increased money wages and tangible wealth, in the natural course of things built up large profits for the industrial corporations so largely contributing to the national well-being. They, too, were subject to the necessity of keeping their funds employed.

Large corporations rarely grow large unless they have capable and prudent officers and directors. They disperse money for raw materials, and labor and in payment of dividends to stockholders. They are compelled to husband money for three purposes: Against dividend periods—quarterly or semiannually, as a rule—for tax payments, and to accumulate a surplus, a reserve for expansion or to tide over recurrent slack seasons. This is a nation of great corporations as well as of great individual fortunes. Therefore, these accumulations in preparation for future disbursements assume large proportions. It is contrary to the very nature of men who are able to succeed in business to permit their funds to lie in idleness, even for a brief period. Yet, as the disbursements for which the accumulations are made must be paid on a day certain, the funds may not be put out at long terms or on collateral not instantly negotiable.

Such a situation resulted in the entrance of a fresh flood of capital into the call-money market. Here was a place where funds could be employed with security and be instantly available at need. So these large depositors at banks gave instructions to their bankers to lend large sums in the call-money market. The practice grew steadily, until it now has reached colossal proportions.

Too Much Competition

Such funds are identifiable on the books, as they are entered as "loans made for others." This differentiates such loans from those made directly by the banks out of their own resources.

In June, 1926, loans for others amounted to $600,000,000. By the beginning of 1927 the figure was $766,000,000. A year later, early in 1928, the figure passed the $1,000,000,000 mark; in May it stood at $1,500,000,000, and by the end of August was close to $2,000,000,000, or a figure greater than the amounts advanced by New York banks or by country banks.

Quite naturally the banks found in this source of capital definite competition. It was inaccurately termed "bootleg money." But it kept coming in greater and greater amounts. The banks, which were charging commissions for making these loans, revised their arrangements, through the Clearing House Association, so as to make the charges heavier, but this did not deter the outside hoards from coming into the market. More and more corporations and wealthy individuals were finding the call-money market a safe investment and were resorting to it.

Economic currents produce eddies and attract tributaries, and restrictive measures concerning the flow of credit cause it to find fresh outlets. In this era of great production and prosperity there was a demand for capital funds to provide expansion. The wisdom of some expansions may be brought into question, but the fact is that the pressure was there. As the Federal Reserve Act placed restraints upon the use of banking funds for certain sorts of promotions, it was inevitable that an increasing number of business men should go directly to the public for money. So security issues were constantly being offered to the public. Some of these were of the blue-sky variety, but many were soundly and economically based. The total of domestic security issues for the six months' period, January to July, 1928, were just barely short of $5,000,000,000. Very many of these issues were traded in either on the New York Stock Exchange or on the Curb. They absorbed much money both for outright investment and for trading on margin. Speculative in many cases on original issue, the banks could not with safety underwrite them, but they thrived on the funds which came into the call-money market. This flood of new issues invited substantial sums away from other employments, but not in a detrimental manner. There was money enough for all.

The most patient study of what the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Reserve System have done for the nation reveals little to criticize save in the matter of relatively minor technicalities. Such a study does show very affirmatively that in a time of acute crisis a firm policy on the part of the board saved the gold standard and the nation's credit, and enabled the business and productive community to emerge from a serious depression with astounding alacrity, and set the stage for an era of unprecedented prosperity.

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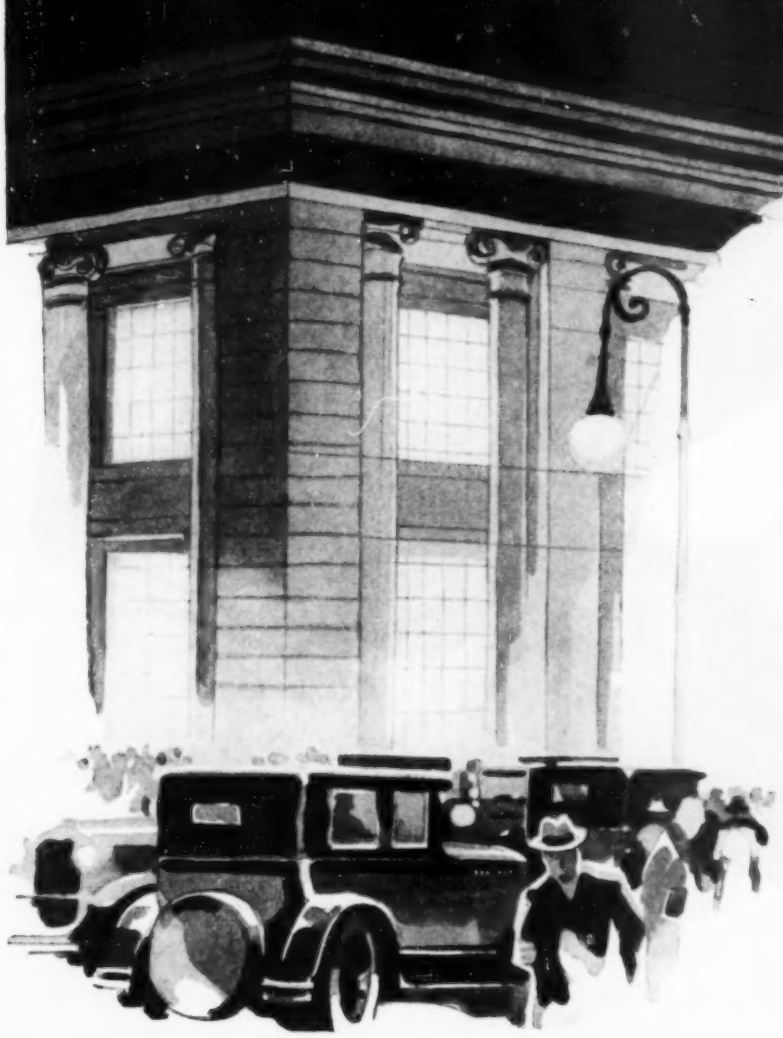

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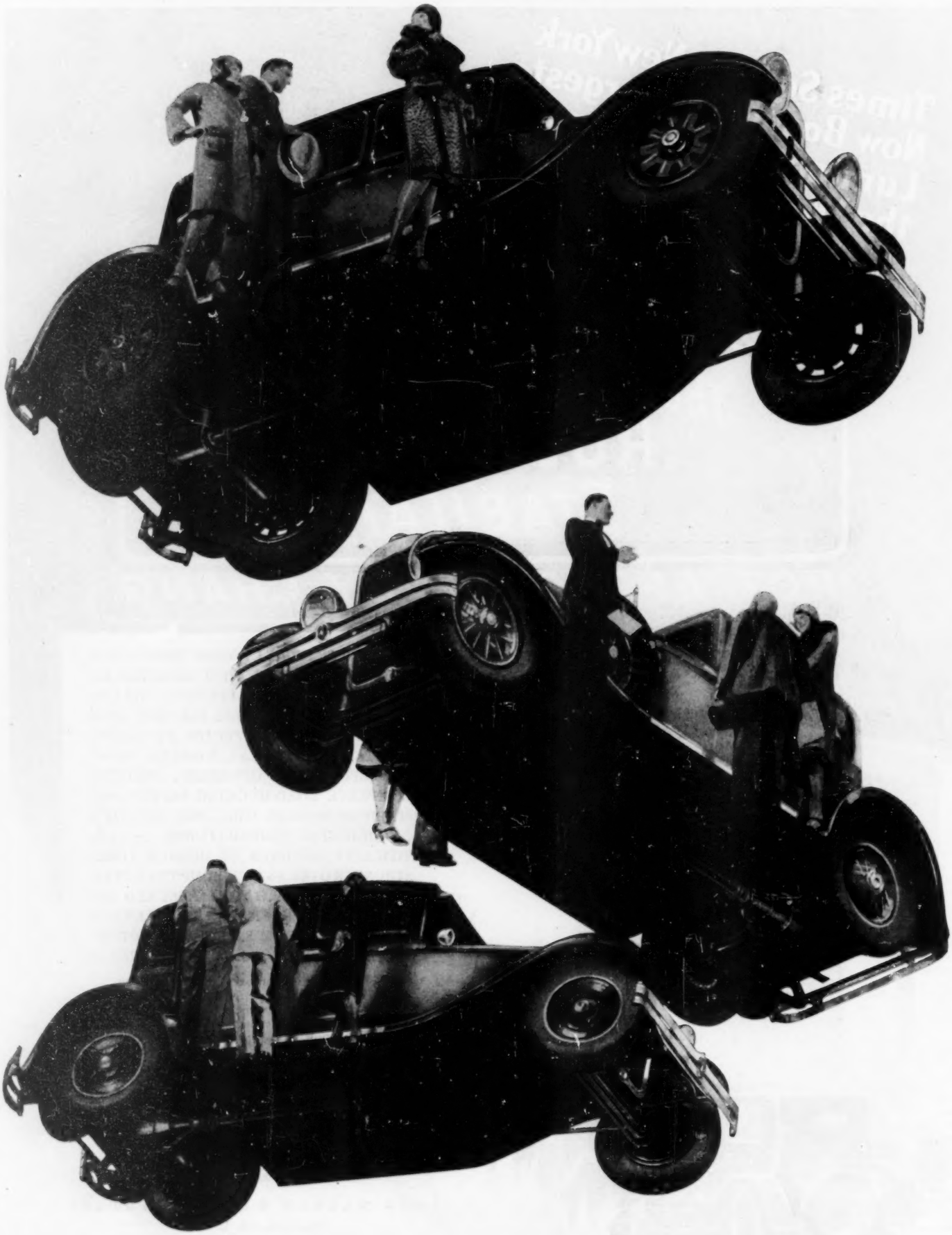

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

There's Dynamite in Letters

AROUND the office they called the president of the company—behind his back, of course—by the inelegant but admiring nickname of Old Million Volts. Hart, the sales manager, became uncomfortably conscious of the appropriateness of the name as he entered the president's office one morning in response to a peremptory summons.

"Three words of yours are going to cost us exactly five thousand dollars," his chief shot at him by way of greeting. The president's manner indicated with the utmost clarity that his shock-administering talents were in first-class working order.

"What do ——" Hart's question came to a sudden halt in an involuntary gasp.

"I'll explain—fully!" returned the president, picking up a sheaf of papers from his desk. "Last spring, you'll remember, Munroe got a nibble from the Franklin people. After he sent in his report, you handled the thing direct with Franklin by correspondence. You agreed on terms and on a special schedule of deliveries. I suppose you counted on our new equipment to enable us to make the production to meet the deliveries as scheduled. Last month you wrote and explained to Franklin that the machinery we had been expecting had been destroyed in a railroad wreck and that we would therefore have to arrange a deferred schedule of deliveries on their stuff. They won't stand for it—they want deliveries as scheduled, and they ——"

"They'll have to stand for it," interposed Hart with obvious relief. "We have plainly printed on our letterheads in red ink that all our agreements are subject to fire, strikes and other matters beyond our control, and a railroad wreck is certainly a matter beyond our control."

"Yes," agreed the president with sugary sarcasm, "and that red ink might save us now if it weren't for your fatal gift for letter writing. In your letter agreeing to the schedule of deliveries, you said that it might be possible for us to do even better than the schedule called for, but that in any event they could absolutely count on deliveries as scheduled. When they got your letter last month saying that deliveries would have to be deferred, they took it up with their lawyer, who wrote to me. I consulted our attorney, and now he tells me that, thanks to three words of yours, we'll have to make good on the deliveries. That means farming out all the production of parts, and doing nothing but the assembling ourselves—which will show a net loss of just about five thousand dollars."

A Loss in Any Event

"When you wrote that we'd deliver on schedule in any event, our lawyer says you negatived the printed condition that our agreements are subject to fires, strikes and other matters beyond our control. He says it is a well-settled principle of law that when there is conflict between the written letter and the printed letterhead, the written letter controls. He tells me there is no doubt in his mind that, if Franklin took us to law about it, the court would rule that in using the words, 'in any event,' you meant—or Franklin was warranted in thinking you meant—to waive the printed condition."

All too often, as in this case, the unsuspected but ruinous legal dynamite lurking in an innocent-looking letter is not discovered until the damage is beyond repair. Ordinarily, in the law, a letter must stand as written. Once a letter has been received and acted upon, the writer cannot inject new terms or new meanings into it. If the outcome of a lawsuit depends on the interpretation of a letter, the court will construe the letter exactly as written. The parties concerned, however, will usually be permitted to introduce evidence to explain the terms used and to show such surrounding circumstances as may aid the court in arriving at the true meaning of the letter. In construing a letter or any other document, the courts give no heed to what the writer wanted to say, but concern themselves solely with what he actually said. Obviously, there's legal importance, as well as effectiveness, in clarity of expression.

The courts, ordinarily, will not attach obscure or unusual meanings to words used in a letter, unless there is definite evidence to show that such a meaning was intended and understood by both parties to attach to a particular word. The usual rule, however, is to construe ordinary words in their ordinary meanings and to give technical words their accepted technical meanings.

Avoiding Trouble With Two Words

The writer of a letter will not be made to suffer for a mere clerical error in a letter where the nature of the error is obvious and can be corrected by the court without distorting the purport of the letter. Thus, where figures in a letter are obviously intended to stand for dollars and the dollar sign has been omitted through a typist's error, the court will supply the omitted symbol in interpreting the letter. Neither will either party to the correspondence be permitted by the law to hold the other to a hard-and-fast liability on the strength of a particular word or phrase in a particular letter where the transaction has been developed through a series of letters. The law says that, in such a case, the series must be interpreted as a whole.

Another rule followed by the courts in the interpretation of letters—and one of highest importance where sales are negotiated by correspondence—is that set forth in the legal formula: "The expression of one or more things in a class excludes all those not expressed." Thus, letters seeking to effect the sale of a piece of machinery or equipment sometimes say that the price quoted "includes all fixtures and attachments required for installation." Buyers in such cases are sometimes chagrined to find that they are obliged to pay extra amounts for attachments which, though not required for the installation of the machine, are quite essential to its efficient operation. However, under the rule, the expression of "fixtures and attachments required for installation," excludes all other fixtures and attachments from the sale at the price quoted. Of course, such expressions are often not so clear as that. Thus the expression, "all necessary accessories," excludes all accessories not strictly necessary.

In letters undertaking to close sales or make deals, there is probably nothing quite so unfortunate, both from the legal and the practical points of view, as ambiguity of expression. Often the writer of a letter, believing he has a good sound working agreement with the other fellow, finds in the end that his contract is unenforceable because some vital phrase in his letter is ambiguous; so, too, the recipient of such a letter. A letter is ambiguous or uncertain in the eye of the law when the court cannot definitely ascertain what is meant; and a contract or sale based on such a letter is void because of the uncertainty.

Some surprising cases of ambiguity or uncertainty in business letters have come before the courts. For example, a promise to sell oil on such reasonable terms as to enable the buyer, a dealer, to compete successfully with other parties in the same territory, was held to be void for uncertainty. Similarly, a promise to give to a cement dealer a lower rate per barrel than to other dealers, in consideration of his giving the promising manufacturer's brand the preference in his sales and pushing it—no limit being placed on the amount that the dealer might order or sell—was said by the court to be void for ambiguity. In another case in point, a provision that an agreement entered into between the parties could be canceled "for good cause" was too uncertain to enforce in the courts.

There are two words which, adroitly used in a letter, will often save much trouble in the event of a lawsuit. They are: "without prejudice." If you have a troublesome complaint or an annoying dispute with a creditor about a bill, a compromise offer is apt to be the easiest and cheapest way out. Yet, if you suspect the other fellow has legal action in mind, you hesitate to make a definite offer lest it be brought up against you when the matter goes to court. You feel that the claimant may argue to the court and to the jury that, in view of your willingness to pay him something or make certain concessions to him, you must have recognized that his claim has some merit. The way to avoid this danger is to make your offer of compromise "without prejudice." You can begin your letter by saying, "Without prejudice we make you the following offer to settle your claim," Or you can outline your offer and conclude your letter by saying, "All the above is without prejudice."

The contents of such a letter cannot be used against you in court. In law, the words, "without prejudice," mean that your offer is made without prejudice to any defenses which you may have to the other man's claim. The law encourages amicable settlements by thus enabling the parties to negotiate freely for the adjustment of a disputed claim without fear of a comeback of an admission or an offer made in the course of such negotiations. In some states such statements and offers will be excluded from the evidence in the event of a lawsuit simply upon proof that they were made in the course of settlement negotiations, but it's always safer to conduct such negotiations under the expressly stated condition of "without prejudice." Then there can be no doubt about it.

Unless Notified to the Contrary

"If we do not hear from you to the contrary within the next few days, we shall understand that the changes we have outlined are acceptable to you and will be guided accordingly," is a sentence often found in business letters. Such statements represent extremely dangerous practice. Suppose you have agreed with a customer to supply one hundred gross of Triple-X brand of a certain item, and when the time approaches for shipment, you find that you can obtain only seventy-five gross of Triple-X, but can fill the balance of the contract with Three Star, an equally good brand. Accordingly you write the customer one of those "if we do not hear from you to the contrary" letters. No reply is received, and you ship the goods. Perhaps the market has changed, or for some other reason the customer is now glad to get out of his contract. He refuses the shipment on the ground that it does not conform to the original agreement, which calls for one hundred gross of Triple-X.

The probability is that, if you sue him, the court will uphold him. The mere fact that he did not answer your letter does not force him to take anything other than the goods specified in the original order or contract.

Silence does not give consent in the law unless the silent person was under a legal obligation to speak, and the law, as a rule, does not require a recipient of a letter to answer it merely because the letter seeks to impose certain terms or liabilities if it is not answered. "A recipient's silence," says a leading authority on this point, "cannot be turned into an agreement."

This rule of law sometimes works out in curious ways. A case in point is that of a firm of insurance brokers who wrote to a customer that they would renew his fire-insurance policy when it expired unless he notified them to the contrary. The customer did not reply and the insurance firm did not renew the policy. The property covered by the lapsed policy burned, and when it was found that the policy had not been renewed, suit was brought against the insurance firm for their failure to have the policy renewed as set forth in their letter. The court, however, applying the rule that no agreement can be construed from a failure to reply, decided that the insurance brokers were not liable for their failing to carry out the terms of their letter.

The Nature of an Offer

Since, in modern business practice, so many agreements and deals are concluded by correspondence, the legal status of a letter making or accepting an offer often becomes of the highest importance. A letter which merely proposes to deal or negotiate cannot be matured into a binding contract by an acceptance. Thus there is nothing legally binding in a letter which says, "Would you consider an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars a gross for your present stock of Hammertone brass attachments?" That's merely a suggestion to deal and is not in form for acceptance, legally.

An offer, in order to mature into a legally binding agreement, must be accepted in exactly the terms in which it is made. Thus, if a letter contains an offer of ten gross of Hammertone brass attachments at two hundred and fifty dollars a gross, thirty days net, it cannot be accepted by a letter agreeing to take eight gross at the price specified, sixty days net, or making any other deviation, no matter how slight, from the original offer. Such an attempt to accept an offer with modifications has the effect of a counter offer, which the recipient, in turn, may or may not accept as made.

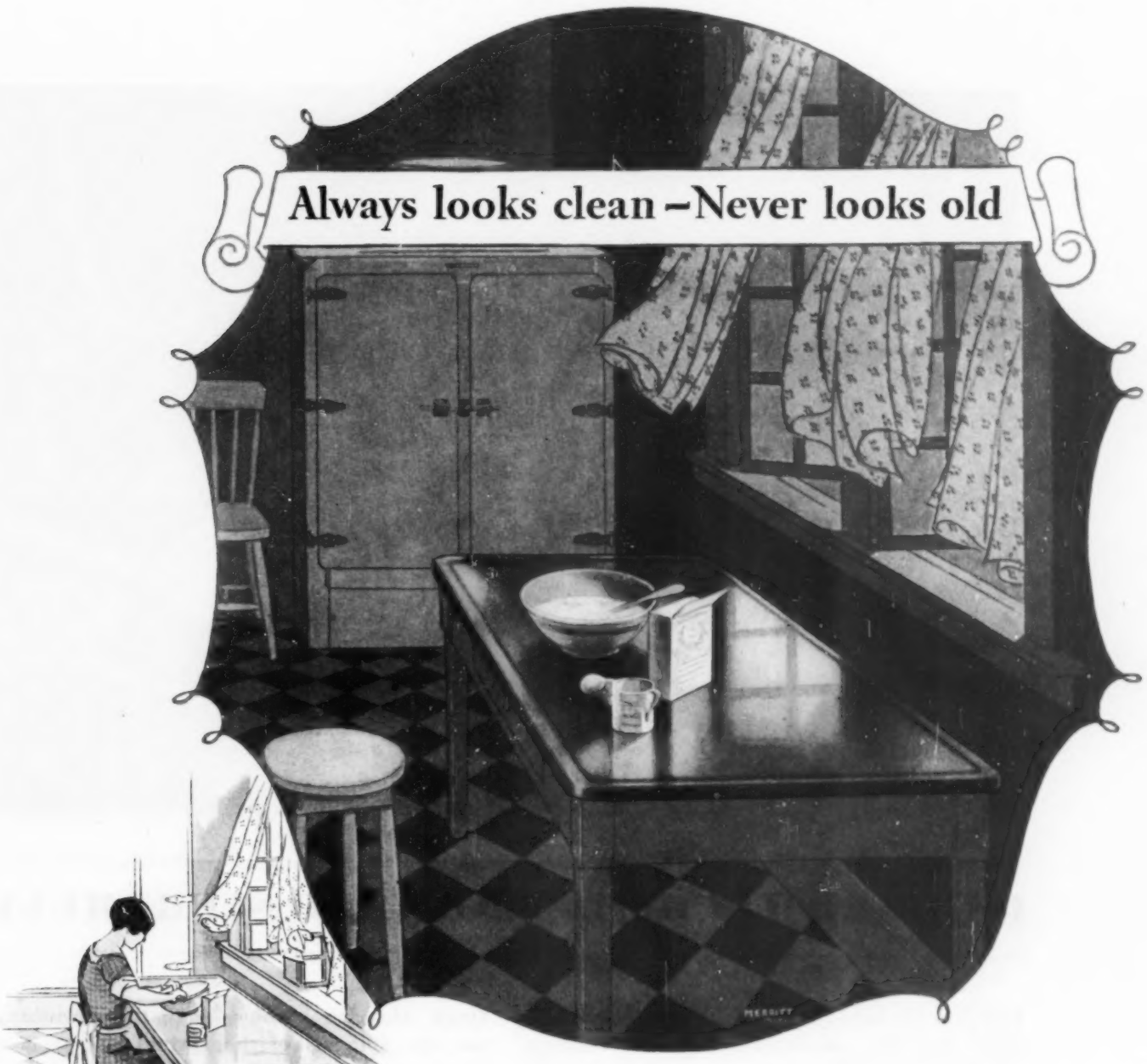
An offer may be withdrawn any time before acceptance, even if the person making the offer has promised to leave it open for a certain time—unless, of course, he has accepted some payment in consideration of his promise to let the offer remain open for the specified time. Otherwise, at any time before the person to whom the offer was made has accepted it, the offer may be withdrawn upon notice to that effect to the person to whom it was made. In any case, where an offer is not accepted within a reasonable time, it is said to lapse by the passage of time. You cannot revive an offer made in an old letter by accepting it at your convenience, unless the other fellow is willing.

Much confusion has arisen in business offices concerning the acceptance of offers by letter and telegram. Suppose you receive in today's mail a letter making what seems to you to be a pretty attractive offer or bid. You write a letter or telegram accepting it, and the letter or telegram is dispatched—that is, put in the mail box or handed in at the telegraph office. Tomorrow you find that the bid or offer was not so good after all, and you send a telegram rescinding the letter or telegram you sent today. The other fellow does not need to honor your cancellation, even if it reached him before your acceptance. The contract was complete and legally binding as soon as the letter or telegram of acceptance was put in the course of transit—that is, mailed or given to the telegraph company. This principle has been laid down in numerous court decisions and seems to be strictly and universally followed. Of course, if the terms of the offer called for the receipt of your acceptance as a condition precedent to the

(Continued on Page 155)

MONEL METAL

MODERN AS TOMORROW



Because they stand up under hard use, Monel Metal table tops and other working surfaces are widely used in leading hotels, restaurants, hospitals and other institutions. Household sizes are now being made by leading manufacturers. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address.

A MONEL METAL table top, with its silvery, mirror-like surface, will work wonders in making your kitchen brighter and more attractive. And most important of all, it will save precious working hours.

Monel Metal can be cleaned in a jiffy. Busy days or idle ones will not dull its natural beauty. Rust won't affect it—abuse won't injure it—impacts or heat won't make it chip or crack.

Monel Metal is composed of Nickel and copper in just the right proportions to resist corrosion.

Choose Monel Metal for your modern kitchen. Its natural silveriness will harmonize with your favorite color scheme. Wherever you use it—for table tops, sinks, drainboards, washing machines, hardware or other architectural uses—you will find Monel Metal the toughest and best-wearing of available materials.

Talk to your architect and sheet-metal worker. They will tell you how this silvery white alloy should be used in your home. Mail coupon for more information.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 67 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

UNTOLD centuries ago, Nature combined two-thirds Nickel with one-third copper and made the alloy that in 1905 was named Monel Metal. This alloy is produced and marketed solely by The International Nickel Company, Inc. The name "Monel Metal" is a registered trade mark and identifies the genuine alloy.

MONEL METAL—A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
67 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

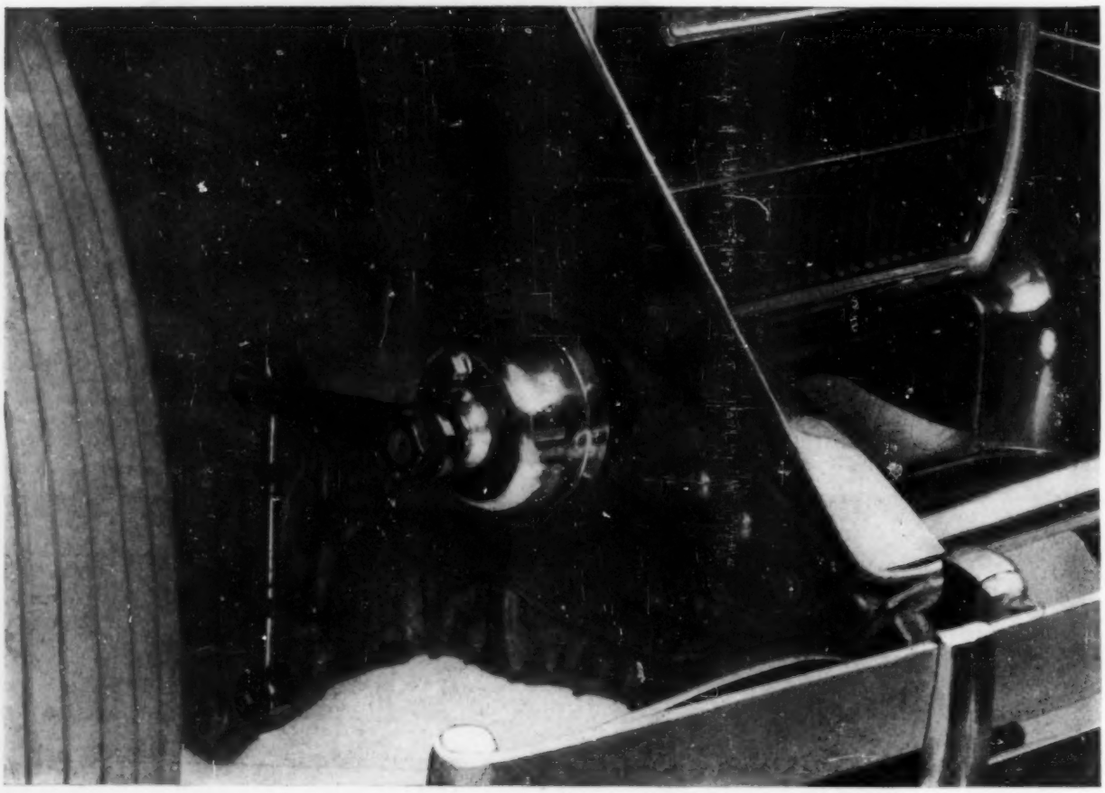
Please send me, without cost or obligation, your descriptive booklet, together with a sample of MONEL METAL.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

OCCUPATION _____

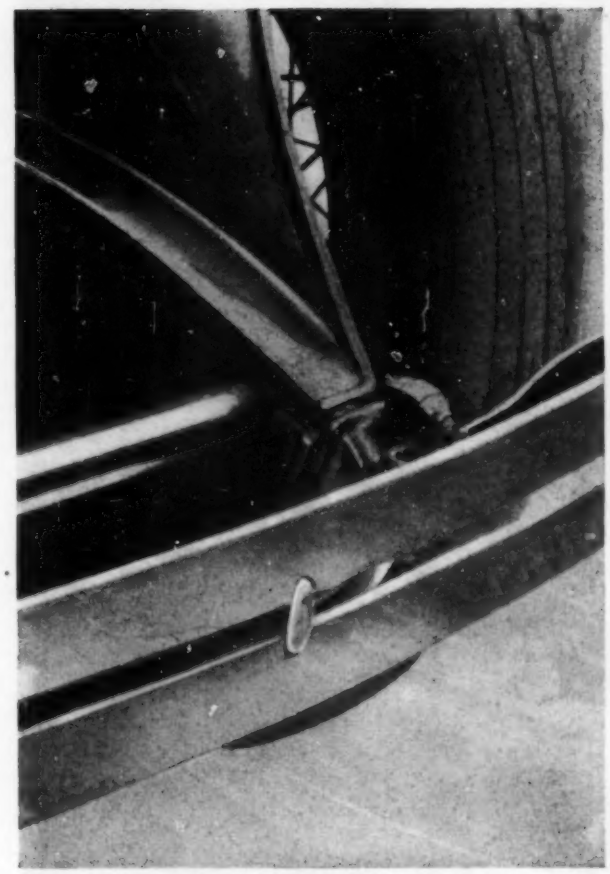
S. E. P. 1-29



GABRIEL HAS BUILT A NEW AND SUPREMELY

THE new Gabriel Triple-Hydraulic Shock Absorber has been produced to meet the exacting requirements of the many Americans who demand the *best* in everything they own. Years have been spent in perfecting it. Today Gabriel presents the ideal shock absorber . . . an instrument of precision, strong and beautiful, operating on an improved hydraulic principle, and providing the finest riding quality it is possible to build or to buy. The Gabriel Triple-Hydraulic Shock Absorber cushions both the downthrust and the upthrust of the springs. Its patented *triple-vane shaft* distributes the shock progressively over three times the usual surface, and absorbs every bump with a smooth, firm resistance exactly graduated to its severity. In action, on the road, it gives a new kind of riding comfort —the long-sought "floating ride."

Compact, sturdy, magnificently built, the Triple-Hydraulic will serve silently, continuously,



GABRIEL

TRIPLE

HYDRAULIC

SHOCK ABSORBERS

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

THE SET

INSTALLED

FINE HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBER

and outlast the car itself. It is forever sealed against leakage. Throughout, it is constructed of the finest steels, and the flashing beauty of its chromium-plated surface adds permanent distinction to any automobile.

Your own motor-car dealer will arrange for a Triple-Hydraulic demonstration at your convenience. The price is one hundred dollars the set of four, installed. *GABRIEL*, 1407 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE IRON WITH A BRAIN

Just the touch of a finger sets this throttle for ANY degree of ironing heat you want—LOW, HIGH or ANY heat between.

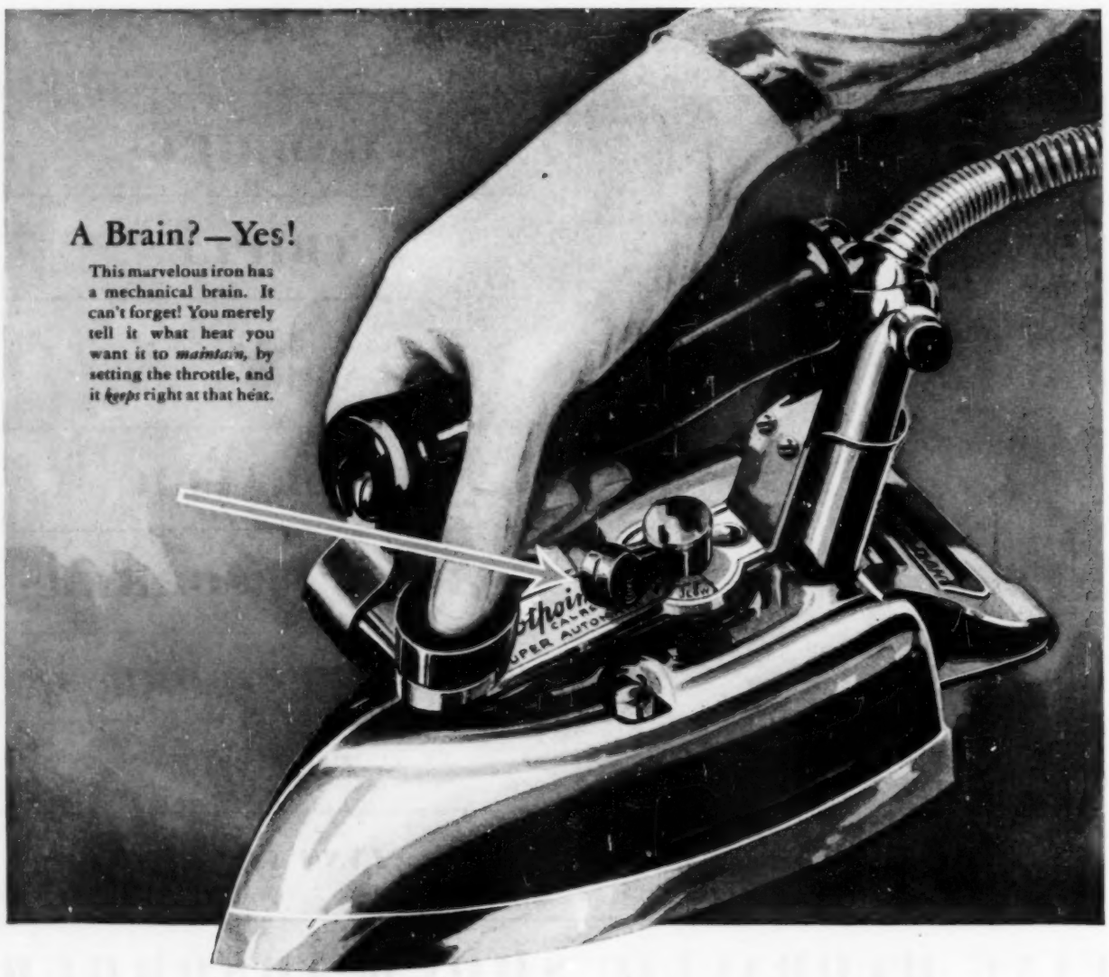
When ironing dainty things requiring a low even heat, set the throttle here. The iron *can't* get too hot and scorch while ironing.

And when ironing damp, heavy pieces set the throttle at HIGH. You don't have to wait at intervals for *this* iron to heat up again. It *stays* at the heat you want.

When the doorbell rings, don't pull the plug; don't worry about *this* iron overheating. On your return it will be just as you left it—ready to continue ironing without delay.

While you answer the 'phone, *this* iron keeps just as you had set it—low, high or *any* heat between.

When you stop to attend to the children, *this* iron won't get too hot or too cool. Not a minute is wasted—and electricity is saved, because you don't need to wait for it to heat up again or cool down.


A Brain?—Yes!
This marvelous iron has a mechanical brain. It can't forget! You merely tell it what heat you want it to *maintain*, by setting the throttle, and it *keeps* right at that heat.

The Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron, $8.80

Here is an iron

- –that has *maintained* heat control;
- –that you can have as *hot as you want* for ironing heavy damp pieces;
- –that you can have as *cool as you wish* for sheer fabrics and silk things;
- –that requires *no pulling of the plug;*
- –that *saves worries* about scorching;
- –that *wastes no time* waiting for the iron to cool off or heat up again;
- –that is *faster* and irons in less time;
- –that is *economical,* uses less current;
- –that is *safe,* cannot overheat;
- –that is *cooler* to use;
- –that requires *no lifting,* merely roll it back on its heel stand;
- –that has patented Thumb Rest which *relieves strain* on wrist, arm and shoulder;
- –that has a beveled soleplate which increases *visibility* of ironing;
- –that has a tapered point which fits into tucks and ruffles;
- –that is *dependable;* its CALROD element cast in solid iron is practically indestructible;
- –that is guaranteed by the World's Largest Appliance Manufacturer.

Other Hotpoint irons at $3.95 and $6.00. Ask your electric company or dealer to show you the Hotpoint line.

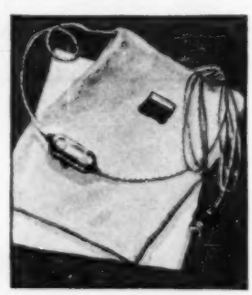
Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
5600 West Taylor Street Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

© 1929 E. E. A. Co.

Hotpoint Heating Pads

The *modern, better* way to apply the *exact* amount of heat desired and *maintain* that heat. Relieves all the aches, pains and cramps that yield to hot applications. Soft, flexible eiderdown, with removable outer muslin cover. Made in various sizes and types—and in cheerful colors—$5.00 to $8.00.



WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

HONOR

(Continued from Page 17)

Mr. Lovejoy. Lutherville was pushing closer to this plateau in streets of new houses.

"Case of have to," said Abigail. "*Vingt mille* dollars."

"I'm hungry," Frederica mentioned.

"Angel, you know where lunch is."

"You come!"

"No, run along. Abbie's busy."

Frederica pattered off, fell down on the veranda's steps and went unrestrainedly howling into her father's house.

"No control yet."

"You people do go in for Spartan manners, don't you?"

"It's just as well. Can you imagine us if Polly encouraged sniffling? . . . Listen here! Tell Freddie about Del firing himself. Forty dollars a week out of the family is an awful jolt. And Del can't push himself. Fred'll get him something. I sold a rotten essay on civics to a magazine last week. But I'm reserving that—that piece of luck. The girls have to have a dress apiece next month."

She had not swallowed her pride, saying this, because she was too like her mother for much false pride. The mob had to be fed amply and clothed enough. It was all very simple. Freddie Gross told me that the Lovejoys had never borrowed, even from him.

"Here he comes, Abbie."

"Great snakes," she said, "is the big fool naked?"

The boss of Lutherville approached us in his open car along Lake Place. At two hundred yards he had an appearance of being unclad, but that was because his coffee-colored and ancient silk shirt tightened around his shoulders and its sleeves had been sawed off rudely close to the shoulder. He was dirty but dressed. The green freckles swarming on his arms and face suggested a stippling of fine paint. He put one tennis shoe out of the machine and eased a terrible leg on the curb.

"We've got to eat downtown. Forgot this was the cook's off day. 'N' you," he ordered, "come too, Abbie."

"All right," she said simply, "if you'll rub that mortar off your nose."

Freddie rubbed his shapeless little nose and said, "Remind me to wash some more at the Greek's. Oh, say, G. Herbert Furnivall came to see what I'm doin'!"

"Will Mr. Furnivall like having a brick wall between his place and your garden?"

"Do I give a damn? Every time I look at his Italian cypresses," Freddie complained, "I get a bellyache. An' what's a widower with no kids want to build a country place for? The fat slob must be sixty, if he's ten."

"Vainglory," said Abigail, getting into the car. "W. J.'s friendly with one of his gardeners. Furnivall has a button in his tonneau so he can sound the horn himself, to be sure people see him passing."

"The devil he has!"

"The devil has," she drawled. "He's the richest man in Lutherville, isn't he? Why shouldn't he want people to remember it?"

Freddie turned his ugly jaw and his disorder of colorless hair to look at me over a stevedore's kind of shoulder and explained, "This cheese owns the big store on Pioneer Street. He's the only man in town I'd like to see thrashed."

"What's he done to you, Freddie?"

"Nothin'. He did it to a poor preacher back in 1908. Dad told me. This sky pilot had about ninety kids, of course, and he owed a bill at Furnivall's. He had some real estate a friend had willed to him—up here. It wasn't worth a hoot then. But everybody knew it would be sometime. Furnivall traded a bill of seventy dollars for six acres of land—made him a couple of hundred thousand in ten years. I call that honorable!"

"The trouble is," I said, "with your little anecdote that lots of people wouldn't see anything dishonorable in it. It's just some of our dear old Yankee smartness—the horse trader's instinct."

"Yeh," said the second richest man in Luther County, "that was all right fifty years back. But we ain't tradin' furs with the Indians any more."

"Fred, in honor of your alma mater—fair Harvard, thy sons—why the ain't?"

"Go on! I'm just a simple, unaffected Middle-Westerner!"

"Frederick," said Abbie, "a man who's trying to raise funds for a symphony orchestra hasn't any right to bad grammar. And it's a vile example for the mob. Behave yourself."

Freddie thought about his grammar or something. We rolled past houses of red brick, huddled off among oaks and maples on great plates of watered grass. The unaffected aristocracy of Lutherville, waiting for lunch, yelled at Frederick Gross and Abigail Lovejoy from verandas. Two grave young gentlemen stopped bludgeoning a tin motor car to death with baseball bats and beamed upon us. Everything was simple along here, in spite of renovated houses and big cars basking in front of garages, and a swimming pool or so. This was the district reared because Reuben Gross and Jasper Lovejoy had built out by the lake in 1870, when it took an hour to drive from Lutherville to this seclusion. Then we shot among fresher houses and turning drives with elaborate names. The big town swelled toward the west in concrete and stucco.

"Here's where Furnivall made his killing," Fred explained again, "and all these yawps in here buy their stuff in his darn store."

"There being no better store in Lutherville to buy from," Abigail drawled. "They can't pike off to New York and do the antique shops when they want a chair, Freddie."

"You find me someone who can run a good furniture shop, sis, an' I'll stake him."

He would stake anybody who would do something for his town. His telephone buzzed twenty times a day and he bawled back comments on some project or some complaint. We ran past a long building labeled the Community Hospital with a small tablet somewhere inside of it, saying that this hospital was established in memory of Letitia Van Tienhoven Gross and James Reuben Gross. We ran past a wading pool for children in the belt of slums and then past a new high school. Freddie cast an eye on the grass around his last performance and said he must speak to Mike Flaherty about that. In Pioneer Street, he halted the car and spoke to a swart person named Joe about the incinerator at the Lakeside Country Club, which, he said, stunk too much; and then, as we were getting out of the machine close to the bronze Indians and pioneers of his grandfather's monument, a lady with rabid eyes laid hands on him and spoke of a treasonable textbook used in a public school attended by her grandson. It seemed that this book had something harsh to say about Abraham Lincoln's financial policies. The old lady couldn't have that sort of thing! She backed the giant slowly across the sidewalk and held him speechless, nailed by the flow of her words to a window of Mr. G. Herbert Furnivall's store. Several newsboys and a policeman gathered to hear the boss of Lutherville argue with an old woman whose clothes hadn't been new in some years.

"He loves it," said Abigail. "It's the breath of his life. He'll listen to her for an hour. Come along, we can order lunch."

We walked by Mr. Furnivall's five show windows, and a girl who was altering something in one frame glanced out at Miss Lovejoy with attention, and stopped unrolling a band of lurid cloth to look after Abigail. I had to remember that anybody who spoke English in Lutherville knew who was walking beside me—or knew, anyhow, that she was one of the Lakeside set, just as the whole city knew Freddie Gross. We walked in a street that might have been cut out of New York or San Francisco, a pattern of high buildings, cornices and taxicabs. A noontime traffic battered along. But this was Lutherville, and a lady getting into an egregious azure motor car stopped to gush some sentences at the girl.

"Who's that?"

"Oh, nobody much. One of the Furnivall gang—a Mrs. Donlin. Her husband's something in a bank."

"Has Furnivall a gang?"

"Naturally. Have twenty million dollars no friends? Some of them are quite nice too. But I hate to see it happen. He's so bad for the town."

"It's so funny," I said, "to come out here and hear people talking about what's good or bad for a town. A few Furnivalls more or less wouldn't disturb New York for a minute, and ——"

"And doesn't that give you"—she had slowed before a window—"a pain any place?"

Mr. Furnivall had filled the last wonderful window with an arsenal of melody. Automatic pianos and mere pianos and phonographs masquerading as Venetian cupboards and violins in cases of black wood lined with irritating velvets, were all disposed around a flaring placard that told me: "Lutherville is raising money for a symphony orchestra. Are you really musical? Come and see our music department about it. G. H. Furnivall." The signature was a big copy, I suppose, of G. Herbert Furnivall's own script.

"Pretty stale," I said. "That signature dodge has been worked to death. Mr. Furnivall doesn't seem to be very original. Even his dirty trick about the Mandracchia fellow was old. . . . I wonder why stores shouldn't be reviewed in newspapers, as plays and concerts and books are? It'd do them lots of good. Can't you imagine the effect of a good paragraph on this window?"

"I don't know whether the piano with the Leaning Tower on the lid is worse than the music case with the roses," Abigail brooded. "But you can't review a shop. The shopkeepers wouldn't stand for it, would they?"

"I don't see why the merchant should be exempt from criticism, Abbie. The poet and the painter and the pragmatic philosopher have to stand it. Why shouldn't a grocer? Let them learn to stand it. They're not all as dishonorable as Mr. Furnivall. Oh, you'd have some of them howling bloody murder for a while, but it would do business good, as a matter of fact. It would make good taste an instant matter for public discussion. A crowd of people at a country-club dinner arguing whether the carpets at Brown, Smith & Company's were as bad as the Morning Yawp said would be better off than they are talking golf scores and scandal. I think I'll try to start a crusade about it."

"And what'll you take to criticize?"

"Oilcloth and neckties, Abbie. I have phobias about them. Just what did this young Mandracchia say, to bruise the sacred egotism of Mr. Furnivall? Del didn't tell us."

A shadow near me said in Freddie's voice, "It was just three lines in that Notes of the Town Column. He said the front of the new movie in Center Street was as ugly as any trash you could waste your money on in Furnivall's basement."

"You walk too softly for an oaf six-feet-five long, Freddie. . . . Del fired himself off the Pioneer this morning on Mr. Mandracchia's account, by the way. Nobody's had time to tell you."

"Good enough," said Freddie, his hands in his pockets, staring at the bright pianos. "He can start doin' publicity for the symphony committee on Monday, with Mandracchia."

Abigail looked at the giant and opened and shut her eyes. "Freddie, when did you hear of Mandracchia being fired from the Pioneer? Tell me the truth!"

"I can't. May have been ten minutes after Furnivall walked out of the Pioneer office on Saturday. May ha' been fifteen. I heard it Saturday," he admitted. "And I heard about Del half an hour back. And, sister Abbie, I've got two affidavits from men that Furnivall said he'd withdraw his advertising from the Pioneer if they didn't fire Mandracchia."

Abigail Lovejoy's face changed, in some way I couldn't just make out for one minute. Then I understood that she had grown pale. Something curiously happened between herself and Freddie as we all stood by the shimmering window.

"Fred, what are you starting?"

"Nothin'. If Furnivall wants to start somethin', let him."

"Oh, Fred!"

"Look at her," he said, immovable, with a wind mussing his pale, rough hair. "There's your dyed-in-the-wool conservative! She hates Furnivall like poison. But nice people don't get in scraps. Let the fella do any dirt he likes an' just talk about him at tea fights an' keep him out of the country club for a bounder."

Abigail fluttered her hands in a woeful gesture and said, "You didn't hear it when Fred had his row with the street commissioner last year. They had to scrape the language off the buildings afterward. He stood here, you know, and Mr. McConnel was over there in a car at the curb, and Freddie called him a lame oyster, and then women fainted. . . . I'm going home, Fred. I'll send Richard Two back with your car."

"I won't stop it, sister, even if you turn your mother loose on me."

But Abigail was loping off toward the car, twenty yards from us. She would be with her mother in ten minutes, and Polly Lovejoy's quiet power over the giant might be turned loose. He would do almost anything on Mrs. Lovejoy's orders. This serene lady had replaced his father and his mother for the boss of Lutherville, years ago. And it was plain that she would be invoked now. The car rushed up Pioneer Street, past the monument of Freddie's grandfather with the Indians in bronze grouped at the base; some blown sparkles from the fountain dashed toward Abigail.

"That girl values your safety, Fred."

"I know she does. Only she's got to find out that you can't handle as big a town as this with a garden spray. I've walked on G. Herbert's toes two or three times already. His book department's the agent for a couple of school text people. I got Perrin's history taken on by the school board an' a couple of other things, and G. Herbert lost about twelve thousand a year on it. He did just everything short of tryin' to bribe the board to get his graft back. An' I shut him off on a deal for the furniture in the new high school. . . . Say, what's a man with no kids want with more'n twenty millions?"

"Has he that much?"

"Yeh. I ain't a bank director for nothin'. It's that much."

"Freddie, you're thirty-one. Haven't you ever meditated those two staple words, 'avarice' and 'ostentation'?"

The big man wriggled his worn tennis shoes on the stones and shook his head.

"Yeh, but I don't get it. I've got four million an' some more. The story goes I'm worth double that."

"Triple that, Fred."

"Sure! Money in the bank never grows less if you spend it. Get psychological and tell me that Furnivall's gratifying his sense of power. My answer is that it's no excuse. The fella just hasn't any sense of honor. I take it that honor's bein' willin' to criticize your own desires. All this louse wants is

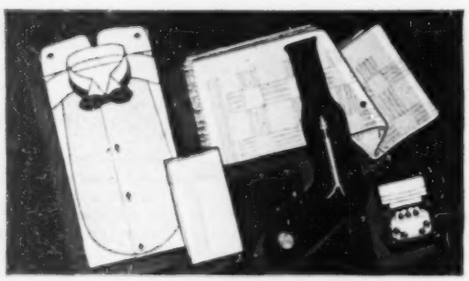
(Continued on Page 91)

Exotic decoration . . . blue music . . . overtones of tinkling glass and gay repartee . . . . Half New York has retired; half has attired, with a studied perfection in every detail, for the smart night life of the city.

There is no cover charge for correctness in formal attire designed by Wilson Brothers. For the man seeking tasteful restraint combined with today's trend in accessories for evening wear, Wilson Brothers Style Committee reaches out into Bond Street, into the Champs Élysées, into Fifth Avenue. Week by week its representatives at home and abroad make note of what is uppermost in the moving cycle of fashion. The result is a strict interpretation of what is proper in the niceties of haberdashery with the faddy weeded out. Yet this expert knowledge costs you not a penny. You pay only for the materials and the tailoring, and the price is modest considering their fine quality. So that, with haberdashery bearing the Wilson Brothers label, perfection of style is not a commodity but a condition. Men buy it with confidence at better haberdashery stores the country over.

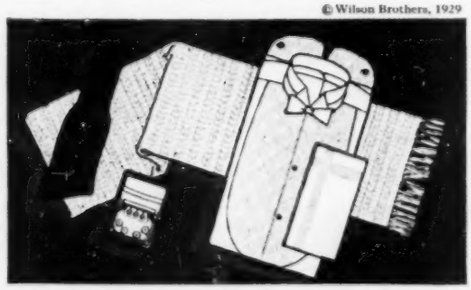
Shirts · Neckwear · Hosiery · Scarfs · Handkerchiefs · Belts
Underwear · Nightwear · Suspenders · Garters and Novelties

© Wilson Brothers, 1929



TUXEDO ENSEMBLE *by Wilson Brothers: shirt with starched bosom of figured piqué; black satin bow; silk clocked hose; linen handkerchief with hand-rolled edge; smoked pearl stud set; silk fringed muffler.*

FULL DRESS ENSEMBLE *by Wilson Brothers: two-stud shirt with stiff piqué front and cuffs; white piqué bow; black silk hose; hand-rolled edge handkerchief; stud set of white pearl; knitted muffler.*



WILSON BROTHERS
Haberdashery

CHICAGO · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · LONDON · PARIS

(Continued from Page 89)

the earth. And he's bad for the town. Here's Ed Burdick's kid wife yellin' all over the club last night—she's nineteen years old and her father's just a doctor—because Ed won't get her an Arizotta."

"I can't tell one motor from the next, Fred. Is that glorified mousetrap of Furnivall's an Arizotta?"

"Yeh. Special body from England. Twenty-nine or thirty thousand. We've always been simple, out here. . . . If Furnivall was the kind that collects good pictures or starts a museum, or comes through for hospitals, I wouldn't get so sick of him. Biggest check he ever gave a charity is one thousand dollars. His servants cost the fool that a month."

"And yet," I said, "if this little wop he had fired off the newspaper got a soap box and a street corner and started raving for communism or any other concealed form of paternalism, how upset the Pioneer would get about the spread of radicalism in the United States!"

My voice had got rather loud against the traffic and I mentioned the United States just as we strolled into the big restaurant. A dozen people heard the name of their country and wondered what had happened to it, and then saw Freddie. So I stood back from the rush of men toward Freddie Gross. It was partly pleasant to watch, this wash of people around the giant's dirty old shirt and inordinate shoulders. A gaunt person grabbed one arm and began a frantic demand for new pavements on West River Street, and a youth in very bad clothes wanted to know if the symphony orchestra would play something or other Slavic, and some of the lunchers merely wanted to talk to Freddie. But there were four or five manufactured smiles and voices hollowly affectionate, and a gentleman got frowned on for slapping the boss on the back.

"Just why," Fred wondered, "does a kind of ape think it makes you love him to have him hammer your spinal column?"

"The tradition is, Freddie, that it recalls the days of one's youth when you and he were a pair of beamish lads, facing fair days and foul together, on the dear old high-school team."

"I spose it's that. I suppose it's —— Hey, brother, get us a lot of somethin' cold—an' quick."

A red-headed youth in a white jacket said, "All right. . . . Listen, Jim Hamlin quit the Pioneer this morning, and Del Lovejoy."

"I know, kid. Had it on the phone."

"All right, I'll get you some cold chicken."

"That'll do us. Go 'long."

Freddie put his naked elbows on the table and began to brood. He might be considering new pavements for West River Street, or lunch, or the departure of the Pioneer's city editor. I had met Mr. Hamlin on other trips to Lutherville. He was thinking of Mr. Hamlin.

"It takes more nerve for Jim to fire himself than it looks. He's got four kids an' nothin' in the bank. He goes on for head publicity man of the symphony committee, of course."

"Just what form is your assault on Mr. Furnivall taking?"

"Isn't any assault. It's just a statement of cold fact. Then let him start something."

He went on brooding and ate two rolls. I looked around the plastered room, imitated from something Latin as badly as possible, and picked out a black-haired lad sweating along with a tray as Mr. Mandracchia. He was a plain, weedy fellow and the tray was a real burden to him. I filled with sympathy and wondered how many little Mandracchias he helped to support over in the Italian district.

"That kid doesn't look too healthy."

"What kid?"

"Young Mandracchia."

"Bill," Freddie told our red-headed waiter, as a tray banged down on the table, "this man's worried about your health."

"So'm I. You haven't ever smelled the service pantry here."

"Fire yourself. Now Jim Hamlin's loose, we can get the publicity started any time. There'll be an announcement in the Express this afternoon."

"All right," said Mr. Mandracchia.

He was plainly a descendant of one of the red-haired Venetian ladies who glow in the paintings of Titian, although the celebrated and boresome artist never pictorially mentioned their freckles.

"Were you born in Venice, Mr. Mandracchia?"

"Gosh! Naw! East Center Street," said Mr. Mandracchia, setting a pitcher of iced tea on my right hand. He was an abominably bad waiter.

"But your family comes from Venice?"

"I think grandfather was born in Mantua. Mother's maiden name," he said coldly, "is McCoy, if you mean my hair's red. . . . Say, Mr. Gross, what d'you think that egg-shaped plutocrat'll do when he hears about Mr. Hamlin an' Del Lovejoy?"

"I dunno, bud. It'll be interesting to see. My bet is that he'll be a good deal upset. He probably had you fired in a fit of bad temper. I don't suppose he can be as big a cheese as he looks. Shouldn't," Freddie pondered, "be surprised if you found yourself gettin' apologized to."

"I'll bet you fifty," said Mr. Mandracchia, "that he never apologizes to anybody. Sal worked in his dump for six months last year. I know somethin' about G. Herbert Furnivall."

"Who's Sal?"

"Salvatore—my youngest uncle. He's my age."

"Excuse me. You people are almost as hard to keep track of as the Lovejoys. Well, fifty to fifty, Bill."

"All right, boss. . . . D'you want any dessert?"

Mr. Mandracchia went away to get us some ice cream. Freddie brooded and then pronounced:

"Naw! G. Herbert ain't as bad as he sounds. But look at him for a fool. He's been drivin' past old Mike Mandracchia's grocery for thirty years. Every time in the last fifteen years he goes to pay his taxes, he's seen Joe Mandracchia sign the receipt in the office. But he never thought about Mandracchia. The name didn't mean a thing to him. Why, this pup could have started a boycott on Furnivall's! He's got two uncles police captains. One of his big brothers is head clerk at the traction company, and his grandfather, old Phelim McCoy, is king of the third ward. But G. Herbert never pays any attention to proletarians. He collects Spanish furniture for his Italian house."

"Why didn't you let him start a boycott?"

"Just because he's a pup—think the kid hasn't any sense of honor? The minute there was a boycott on Furnivall's, there'd be two hundred girls out of work!"

When I blush, the nasty sensation crawls around behind my ears and lasts a long time. I changed the subject as swiftly as I could.

"Did you tell that boy to plant himself here as a public statement?"

"You'll be a real bright fella when you're forty. You get an idea pretty fast for an Easterner."

"I was born," I said haughtily, "in Iowa!"

Mrs. Lovejoy drawled, "I should say you were. Haven't you ever heard him call water, wat-ter, Freddie?" She sat down before we could scramble up, and told me, "The tooth has been found. Snorty wants to wear it on a chain now. . . . Now, Freddie, what's this you're doing?"

"Nothin', Polly."

"I feel so sure of that," said the slim lady. "Anyhow, it's awfully interesting. And I hope Abbie wasn't as rude to you as she thinks she was."

"Wasn't rude at all—we just had a fight!"

"Girls," said the mother of fourteen children, "aren't as excitable as boys, but they melodramatize episodes so. Abbie's nose gets horribly red when she cries. I drove your nasty car back to see what the basis of all this babble was. It's a loathsome car," she added. "Why don't you drive your new one?"

"Too shiny for daylight yet, Polly."

"Bosh! That's false humility. It cost you only twenty-five hundred. I know all the prices. The mob keeps me informed. I can tell the price of anything on four wheels. You're beginning to pose a little, Freddie."

"I am not!"

"You are," she said, "so! Drive your new car, baby, and give the mob this awful thing. . . . I absorb all Freddie's cast-off luxuries, you know. His shirts make a whole set of underclothes for a normal male animal."

"Lemme give the mob a good car for Christmas, Polly."

"No, I can't encourage ostentation. But it's W. J.'s birthday next Monday and if you wanted to give him a decent watch—he's old enough—we'd be enchanted."

"Remind me of it Saturday, honey. . . . Did Abbie really cry?"

"Of course she did, you jackass! She thinks Furnivall will have your house dynamited or something. She's quite bright," Mrs. Lovejoy reflected, "but women are fearfully superstitious about the power of money. She thinks he can do something, but she doesn't know just what. I know what he'll do, of course. I talked to him about charities once. He'll be the indignant martyr."

"Rot!"

"You'll withdraw that insulting monosyllable before bedtime, my child. . . . And stop eating ice cream and wipe your mouth."

We drove home. I noticed the large front of M. Mandracchia's grocery at the corner of Pioneer Street and West Center Street. But I was uselessly thinking about Abigail's fit of tears. A young woman who complains that a man of thirty-one treats her as though she were his brother and cries because he may have a squabble with a fool does not need much analysis. I went on thinking about her while we were admiring Samuel Norton Lovejoy's recovered tooth in the deep, shapeless veranda of the big house. Abigail filtered among some lilacs, threw a stone at a sparrow and came up the steps.

"Sorry, Fred."

"Aw, shut up," said the giant, over Snorty's shoulder. "Come an' kiss me an' I'll forgive you."

"Go to thunder! He," she said to me, "kisses us all on birthdays. It's a horrible moment—so damp and awkward."

She wandered off. Freddie sent his green eyes after her until she rounded a corner of the house.

"An' Polly gave me the hot water 'n 'mustard," Samuel Norton continued, "an' ——"

"The details may be reserved for your biography, Snort."

"He's got a realistic mind," said Freddie, getting up from his knees. "He'd better go in politics when he has long pants. . . . Leave go of me, Snorts. I have to go work on my spite fence."

We drove obliquely across Lake Place and an ancient postman flung some letters into the car on Freddie's driveway, saying, "There y'are, Fred. How's y'wall gettin' on?" This subtly pleased me, because, as long as the postmen called him Fred and red-haired grandsons of Italian grocers called him boss in that simple way, there would be progress in Lutherville. And I happen to like Lutherville. I sat in the walnut-plated library, facing east and south, and tried to write an article on a Spanish painter, and watched unsolid domes of oak and maple shiver in a wind all down the slope to the hazy city, or glanced across the golf course of the Lakeside Club to the fifty fluid square miles of shallow lake. The strict and peculiar peace of the midlands surrounded my pointless consideration of Freddie's powers. This was his town, as long as he chose to run it, from his post on the school board and the directorate of two banks. It had the qualities of a fair possession, and Freddie, writing something in gold paint on the door of his veteran car, whistled dreamily below the veranda of wide planks and the molded iron railing, tinted yellow, on which his grandfather had lodged carpet slippers when Gettysburg was yesterday and an income tax—by heaven, sir!—was an outrage thinkable only to these European anarchists, gentlemen! William James Lovejoy, on an old bicycle, came circulating in to leave a copy of the afternoon Express and I thought that the great-nephew of a President was safer acting as newsboy on Lake Place, in Lutherville, than where he would be accessible to the smart sympathy of journalism.

"Who's the A for, Fred?"

"Abbie, kid. An' if I catch any of you dogs ridin' in this when she hasn't said you can, you'll have sore pants. Tell Richard 2d to come an' drive it over before dinner."

"Gosh! She'll be crazier about you'n she is already!"

Freddie's knee stirred on the gravel. He said, soon, "Listen, W. J.! That was loose control. If Ab likes me, it's none of your business tellin' me. Let her tell me herself."

"I'm sorry, Fred."

"All right, babe. An' tell Dick to come for this junk. An' tell Del to come over after dinner. Go 'long. It'll be four o'clock before the public gets its Express."

He walked presently into the hall, silent on his feet, and for one moment looked at himself in the old round mirror above the marble stand. Then he tossed the newspaper at me and went out through the long dining room to work on his wall, grabbing some thin sugared cookies from a bowl as he passed. An incompetent butler and a pair of women looked after the boss of Lutherville. He would never fire them unless his supply of food was cut off. They fed him and dusted the rooms and he was content with that. He meandered among the lettuces of his practical garden and paused to yell some order to the cook, in the west wing of the house. Then he picked up a trowel, rubbed it on his desolating trousers and set to work, whistling.

I sat with the newspaper on my lap and thought about Abbie Lovejoy a time, and then looked at the Express for what might be on its front page. If he went to war with G. Herbert Furnivall, the war would be direct. Its opening battle was a note next to some news from China.

"The publicity committee of the Lutherville Symphony Society," the Express stated, "has been appointed by the governors, and consists of Mr. James Hamlin, Mr. Delray Livingston Lovejoy and Mr. William Oliver Mandracchia, all lately of the staff of the Pioneer. Mr. Mandracchia was dismissed by the Pioneer on last Saturday, at the request of Mr. G. H. Furnivall, for uttering a criticism of Mr. Furnivall's store in the Notes of the Town, Page 3 of Friday's issue of the Pioneer. Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Lovejoy resigned from the Pioneer in protest against the treatment of Mr. Mandracchia this morning. The publicity committee's offices will be on the third floor of the Warren Building, 49 Pioneer Street."

I read this bald collection of facts twice and decided simply that Freddie had written it. I decided what everybody else was deciding just then, in offices on Pioneer Street, in living rooms furnished by time and accident, in lounges of the plaster villas furnished with Spanish antiques from Furnivall's second story, and the echo came back in a rattling of the telephone.

"This is Mrs. Donlin—Mrs. Warren Donlin," said the telephone. "Mr. Gross, have you seen this simply atrocious thing in the paper about —— Oh, don't cut me off, Central! I'm connected with ——"

A thinnish tenor replaced her soprano nervousness. It said, "Say, Freddie, there's blood on the moon! He's just canceled his advertising! And Shaver's been weeping on me from the Pioneer about the ethics of journalism. He says the radical menace in——"

(Continued on Page 94)

The NEW Fire

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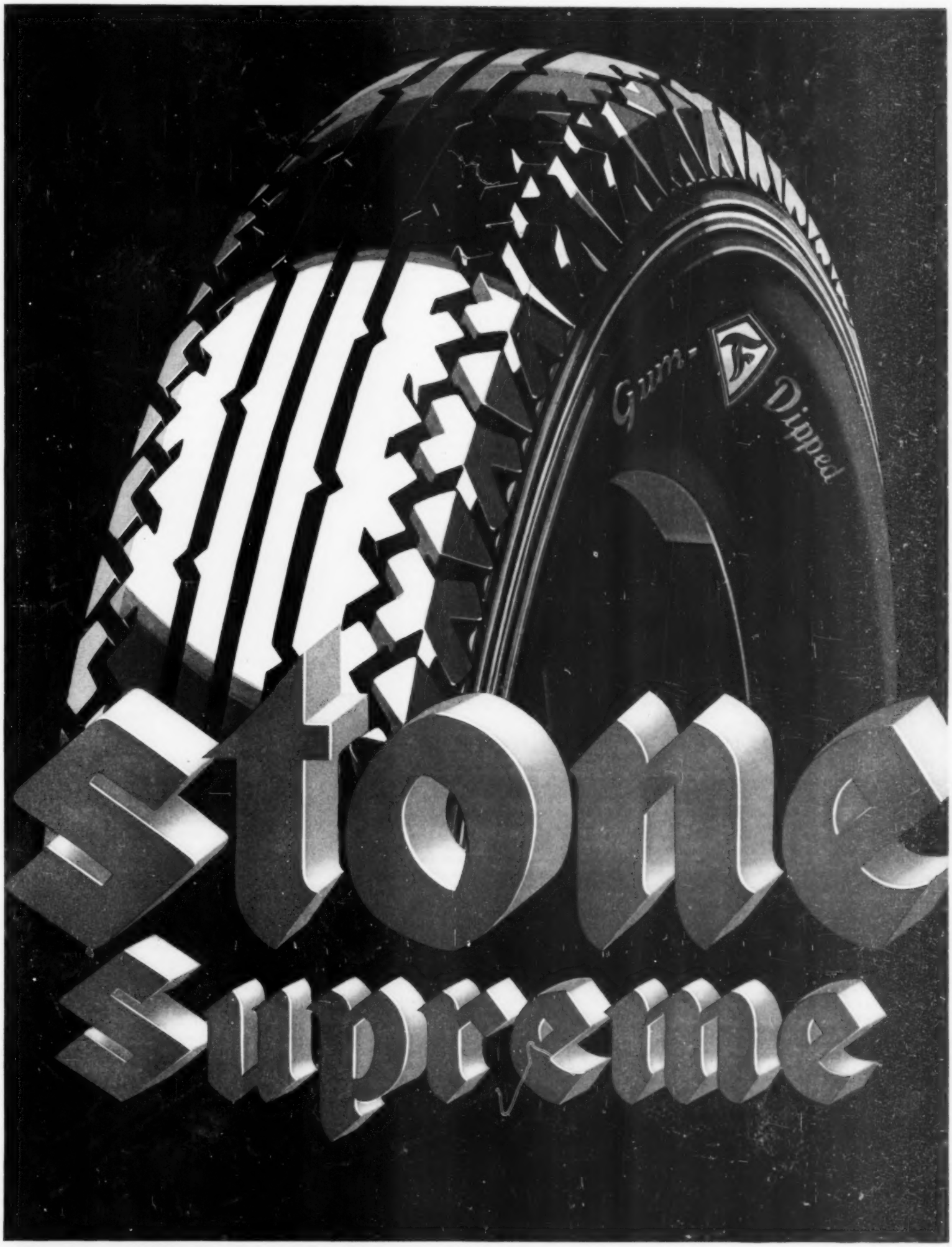
Gum-Dipped
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Supreme

(Continued from Page 91)

"Is this Mr. Gross?" Mrs. Donlin began again. "Oh, Central! Please!"

I ran away from the racket of the telephone and ruined several lettuces. Mr. Richard Lovejoy 2d, taking the car down the drive, looked at me with some approval. At least, he thought, it can run when it wants to. I rose, as they say, in his esteem and he addressed me on the topic of hurdling next day. He took the old car home to Abigail without stopping and left me to lope through the garden.

"A Mrs. Donlin thinks it's atrocious, and a high tenor says that he's canceled his advertising already, Fred."

"Swell! When he doesn't flash an ad in the Express tomorrow, all the men downtown'll laugh their heads off. Mrs. Donlin's his head yes man's squaw."

Freddie put another brick in place and wiped some mortar on his nose with the back of a hand. The wall was now three feet high for thirty yards. It confronted the white manor of G. Herbert Furnivall at a distance of four hundred feet, perhaps, and told it to go about its business.

"This isn't the best brick in the world," the giant said. "I bought it from a kid that's just settin' up in business, *pour l'encourager un peu*. It chips too easy." He kicked some broken bricks back from his gob of mortar in an old soap box and gazed across the wall toward the white house. "What d'you think he'll do?"

"Aren't the chances simply that he won't do anything, Fred?"

"Maybe. But he's heavy in the neck. I rather imagine," said Freddie, forgetting to be undignified in his interest, "that he'll stage a scene with me. But Polly Lovejoy's a fool to think he'll play martyr. He'll ——"

He set to work again. I retired two yards and sat down among the lettuces and took a leaf to nibble. On the stone terrace of G. Herbert Furnivall's villa appeared G. Herbert Furnivall and none other. The egg-shaped plutocrat in white linen bobbed from a French window of his den, and the silver buckle of his white belt was now a moving spark. His shirt was not pink. But egg-shaped plutocrats on hot August days should not wear translucent silk shirts. His chest and upper stomach were pathetically exhibited by the moist fabric when he got to the low wall. Meanwhile Freddie's telephone was sounding its exasperation from the house and a wind blundered among the oak leaves in a harsh kind of vegetable laughter.

"I say, Gross, you're one of the owners of the Express. Are you going to stand for this nonsense about me?"

"Well," said Freddie, "I dunno. You did have Bill Mandracchia fired, you know. And Hamlin an' Del Lovejoy did fire themselves for that reason. I can't help it if the Express prints the truth, can I?"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Furnivall, slapping his hands flat on the topmost bricks. "What I want to know is this: Are you going to stand for this little Dago radical attacking solid business in this city?"

"Bill isn't a radical," Freddie explained, rubbing his nose, "and he didn't attack solid business. He said you had ugly trash in your bargain basement. That's just a statement of fact, isn't it?"

I ate most of a lettuce leaf and heard a car on Freddie's driveway. But Mr. Furnivall was more entertaining than some furious caller, and I did not turn to see the machine stop.

For Mr. Furnivall had drawn back from the wall. The pause lasted about two decades or half a century.

"Gross, I've been doing business in Lutherville for forty years. I helped Pomeroy build up that store of mine and took it over when he died. We men who give service to the community are entitled"—his voice really broke there—"to some protection from all this confounded radical element in ——"

"I told you Bill Mandracchia isn't an anarchist. I've noticed," said Freddie, "that political opinions rather tend to be hereditary. Old Mike Mandracchia hasn't ever taken out citizenship papers, because he can't understand a country without a king and an aristocracy. Now ——"

"But we men who give service to the community are entitled to some protection from all this two-cent criticism that's running round! That infernal whelp said ——"

"Why are you entitled to protection from criticism, two-cent or five-cent?"

"Oh, don't take that childish tone, Gross! This is a perfectly insufferable thing," the martyr said. "Can't you see how serious it is? We men who give service to a community are entitled to some protection, aren't we?"

Freddie loaded his trowel with mortar and said, "I don't see why. The Pioneer can hurt the sales of any book gets printed by turnin' out a bad review or gum any play that comes to the theaters. Why can't the lousy trash in your bargain basement be treated same way, Mr. Furnivall? You make 200 per cent on it, Christmastime."

Mr. Furnivall drew two steps farther back. He nearly tripped on a pretty exotic shrub set in his fine turf. But it was more interesting that tears stood in his eyes. A profound sorrow lifted his stomach twice.

"I've been giving service to this community for ——"

"You mean sellin' stuff, don't you, Mr. Furnivall? When people renew leases on me, I never think I'm givin' them anything. They're payin' me money for my real estate. But go on. I interrupted you, sir."

"Oh, really, Gross!"

"Really what?"

"If you're going to argue in that perfectly childish manner," said G. Herbert Furnivall, "I've nothing more to say. But it's dishonorable! I'll make that my last word—dishonorable! And they call you a good moral influence in this community! But you encourage this two-cent Italian loafer to attack solid business. It's"—his stomach rose—"incredible! Do you think solid people are going to back your symphony orchestra when—when they give service to the community and ——"

A red object, three-cornered, roamed through the sunlight and descended, grazing Mr. Furnivall's left shoulder. He dodged sideways, peered down at the broken brick, and then said, "Really, Miss Lovejoy!" in the last heave of a noble protest against everything. Having spoken, he turned and paced away in complete dignity, and I felt ashamed of a world that treated a man like that, when he was giving service to the community.

"Yes, really, Abbie!" said Mrs. Lovejoy, in a slightly lifted drawl. "I must say! And you're generally such a good shot!"

Abigail dusted some powder from the brick out of one palm and scowled after Mr. Furnivall until he popped into his white house as though the egg had been returned to its place in the crate. Then she said, "Thanks a lot, Freddie," with her mouth fluttering and the white frock twitched full in the motion of her breathing, and the sun glittering on the white ribbons in her Indian hair.

"Oh, well, the brake needs tightenin'. Have it fixed before you ——"

He stopped and was merely looking at her. The white gown swayed above the lettuces and the sunlight was a song around her head.

He seemed to notice that one of his shoes was all wrong, and stooped, coloring, to fiddle with the lace.

"Have Dick fix that brake for you, Abbie, before you drive any."

"You behaved beautifully. I—had to throw something!"

"It's frightful," said her mother, "when conservatives explode. . . . Do come and show me your Spanish photographs."

We walked among the lettuces toward the impatient telephone. A deputation of the younger Lovejoys had come across Lake Place attending Abbie's new car, and were grouped around the machine, feeling it cautiously. They scattered as their mother came close to them.

"You can all go home," she said, "at once. And, Bimmy, it's your turn to peel potatoes this evening. And if any of you mentions that he saw Abbie throw anything, it's very weak control. You mustn't tease her about it. Go home."

Some of them said, "Yes, Polly," and they all went home, although Valentine Joseph did pause to toot the horn of the car. However, neither figure beyond the lettuces turned at the noise. One of the two was still fiddling with a shoelace and the other was watching it, and they seemed to be silent.

"It'll be interesting," I said, "to see what happens now."

"Oh, a minor social war!"

"I wasn't," I explained, "thinking of that."

"Don't be so horribly obvious! As a matter of honor," she said, "we have to pretend that nothing has happened. He was taking her to the dance at the club tonight, anyhow."

HOOCH

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pretty quick I'm goin' to drop in an' say hello to the old boy."

Dobbs, being one of those men who see greatness only in others, appeared duly awed by the familiar tone in which Paddy spoke of so powerful a man as Swinnerton.

"He's a big guy," he said slowly, turning as he spoke toward the high desk, which might well have been a monument to his career. "I guess the old man owes his appointments to Swinnerton."

Still Flenger waited. He was watching the clock behind Dobbs' big desk. He planned to give them ten minutes. In order to compose his nerves for the test ahead, he smoked a fresh cigar. The smoke hissed through the bristles of his mustache as he expelled it from his lungs.

His fingers danced along his watch chain, hooked into his armholes, explored the depths of his trouser pockets a thousand times as the ten minutes crept slowly past. Now and then his eyes sought the door to Barr's room. He would have given a good deal to know exactly what was being said behind that door.

The ten minutes were up. Dobbs, still seated at his high desk, was scratching industriously across a departmental form. Now and then he raised his eyes mechanically to look at the closed door behind which sat power and influence and greatness. Dobbs was that sort. In a vague sort of way Flenger pitied him.

Paddy puffed his cigar into glowing life, jerked a bit nervously at the skirt of his coat, then strode across the room toward Barr's office. In his step there was jaunty confidence. Dobbs watched him. A look of frightened amazement crossed his features as he saw that Paddy did not pause to knock. He simply seized the knob, opened the door and stepped briskly inside. Then the door slammed after him.

Barr looked up at the unexpected intrusion with surprise as great as Dobbs had shown. But Flenger had planned out his course. He was taking things by storm. Before the door had closed behind him he said:

"By the way, chief, I forgot to tell you —— Well, well! Alderman Swinnerton himself! This is a surprise—a mighty pleasant surprise, alderman. How are yuh?"

He strode across the room with hand outstretched and face beaming under a wide smile. Though surprised, Swinnerton rose and accepted his hand.

"Yes," he murmured uncertainly—"yes, indeed."

"You know the alderman, eh?" Barr said doubtfully.

"Know him?" Flenger laughed boisterously. "I'll tell the world I know him! Didn't I canvass every voter in my precinct for him? I'd like to find a man in the department that don't know the alderman, chief!"

"We were talking over a little business about the department, Paddy ——" Barr began in a suggestive tone.

"An' a lucky meetin' this is too," Flenger went on heedlessly. "The chief an' I were talkin' about you only this afternoon, alderman. It's a lucky thing I happened to come back. Barr an' I have worked together for a good many years. We kept our skirts clean an' did a good job at the same time. That means a good combination, eh, chief?" He laughed insinuatingly. "An' just this afternoon we were talkin' about me comin' over into this precinct an' renewin' the old connection. We'd keep things rollin' along sweet an' clean, all right. Half the department knows we made the best all-around team the town's seen in years."

The alderman showed faint signs of annoyance and cast a glance at Barr. It was a glance that indicated a desire to rid the conference of this sudden and unexpected addition.

Barr wet his lips and looked slightly helpless. He started to speak once more, but Flenger beat him to it.

"By the way, alderman," he smiled semiconfidentially, "I had the pleasure of doin' you a slight favor today. That is, I did it because I knew it was for you indirectly." He deliberately paused until Swinnerton had time to speak.

"That so?" the alderman asked uncertainly. "What was it?"

"Martin, you know," Flenger grinned with an understanding wink. "I happened to connect up with a Federal man that was aimin' to put the finger on him. Knowin' that Martin is your friend, I steered him off. It cost me twenty, but I was glad to do it for you, alderman."

"What're you talkin' about?" Swinnerton demanded, his huge eyes bulging out. "What Martin?"

Flenger laughed airily and with deliberation lifted his cigar and puffed at it. "Old John Martin," he answered presently—"the saloonkeeper that's sellin' your booze."

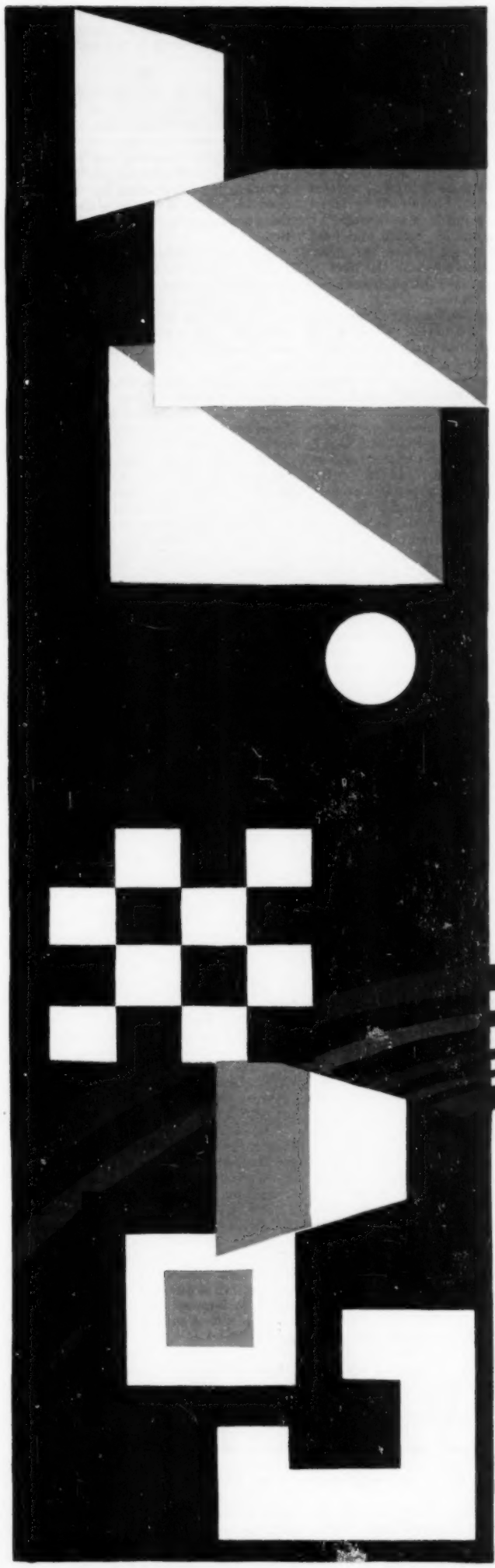
The effect was exactly what he had expected and planned on. The pink of Mr. Swinnerton's various chins suddenly heightened to a flaming red. His crablike eyes gave every evidence of a bursting tendency. The pouches on his upper cheeks vibrated as though from internal pressure.

"You're—you're crazy!" he managed to sputter. Then he shot a second glance at Captain Barr. There was almost supplication in the gesture.

"Paddy, remember what I told you this afternoon," Barr said, his voice as hard as the whine of a released spring—"fools rush in where angels fear to tread. I told you this afternoon that I'd have the alderman use his influence in getting you boosted to a captaincy. That's just what I was talking to him about now."

"Bunk!" Flenger sneered insolently. "What do I care for the pay of a captain when the gutters are runnin' gold? If Swinnerton wants me to run this house as a means to an end, that's all right. I'm here to go through with it. But let's git down to brass tacks. I ain't the sucker I look like. I know what's goin' on between you two an' I'm tellin' you right now that

(Continued on Page 96)



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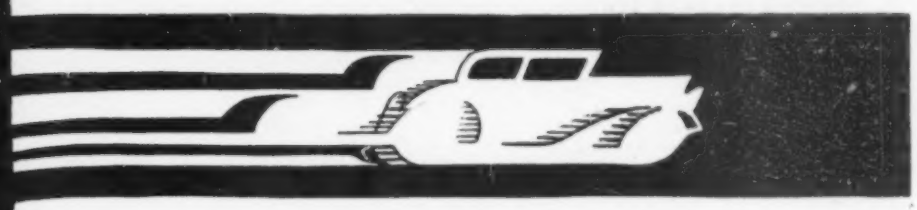

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EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

(Continued from Page 94)

you can't get away with it without my help. I ain't unreasonable. I want to play along with you an' there ain't a man in town that could do it better. This spot is plenty big enough for all three of us an' all I want is a chance to cash in on what I know. An' what I can do for you."

Swinnerton had recovered his senses. "What the devil do you know, Flenger?" he demanded harshly.

"I know you're makin' an' sellin' booze, boss," Paddy snapped. "I know you're standin' to control every drop of the stuff that is sold in this town. If you get a break like that you'll make a million bucks a year. Now I'll tell you what you know too: You know you can't handle a racket like that alone. You know that when the idea gets around a thousand bootleggers will sprout up overnight. If they can't get your booze to sell, they'll make their own.

"Also, if you got a brain in your head, you know that what you need most is somebody that knows the wise boys in town. I'm that somebody. I got everything you need, alderman—everything. The bootleggers that have got to sell an' deliver your stuff can't come from anywhere but the underworld. I know every crook in this burg! They know me too. They know I represent protection for them. They know they can trust me. Down at the prosecutor's office they know me too. Remember when Barr an' me was yanked in on that gamblin' jam? Remember the way the wise crooks were strippin' the soldiers that passed through town on their way to the trenches? There was plenty to squawk about in that deal an' the papers gave it a great play. I guess you remember, all right! You got a slice of that gold, too, boss. . . . Don't tell me, I know. But who was it that went on the witness stand an' took the rap? Who was it did that? It was me. I did it for Barr, but I knew I was savin' your hide as well!"

The very force of Flenger's words and feeling held the others quiet. Unconsciously he attained a drama that gripped them. It swept him onward, too—carried him to heights. His voice seldom raised but constantly vibrated as he spoke:

"An' how did I take that rap? Did I crack under the questions of a dozen lawyers? Did they get anythin' out of me? Not a single peep that couldn't have come from a baby chick just out of its shell. An' what did I get for the job? Promoted to lieutenant!" Sarcasm crept into his tirade. "Yeah—lieutenant. Where you fellows walked off with tidy fortunes, I got raised so high I could make three thousand bucks every year! This time it's goin' to be different, boss. This is a new racket now; a big racket. There's a mint in it an' I'm makin' a bid for my cut. I deserve it an' I can earn it. Who can handle a gang of booze-peddlin' yeggmen any better than me? Who knows as well as I do where to pick up the boys we can trust?"

He paused to catch his breath. His cigar was still clutched between his teeth and his panting breath wheezed faintly through his stained mustache. As he talked Swinnerton had dropped back into his seat. Though his eyes bulged, he remained speechless. Barr walked angrily from behind his desk and faced Flenger.

"You're either drunk or crazy, Paddy," he charged. "The alderman knows nothing about booze peddling. How could a man in his position afford to tangle up in things like ——"

"I can see that this here is the show-down between us," Flenger growled. "When I leave this room we'll either be pals or enemies for keeps. So don't rush in yourself. I can make a pretty fair enemy. There's plenty of guys that'll tell you that around this town.

"You two get me straight. I want to play with you—but with you or against you, I'm goin' to play! The law's against us both, so we start even there. There's nothin' you've got that I haven't. The only way either of us can cash in is by gettin' booze an' peddlin' it. I'll tell you this: If it's a fight between us I've got the gunmen on my side an' I'll play merry hell with your deliveries. In twenty-four hours I can have fifty yeggs ready to serve your ears on my breakfast plate. You both know that.

"Stop an' think it over. Those are the very guys you need. This bootleggin' ain't goin' to be a ring-around-the-rosie. There's too much money at stake. No one mob is goin' to control it without takin' in the fellows that deserve to be in If they try that their distilleries an' breweries'll be blown higher than a kite inside three months!"

He paused again for breath and fresh arguments. This time neither man interrupted him. Encouraged by the force of his own argument he went on, friendliness more evident in his tone:

"I don't blame you for playin' the game cozy," he said. "I'd do that myself. But I do blame you for bein' suckers enough to think you can corral as big a thing as this with a fellow like me sittin' on the outside lookin' in. You can't get away with it. You got to district the town an' go after business in a businesslike way. Saloon keepers have got to be sure they can get the stuff to sell. We got to have men to protect them against other gangs that'll start peddlin' rotten booze an' sellin' it through a gun barrel. A racket as soft as this is bound to attract a flock of guys ready an' willin' to play that way. You got to have brains. I got them. You got to have contact with the underworld. I got that too. You got to have a man that knows who you can trust an' who you can't. That's me again."

He leaned forward so that his narrow face was but inches from the inflated features of Alderman Swinnerton. The palm of his left hand resounded under the repeated impacts of his right fist. He continued, his voice down to a husky, vibrant whisper:

"You got to have a man with nerve, alderman. A man with plain guts. If you don't have him to keep things in line, your own men'll run away with your business before you even git it started. An' if I didn't prove I had guts down there on that witness stand, lyin' at the rate of ten a minute an' starin' perjury square in the face without the flicker of an eye, then I'm provin' it right this minute, ain't I? Could anybody show nerve better than I'm handin' it to you right now?"

He stopped. His shoulders straightened, relaxed, straightened again. It was clear that he had made his case; was content to rest upon it one way or the other.

Captain Barr started to speak. Before he could say more than two or three words, Alderman Swinnerton was on his feet and grasping Paddy Flenger by the arm.

"There's a lot to what you say, Flenger," he said quite calmly. "You've got the situation sized up pretty well. Don't get the idea that Barr and I were going to cross you. We were just feeling our way a little carefully. You have brought things to a head. Take my word for it, you're in."

Flenger burst into a delighted chuckle and held forth his hand once more. The alderman accepted it. Then Paddy turned and repeated the process with the captain.

"I'll take a chance on both of you," he said frankly. "I knew you'd see the light if I ever got a crack at you with the facts of the case."

Barr grinned a little sheepishly and glanced at Swinnerton. The alderman cleared his throat and smiled ingratiatingly upon Flenger.

"This is hardly the place to talk, Paddy," he said. "But you have my word for it that you're in with us. We can use you to great advantage. You can serve our interests and your own."

"That's the language I talk best," Flenger grinned.

"Good. Suppose you drop around to the Adage Club tomorrow at one, Paddy? We'll have a bite of lunch and a talk," the politician suggested.

"Tomorrow at one. There'll be a lot to say." He turned and saluted Barr. "I got to check in," he grunted. "See you at one tomorrow, alderman."

Dobbs heaved a sigh of relief when Paddy Flenger passed his desk whistling a gay little tune and apparently in the best of humor.

IV

WHEN Paddy Flenger walked into a private dining room at the Adage Club it was with his mind set, his plan perfected. It must be said for him that he was not one to offer ideas only half thought out. In himself he had supreme confidence. His naturally penetrant mind had well developed the faculty of getting at the heart of a thing and exposing it to unbiased consideration.

So it was in this affair with Swinnerton. Paddy felt that he was facing the greatest opportunity offered any man in town. His imagination fairly weighed in his palm the gold of the rich returns at which he was shooting. And he was ready. Let Swinnerton, or anyone else, try to find him weak at any point!

He had been over again and again every word of their conversation of the afternoon before. He had reconsidered a hundred times every gesture that took place in Barr's room. Upon each he had placed a true valuation. He saw in Swinnerton a very powerful man who was not quite sure of his position; a very smart man who groped for exactly the road he should travel. Uncertainty he recognized as weakness. It was, therefore, Swinnerton who was weak. There was no uncertainty in the plans of Paddy Flenger.

Swinnerton preceded him into the room and Flenger felt a faint satisfaction and surprise in finding that Barr was not to join them at luncheon. He immediately decided that so long as Swinnerton was ready and willing to talk with the captain not at hand, he would proceed in like manner. He would ignore, both in his plans and his talk, the existence of his old chief.

He watched the alderman closely as they entered the room. The back of the man's neck was as bloated as the front. It rolled forth over his immaculate collar in a series of billows. But the hair that adorned it was neatly clipped, shaved to a distinct and perfectly maintained line of precision. Swinnerton was dressed in plain blue today. He wore a light tan soft hat and a pongee shirt with a tan tie to match. His fat hands were manicured to the last degree and the soft cuffs of his shirt hung far enough from his coat sleeves to disclose the fact that they were caught together with platinum links adorned by tiny sapphires.

He pulled back a chair and motioned Flenger into the other. The table was laid for two. An attentive waiter stood ready to serve them. Swinnerton smiled at the man, hesitated a moment, then shook hands with him.

"Serve the luncheon, Manuel," he said. "We will eat first and talk afterward, Paddy. After we finish the lunch, Manuel, we will not wish to be disturbed for any reason."

"As you wish, sir," the waiter nodded. He stepped into the hall outside the room and clapped his hands softly. Immediately service began. During the meal, which was a bountiful one and not at all of the sort to which Flenger was accustomed, the lieutenant studied his companion. He decided that Swinnerton was a man who lived by the impressions he was able to make upon others. His clothes, his bearing, his mannerisms, his words—all were cleverly designed to impress. All, Flenger decided, were the gift of studied practice. And all were artificial.

During the course of the meal they talked of generalities. If Swinnerton was gauging Flenger he was so clever about it that the latter could not detect it. His conversation was casual, jovial and friendly. Not a single thing he said seemed possessed of a double meaning. Not a question he asked appeared to be a leading one.

Once, adroitly, Paddy inserted the name of Captain Barr into the talk. Swinnerton spoke highly of the captain, then passed naturally and easily to other matters. Twice Flenger was certain that the meal was over

(Continued on Page 98)

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(Continued from Page 98)

before finally the last course was served. He marveled at Swinnerton's capacity for food. He grew impatient to be at the important matters to be discussed. It was a huge relief when coffee was served, and cigars, and the alderman spoke to Manuel:

"That was delicious, Manuel. And very well served. I thank you. That will be all. Remember, we will not be disturbed."

Manuel smiled his way out, nodding understanding. When he had gone, Swinnerton went to the door and made certain that it was closed. Then he glanced appraisingly about the room, grunted in satisfaction and turned to the police officer.

"I use this room for most of my confidential meetings," he explained. "We can talk here with safety."

Flenger nibbled the end off one of the fat cigars left by Manuel, shifted his position in anticipation of what was to come, then struck a match on the ash tray and puffed the smoke into life. It was in his mind to appear completely unimpressed by the splendor of his host or his surroundings. He made himself entirely at ease. Swinnerton would see that he was accustomed to the better things, that he was a big-money man.

"Good!" he snapped. "There's plenty to be said, boss. I don't see need for a lot of preliminaries."

"That's right, Paddy. Get down to brass tacks. What you said the other day interests me. We can use you. You're the kind of a man that finds things out."

"I ain't been doin' anythin' else but for the last fifteen years, boss." Flenger grinned around the end of his cigar. "It's a habit I got. The way things are breakin' right now, there's nobody that's got a better habit, either."

Swinnerton smiled faintly and nodded. His huge eyes bulged into a stare that never left the officer's face. He waited. Seeing that the initiative was thrust upon him, Flenger accepted the challenge.

"I might as well tip my hand clean," he began. "I figure you got to have me, Swinnerton. I'm strong with the department an' I'm stronger with the boys we've got to use if we gather in the shekels on this new racket. Right?"

"Talk to me a while," Swinnerton said calmly. "Don't tell me half what's in your mind and then ask my opinion of it."

"I figured after what you said yesterday," Paddy parried, "you'd have a little talkin' to do to me."

"Not a little"—Swinnerton smiled—"a lot. There's a time for everything. When the time comes for me to talk you'll hear what I've got to say. In the meantime tell me what you've been thinking about since our little meeting yesterday."

"Well," Flenger said, faintly uncertain in spite of his confidence of a short time before, "you said yesterday that I was in."

"You are, Paddy," the alderman interrupted. "I say again, you're in. Just how big and how much you are in depends on you. That's why I want you to talk. Don't forget for a second that I can have you raised to captain and throw plenty in your path, or I can have you run out of the department and indicted for anything from petty larceny to murder! I want to keep our positions straight, that's all."

Flenger flushed an angry red and the eyes of the alderman popped out slightly more.

"There's nothin' like understandin', Swinnerton," Paddy agreed. "I know your position an' I know my own. What's more, I figure, after that last crack, that you don't know either yours or mine. Like you suggest, we'll just straighten that out now. In the first place, I guess you could have me kicked out of the department. But that don't mean a thing. What do I care for the department? Gettin' a boost to captain don't mean that to me!" He leaned forward and deliberately snapped his fingers under the alderman's fat and florid nose.

Their eyes met and neither wavered. At last Swinnerton nodded. "Go ahead," he said simply.

"I'm willin' to be a captain, understand," Flenger went on, "provided it helps along the game. But whether I work with you, boss, or against you, I'm goin' into this booze racket. My mind's made up on that. I'd rather go in with you, but with or without, in I go. Let's just figure that way a minute. Suppose you decide to do without me. You won't even have to have me kicked offen the force, Swinnerton. I'll resign tonight. Then—an' get this right—you'll have both an enemy an' a competitor. I'll be a tough enemy too. An' a hard-workin' competitor. Just as soon as that happens, the field's open to more than one. That means that more'n one will come into the racket. You an' I'll get about a quarter of what we can make workin' sensibly together."

"I suppose you know," Swinnerton said insinuatingly, "just where you can get all you want of good booze?"

Flenger sneered so that his breath fairly whistled through his mustache. "Don't make me laugh," he snapped. "If I have to, I can make it. But I won't have to. This town is too near both the ocean an' the border to worry about the booze supply."

"I see. Very well explained," Swinnerton nodded. His fat hand selected a cigar and rolled it speculatively between the fingers. "You seem to have given this matter considerable thought."

"I have," Flenger snapped. "I'll admit I was a little dumb about seein' it comin', but that's past. Right now, Swinnerton, I'm strong on the know. I'm set to turn loose a real organization either for or against you. If it's for, I've got to get at least as big a cut as I could make workin' against. An' that's plenty."

"I like a man that speaks his mind frank and clear," the politician muttered. As he spoke he leaned forward and with care selected and struck a match. He held the flame about a quarter of an inch from the end of the cigar for several seconds before he applied it gently and puffed slowly. During that process Flenger snapped the ashes of his own cigar onto the rug, found something not to his liking in the way the cigar was burning, and struck another match for himself.

"It leads to complete understanding," Swinnerton went on after a moment. "It leaves no room for doubt."

"Exactly," Flenger grunted. "I figure you as a mighty smart fellow, alderman. There's no sense in tryin' to kid a bird like you."

"Right. I admire your stand. I'll emulate it. In other words, I'll be as frank as you have been and see what comes of it. You realise, of course, that I am not without power politically. I might almost say considerable power." He paused, raised his brows into hairy arches that framed his popping eyes in a ludicrous picture.

"I'll say I realize it!" Paddy grinned.

"Have you, then," the alderman went on, "stopped to consider just a few of the things that I might do to competitors with the power you admit I have?"

"Funny man!" Flenger grinned agreeably. "You should almost write joke books, Swinnerton. If I was dumb enough to fall for that line of gab I'd be too dumb for you to play with very far. Just to wipe that idea out of your mind, I'll say I have considered it a lot. Know what the answer is? Know where I finally come out on that line of reason? I'll tell you: You can't do a thing! All the power you've got now, or ever did have, is with the local party. The local party don't run the Federal Government, boss. You won't have a cockeyed word to say about who gets these Federal appointments, an' therefore you won't have power enough with that bunch to pull a thief out of the choir! Now, am I right or wrong?"

"You're right," Swinnerton admitted instantly. "Right and smart, Paddy. Let's say that we play together without any more argument. Let's say that you head the little organization I've got to get behind me. What then? Of course, I'll have to stay in the background ——"

"Now you're talkin'," Flenger laughed agreeably. "That's exactly the scheme I had in mind. You an' me, boss. You with the distillery, the breweries an' the local political pull to spring any of the boys that jam up with the local cops. Me to run the works an' tie up the guys we need to keep others out. That's the play exactly. Now, just one more question: What's the cut each way?"

"Seventy-thirty," Swinnerton rapped.

"In a pig's eye!" Flenger rapped back. "It's fifty-fifty."

"Take the pig's other eye along with you on your way out," Swinnerton sneered. "Who owns the source of supply? Who owns the trucks to deliver, the vats to distill, the saloons to distribute? And whose money bought and paid for them? How about interest on my investment?"

"Who knows how to beat the law that says you can't distill, deliver or sell?" Flenger insisted instantly. "Who can get the yeggs that'll keep competition away? Who knows the coppers to approach with enough dough to keep your trucks from bein' knocked off an' turned over to the Federal dicks?"

Swinnerton was puffing violently at his cigar. It was evident that here was the one genuine stumblingblock he had encountered. Rather feebly, he argued:

"You know I've got the trucks and the distilleries. How do I know you can produce your end? How do I know you'll run things so's I'm kept out of it and things run right?" As he finished, his voice showed a slight tendency to whine.

"I guess you don't doubt much that I can get the boys we need," Flenger said coolly. "As for runnin' things, how does this strike you? Divide the city into five districts. In each district get a man whose word goes. Give him the money to make his contacts an' fix his local police station. Then open up a deal with him on a straight commission basis. He gits a cut on every barrel delivered in his district. That works double. In the first place, it'll keep each district leader workin'; an' in the second, it'll let him form his own organization an' find his own ways to keep competition out of town. It goes farther than that too. It means that only five guys need know I'm runnin' things. An' nobody but me knows that you're back of the works!"

Flenger well knew the power of that last remark. He saw that Swinnerton was afraid of the enormity of the violation which had come so suddenly to him; saw that he was fearful of being caught in the network of uncertainty that the new enforcement organization might create. He caught the look of relief that the words brought to the politician's face.

"An' even more than that," Flenger went on. "It means that the head man for each district will have to handle all the little details about deliverin' the stuff. He'll have to spot his speak-easies; collect his own dough an' pay us in advance when we deliver him the stuff! That cleans up a lot o' bookkeepin' fer us an' it also means that when a single bootlegger is fingered he can't reach us because he won't even know us, or where the booze came from.

"Each district leader will rent his own storage houses. He'll handle an' repair an' run his own trucks. He'll fight his own battles with the men he uses in his territory. There's bound to be fights like that, too, Swinnerton. In a month after we start doin' this thing right we'll have a hundred guys peddlin' booze in small quantities. We can't work it any other way. The average man can't buy by the case, yet we got to look to him for 40 per cent of our business. There's bound to be jealousies in a mob like that. There's bound to be crooked stuff too. An' that'll lead to fights. Mebbe to bad fights. We gotta keep ourselves free o' that stuff.

"The trick with us'll be to sell to five men that pay us before they git their stuff. We may have to finance 'em fer the first few loads, but after that, cash in advance. Then let 'em take their share an' peddle it

(Continued on Page 100)

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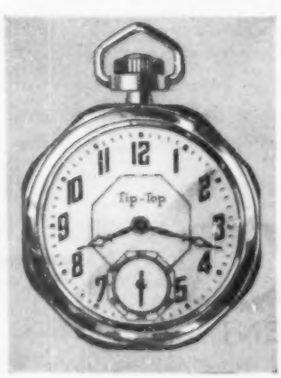

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(Continued from Page 98)

through their own organization. If we ever have any trouble with a leader—which we won't, because I'll pick the leaders—all we got to do is shut off his supply o' booze an' that ends him an' his mob o' helpers."

"That sounds fair," the alderman said slowly. Flenger caught in his tones assurance that he considered it more than fair.

"It's a sure shot, boss," Paddy snapped.

"The only weakness I see," Swinnerton went on, "is your ability to control these district leaders."

"Listen," Paddy growled. "There won't be no trouble about that! I got the little thing that controls guys like them! They know it too." As he spoke he patted his side, and Swinnerton realized that there reposed under his coat a department pistol. The eyes of the city father popped a little more. He wet his lips.

"Are all these men ready to go?" the boss asked.

"All but one. That's Dutch Slenk. Dutch is doin' a short bit on a guilty plea to save himself from facin' homicide charges. You remember. The D. A. played the game on that an' satisfied the papers about nolprossin' that bump-off over in the East End."

"Slenk? Oh, yes. Yes, Slenk could control things over there, all right," Swinnerton muttered.

"He's the one guy," Flenger said. "An' I'm the one guy he'll play with. He'll be out inside thirty days. I can have a talk with him up in the can so's he won't lose time gettin' set to go. You could mebbe spring him a coupla weeks ahead if we need it, huh?"

"Mebbe," Swinnerton nodded.

"An' if you like the sound of his name," Flenger grinned, "listen to the other four. One for each district. Scotty Baer over in the other end of town! Dopey Hiller up north! Jimmie Dausto down among the wops! An' Marty Mitchell around the business section! Snap them guys off'n your vest, alderman!"

"But Hiller—isn't he the man that killed that fellow from ——"

"Sure he is! An' he beat the rap, didn't he? Beat it clean!"

"Wouldn't that revert to his disadvantage if anything ——"

"Listen, Swinnerton. Take it from me. The more guys a man has bumped, the better he'll be for us. Leave that end of it to me. What we want is men that outsiders'll be afraid to tangle with. This ain't no job for a choir leader!"

"Very well. But get this, Paddy. I'm trusting you as a friend. Not a man knows you are playing with me!"

"Nary a one. You know I'm no quitter, boss. That rides an' I'll shake on it. First off, I want twenty thousand bucks to heel the boys around the precincts."

"I'll go for that," Swinnerton nodded.

"Second," Flenger grinned again, "I want an understandin' on that fifty-fifty break."

"Sixty-forty, Paddy," Swinnerton whined. "Honest, that's more than fair."

"Fifty-fifty," Flenger snapped, "or competition!"

"You're robbing me," Swinnerton wailed. "But I'll try it for six months."

"Shake on it, boss," Flenger said in delight. The two rose and solemnly shook hands to seal the pact. As they gripped palms Flenger went on:

"One thing more: How about Barr? Just where does he stand on this thing?"

"I'll have to see," Swinnerton said doubtfully. "But I'll take care of his cut out of my end. We are pretty old friends ——"

"I missed him here today," Paddy said. "I want to know exactly where I stand."

"You're the boss. Absolutely the boss of the field gang," Swinnerton said promptly. "I'll tell Barr that. He's a little old and maybe a little too careful. He hasn't the pep you have."

"Then it's a deal, Swinnerton," Flenger said happily. He shook hands still again. "But keep that old guy out of my way, because, kid, this is the biggest break a guy ever got—an' I'm goin' to go. Savvy that? What I mean is go!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

HE: Well, it's certainly awfully nice to see you, but really, weren't you going somewhere?

SHE: Oh, just over to the club to play in a poisonous mixed-doubles match. We're sure to be beaten, anyway, but it's the finals, so I spose I ought to play.

HE: Of course you ought to. You run along. I'm awfully glad to have seen you.

SHE: I simply won't move an inch until you promise faithfully to stay overnight. I'm going out to dinner and to a dance afterward, but if you don't mind sleeping at the camp on the island, because I mean there isn't a single room vacant in the entire house. I'd simply adore to have you stay, only I wish I weren't going out, because I'm simply thrilled at seeing you!

HE: Thanks awfully, but I'll have to be stepping along.

SHE: You've simply got to stay! It really isn't so hectic sleeping at the camp. I mean, the mosquitoes are pretty frightful sometimes, but I'll give you some ointment, and I don't spose I'll be up when you have breakfast, because I spose you'll want to dash madly off at some ungodly hour; only I wish you'd wait until I get up so I could see you in the morning.

HE: Thanks awfully, but I really can't stay.

SHE: Well, I'm simply furious with you. I mean the minute you arrive you insist on rushing frantically off again. Can I give you a lift to the corner? —*Lloyd Mayer.*

No Kick

"SHE says such nice things about everybody!"

"Yes, my dear, isn't she tiresome?"

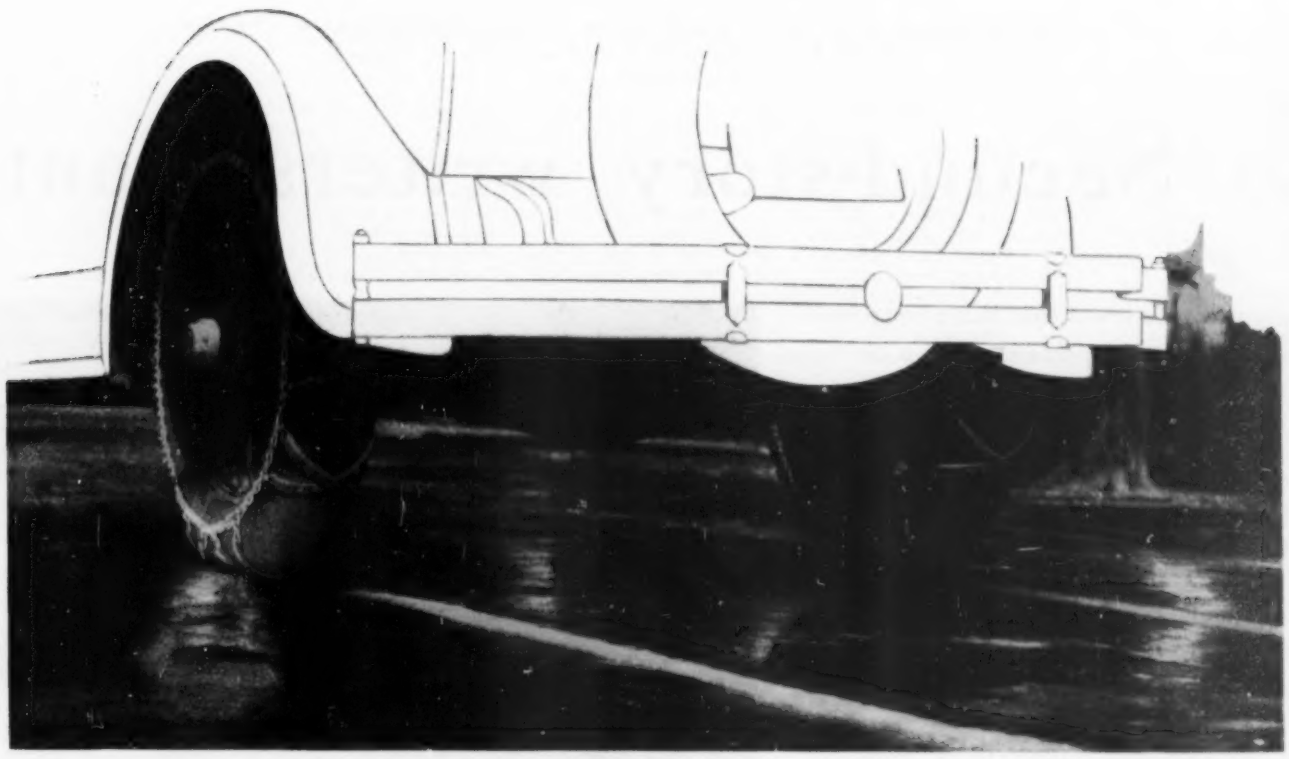
Fully Explained

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: Will you please tell the jury exactly how the accident occurred?

LADY WITNESS *(excitedly)*: Certainly. Even now I distinctly remember the details. All the servants were off duty that morning—even the chauffeur. I decided to drive our new roadster, that we recently purchased for twelve thousand dollars cash, over to my dressmaker's establishment to choose some material for an exclusive evening creation. I put on a black velvet hat created exclusively for me by a famous Parisian designer. I then attired myself in an exclusive frock creation and cloak that completed a perfectly lovely ensemble. I wrote my regrets on a dozen invitations to very smart affairs, for my secretary's enlightenment when she arrived later in the day. I was delayed several minutes by a number of telephone calls from insistent young men who invited me to lunch with them at exclusive downtown hotels. I was forced to plead some time with one extremely handsome youth who insisted on suicide when I refused his invitation. On the way to my dressmaker, I stopped at the establishment of a famous perfumer who had requested my approval of a wondrously fragrant perfume, inspired, he earnestly asserted, by my intensely attractive beauty.

Afterward, I reached the corner where the accident occurred. And that's how it all happened. Now, sir, have you any more questions? —*Brook Branwade.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN split rails, but he never straddled the fence when it came to any issue.



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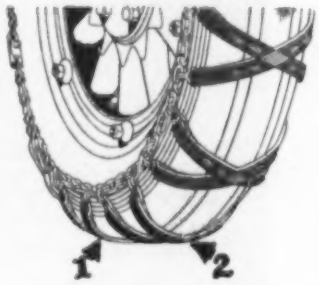

At least two cross links are always in contact with the road. If your car starts to skid, No. 1 has a window-wiping action, making a dry path on which No. 2 grips the road to hold the car firmly on wet pavement

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THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 25)

"Say, boy, it's going to be the biggest thing I've pulled off yet! Any amount of money, everything done right, every member of the crowd a hustler and yet a good fellow. He's got to be a good fellow to join *my* expeditions. I could have got a thousand first-class scientists. Sometimes as many as a hundred letters a day, but every man we've got is hand-picked. No sad-birds admitted. . . . Well, what did you get out of your stay in the Southwest? Where'd you go? What'd you do? Why didn't you write?"

"I went down there," said Harrison, "to get some practical experience in field work, in order to join one of your expeditions." Employers, he had discovered, always ask, "What is your previous experience?"

"Did you get a job with that outfit from the museum?"

Harrison shook his head. "As it happened, they needed a man, but they sent East for a fellow with a Ph.D. So I went on out to the Barstow Miocene on the Mohave Desert. But that expedition seemed able to get along without me too. I didn't land a job until I worked down into the Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto, in Arizona."

"Say, you saw that happy hunting ground?" Doctor Duke, though a palæontologist, was not a narrow-minded one. He was enthusiastic about archæology too. "I've always wanted to take a look at that country since Mindeleff wrote his description of those ruins, away back in 1897. Are the boys getting anything good? They haven't turned in their reports yet."

"Now's my chance to show him," thought Harrison. "They're making a big haul," he said. "Mostly stuff from the post-basket-maker and pre-pueblo periods—sandals, featherwork, textiles, basketry, wooden implements, worn-out cradles, broken toys, even forgotten caches of corn. And almost all in a wonderful state of preservation. That dike they built a year or two ago along the right bank of the river is saving a lot of things that would otherwise be washed away. But the digging on the slope there, below the prehistoric houses in the cliff, is terrible. You see, the roof of that cave has kept all the moisture from the deposits for ages and the dust is so bad that they have to wear respirators and goggles. But the worst thing about it is that the whole mass is on a smooth rock declivity, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, so it's all the time slipping and sliding. Once while I was there they had a small-sized avalanche, but it didn't hurt anybody."

Doctor Duke was sizing him up. Harrison knew that. He had the comfortable feeling of making a good impression.

"Well, I'm glad you've had some practical experience. What kind of a job did they give you?"

Harrison hesitated, then came through. "My contribution to science," he said, "was frying frijoles."

Duke leaned forward and looked at him. "Doing what?"

"Well, you see, their Mexican cook had gone off on a drunk, so I acted as his understudy for a week or two. But I'd never learned much about cooking at college, so they fired me when he came back. That's my complete record in field work."

Duke's mirthful roar filled the small room. He was one of those rare jokers who laugh almost as much at other people's jokes as at their own, whether good or not. Meanwhile he had observed his caller carefully. Small, but wiry, and hard as nails now. A good eye and a trained mind. Plenty of character, but not too serious.

"What else did you do?" he asked.

"About everything—except what I went down there for. I carried a chain with a surveying outfit near Bosque Redondo in the Pecos. I washed cars in a garage at Tucson. I worked with a construction gang repairing bridges on the Southern Pacific."

"Well, that was good practical experience, all right." He liked his former pupil's nerve. He was a good little sport.

"Oh, yes, it was practical enough. So was tending bar in a joint at El Paso. But I don't know whether that will qualify me to go with you to Mongolia."

Doctor Duke was still looking at the young man thoughtfully. "Well, you know outdoors, anyway, and you've had some good hard common sense beaten into you. But there's not much scope for an entomologist out in the Gobi."

"I'm not an entomologist. I've sworn off spiders."

"What do you want to be?"

"Anything that'll take me out there with you—from cook to camel driver."

Duke shook his head. "You couldn't qualify for those jobs. They're too important. I mean it." He paused and thought again. "Boy, I wish you'd stuck it out at college till you got your degree. Of course, such things are all bunk. You know it, I know it, all the boys that count know it, but it's a necessary nuisance, like a marriage certificate or a passport."

"You mean that if I had a pretty little Ph.D. diploma, you'd take me out with you?" To himself he added, "Confound the Monteagles!"

"Harrison," said Doctor Duke, "if you had only come back a month or two earlier, I think I'd have taken you anyway. But I don't see how I possibly can now. We're running everything on a budget system. Oh, we're businesslike as hell this time—unit costs, time sheets, charts, and a lot of nice little card catalogues. We can't appropriate any more money for salaries, because our money-saving stunts have cost so much." He roared again. "No, kid, I'm sorry, but there's no chance for you with me this time."

"I see," said Harrison. He arose to leave. He did not know that he was about to walk into the spider web now. "It was the dream of my life to go out there with you. Some other time, maybe." He was broken-hearted, but used to it.

Doctor Duke arose too. He liked this boy. "Sometime you'll be taking out expeditions of your own," he said encouragingly, "if you work it right."

"How am I ever going to work that?"

"Money, my boy, money. If you were going in for a business career, money wouldn't be so necessary, but ——"

Harrison stopped at the door. "What's that? Money not necessary for business success?"

"No; if you have business ability, you make money. But in our trade you don't make money—you spend it. So when you have none of your own you've got to get somebody else's money. Without money you have no chance."

"Then it looks as if I'd never have a chance. So long, sir; thanks for the thirty minutes anyway."

The big bear lumbered over to the door to say good-by to his caller. "I didn't tell you how I landed this fund. It's the biggest one I ever raised, and I got it all by beating a bird at tennis. That got him interested in me, and one day, after I had trimmed him pretty badly and we were having a drink, he confessed to a secret interest in my sort of thing. He said it sort of shyly, like a boy in love. 'Harry,' I said to him, 'that's going to cost you half a million dollars'—and I got it. I got it!"

"Is his last name Monteagle?" said Harrison, putting on his hat.

"Yes, Harry Monteagle. Do you know him?"

"I used to know him. . . . Well, good-by. I'll meet you in Peking."

XX

"JUST my luck," thought Harrison. "I go clear down to the Southwest to escape from the pursuit of the Monteagle family, and now, the very first day I'm back, I've got to turn around and pursue them. How's that for irony?

"No; damned if I will!

"Then what shall I do?"

He spent the rest of the morning in the Museum of Natural History, seeing many familiar things with new eyes. But he hated idleness. So depressing! He thought of going out in the country to greet the family. They were living in the suburbs. He did not want to see them until he had to. He was a failure. They were failures too. Still more depressing.

He bought the cheapest edible luncheon at a soda fountain and spent nearly all the rest of the money he had in the world upon a suit of clothes—also cheap, ready-made. Then he took the Subway for Wall Street.

It was not going to be very easy to talk to the mighty Monteagle now. After declining to accept his daughter and his millions, it might seem effrontery to strike him for a job. But it was from love of science that he had sacrificed riches; the same love would make him sacrifice his pride. More irony.

"Oh, why not marry the girl, if you can, and be done with it?" That thought had occurred to him more than once while doing day labor down near the Mexican border with the thermometer at 120. But heretofore it had seemed like disloyalty to science. Now, on the contrary, science cried aloud for the sacrifice. He had thrown the girl over for his career, but today he had neither career nor girl. Irony. Why not take both? Common sense. He could easily shut his eyes when he kissed her and open them again to pursue the truth at its source. She was a darn nice girl, all the same, and the only one who never bored him. Marry her, by all means, nose and all. Most men would jump at the chance, instead of running away from it as he had done when he was young and ignorant and did not know the ways of the world.

From recent letters sent by his persistent parents, he gathered that Evelyn was still out of town. So it would doubtless be safe to call upon the father at his office without incurring any immediate risk of marrying the daughter. Besides, she was probably engaged or something by this time, anyway.

When he arrived at that beautifully designed temple dedicated to the one god all nations and races unite in worshiping with fear and reverence, he did not find it so easy this time to enter the holy of holies as when, in his promising past, one of the high priests tried to offer him up as a sacrifice.

None of the acolytes seemed to believe that this short young man with a keen eye and a much-tanned complexion was a friend of him-who-must-be-obeyed. They were quite accustomed to having strangers claim friendship with the all-highest. Their job was to suspect all such claims and prevent sacrilegious intrusions. But they did it with charming courtesy, while a special detective in plain clothes looked the caller over from a distance. You never can tell nowadays who is carrying bombs. Another special detective had scrutinized Harrison when he entered.

But in the young neophyte's more recent and more instructive postgraduate work in the day-labor market, he had learned to stand up against rebuffs with smiling confidence. He succeeded in gaining access to the vestry room leading to Mr. Monteagle's private chapel, where he was received most kindly and considerately by a sort of private chaplain who tactfully asked the caller for more detailed information as to the purpose of his pilgrimage.

"A personal matter of the utmost importance to the success of the Duke expedition to Central Mongolia," said the young caller. "Merely tell him that Harrison Cope is back and that I've made a great discovery. Get that, please—a great discovery."

Clearly the nice-looking young stranger was not a Wall Street crank, but a scientific freak. Of late a number of scientists had been coming and going.

"Mr. Cope, if you'll be good enough to take a seat, I'll see what can be done."

The impractical young scientist who knew nothing about dealing with business men scarcely had time to settle himself in a tall Gothic chair before his inquisitor returned, now more polite and impressed than ever.

"Will you come this way, please, Mr. Cope?"

Harrison was led into a spacious and comfortable room which looked more like a library than an office. He had been there once before, but he had not looked at it then. Like everything else in this religious edifice, the atmosphere was quiet and subdued. There was none of the raucous rush so ably described by foreign critics of our American institutions. At one end of the room a ticker was chanting with zealous fervor but in an undertone. Otherwise there was no sound except for the occasional twitter of an incongruous canary bird in a cage hanging silhouetted against a great expansive window.

The room was decorated and furnished consistently in Gothic—almost ecclesiastical Gothic. There was a Gothic arch over the fireplace and in front of it stood Mr. Monteagle, with his legs apart, his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, warming his back before the lazy purring log fire, and looking idly out of the cathedral window.

"Picture of a busy American business man," said Harrison to himself, while waiting for the old man to notice him.

On a huge flat desk near by there was a bowl of roses and a blotter without a blot on it. Otherwise there was nothing there except the remains of a game of solitaire. Mr. Monteagle had been working out a problem in international finance and that was still the way he relaxed his mind and got his inspirations.

"Hello there—hello! Glad to see you." Despite his being a big Wall Street man, Mr. Monteagle strode forward and offered his hand. Perhaps he, too, had the simplicity of true greatness. He sought for Wealth at its source.

Harrison shook the hand and looked up into a smiling mask. Were the eagle eyes twinkling, or were they merely up to their old trick of piercing through and through? Well, they hurt a little this time, but Harrison meant not to let him know it.

"Mr. Monteagle, I'm afraid I'm interrupting your work."

"Not at all—not at all. This is my work now. I'm all steamed up about science these days."

"So I understand," said Harrison, taking it seriously, like a true scientist. "I'm awfully glad. That's why I called."

Mr. Monteagle had intended never to see this audacious youth again. He could not help respecting him for turning down so much money, but he could not help disliking him for turning down his daughter. His first chagrin and rage had evaporated by this time, but he would see to it that no such situation would ever arise again, and he was mildly curious to find out what the young scientist wanted. So he had received young Cope with the jocose intimacy of former days, quite as if nothing had happened. No one could ever tell what Monteagle was thinking, but he could usually tell what others were thinking—usually, but not always.

"How well you're looking," said Mr. Monteagle, observing his caller keenly. "You're very brown. You've put on weight. Let me feel your arm. By George, a good biceps! Playing much tennis these days?"

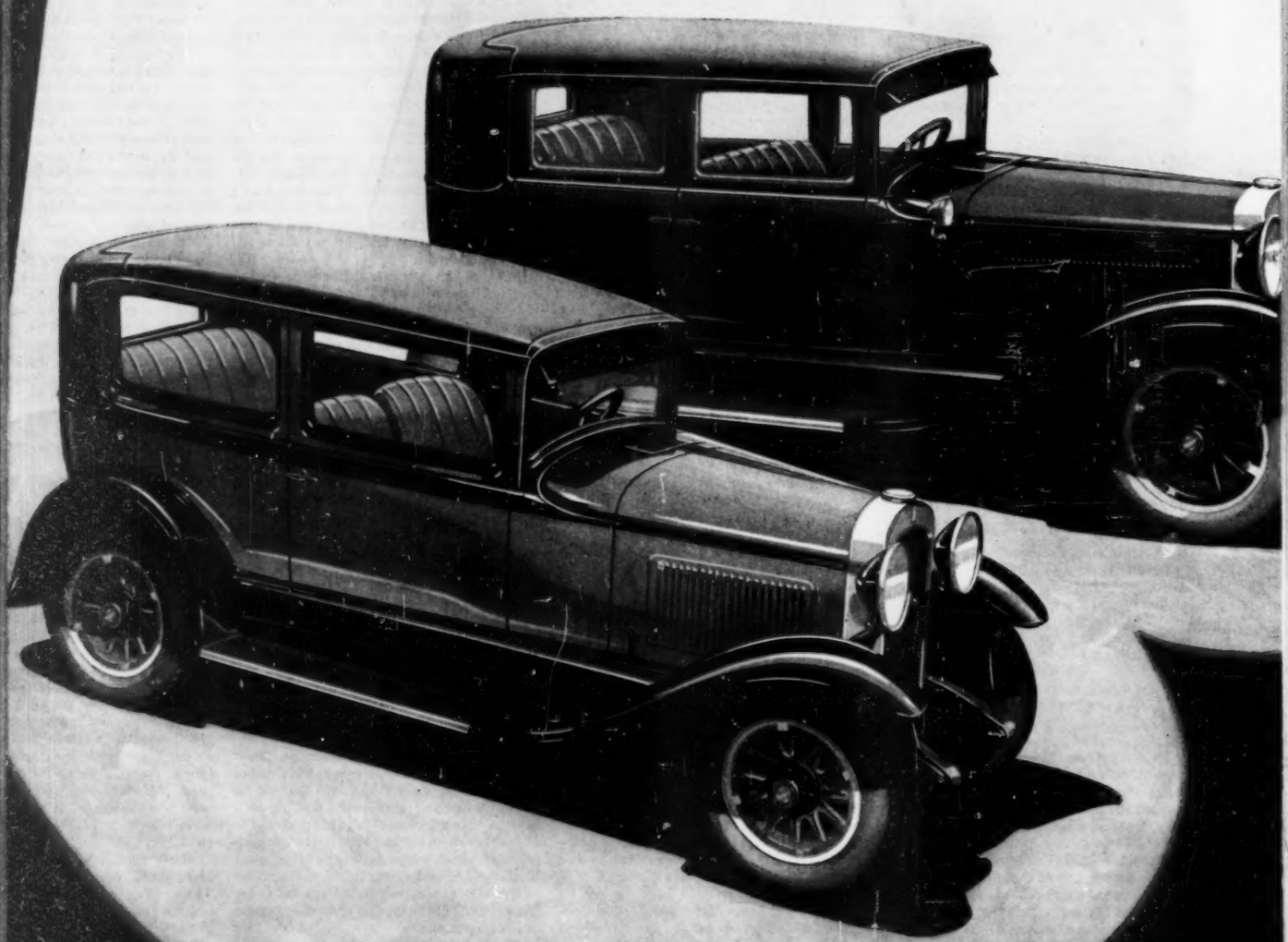
"Haven't had a racket in my hand since the last time I played with you."

"Then I'll bet I can beat you by this time. That indoor court is a great success. Play all seasons of the year now."

"What's he up to?" Harrison asked himself. "He doesn't seem to resent what I did to him and his daughter. Doesn't take me seriously enough for that, I suppose."

(Continued on Page 106)

ANNOUNCING THE NEW S



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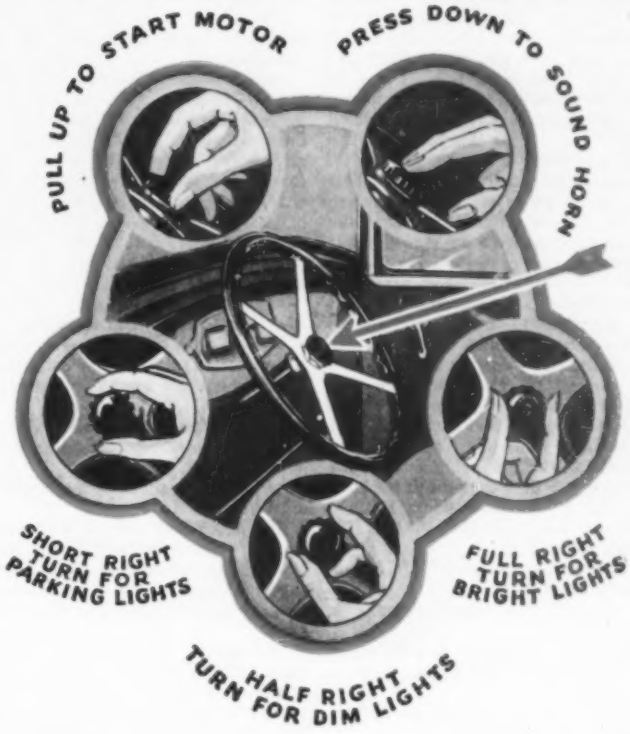
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SHORT RIGHT TURN FOR PARKING LIGHTS
FULL RIGHT TURN FOR BRIGHT LIGHTS
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(Continued from Page 103)

"Mr. Monteagle, I know how busy you are. I'll come straight to the point."

"Nonsense! Not busy at all. None of us work as hard as you scientists do, except once in a while when we get in a jam. Look at our short hours, our long vacations. . . . Have a cigarette. Do sit down. Let's see—what was it I used to call you—Cope or Harrison?"

Harrison looked up into the bland face and then struck a match. "I don't recall," he said, and lit his cigarette.

Mr. Monteagle liked that and suppressed a smile of appreciation. "You must come out and play some more tennis with me. Have you seen Evelyn?"

He had no intention of playing any more tennis with this boy. He did not want him to see Evelyn at all.

"I didn't know she was back."

"Oh, yes, she's back. She'd love to see you. Maybe you can give us a week-end. . . . So you've made a great discovery already, have you? Tell me about it."

"The most important discovery in the world, Mr. Monteagle. You can't get anywhere in this world without money."

"Oh, is that all? I could have told you that. In fact, I tried to, but you wouldn't listen to me." To himself he added, "This may be interesting."

"No, I didn't listen to you." Harrison sighed and made a grimace. "I'm afraid I'm the kind that has to discover everything for himself."

"Oh, well, there are other things than money. You'll discover that sometime too."

"Yes, lots of other things. And with money, you can get nearly all of them. Without money, none of them—except, to be sure, an arrest for vagrancy. I got that without money in Albuquerque."

Mr. Monteagle smiled. "So you've come to me for money, have you? Well, well, how you've changed! I offered you a chance once to make money, but you turned me down."

"I don't want to make money—I merely want to spend it. But I wouldn't come to you for that."

"Then why have you come, Harrison? That's right, I remember now. I used to call you Harrison. You don't mind my calling you Harrison? Come on, tell me all about it." . . . (Has this youngster the nerve to be after Eve?)

Harrison at once felt ill at ease. This time he had come to ask a favor, not to reject one. He always hated to ask favors of anybody. He had felt from the start that this interview was going to be a failure. He'd never be a go-getter like Duke. You cannot succeed at what you hate.

"Mr. Monteagle, I want a job."

"In Wall Street—selling bonds?"

"No, in the Gobi, digging bones."

"Oh, that! Well, I'm glad to see that you're true to your ideals, anyway. That's good. No change in that respect. Fine! But I can't give you a job. I have nothing to do with that. I'm going out to the Orient merely to do a little business for a few banking groups here and in Europe. You'll have to see Duke. He's the boss."

"I have seen Duke."

"So Duke sent you to me?" Mr. Monteagle did not like that.

"He did not. He doesn't even know I came."

A slight pause was allowed by both. Each was trying to fathom the other. Neither had succeeded yet.

"I thought you left us to pursue a scientific career in the Southwest."

Harrison nodded. "I didn't catch up with it."

"Then why come back?"

"To take a fresh start."

"What did you do down there? Tell me about it."

Harrison told him some of the things he had done. He made it amusing, not pathetic.

Monteagle liked the young man's pluck. He had guts and a light touch. No self-pity.

"I see. You had quite a romantic time, didn't you? Well, that's what you needed. You were always lacking in romance. Probably gained a lot of character too."

Harrison nodded. "I don't need any more character now. I need cash. My last job was rum-running over the border."

"Nothing could be more romantic than that."

"I wasn't looking for romance. I wanted money enough to come East and join up with this expedition to the Gobi."

"Lots of money in rum-running, they tell me," put in Monteagle.

"Yes, too much in my case. I was hijacked. They even got all I'd saved out of my wages as a day laborer. I had to hitchhike my way back to New York."

"Bully for you! I said you had gained character. Did some of that sort of thing myself once; only that was before the days of hitch-hiking. We had to steal rides on freight cars. I enjoyed it, except for the dirt and cinders. . . . What else did you get out of it?"

Harrison was feeling at ease now. The old man was drawing him out, making him talk about himself. Somehow he could not help liking the old man.

"Well, I got an education out of it, anyway—a real education. I learned more in six weeks about the world we live in than in all the six years I spent at the university. As students we were solemnly informed that it was our duty to be leaders. I have failed to do my duty."

This got a laugh out of Monteagle.

"What did you learn? Sum it up for me."

"I learned that the acquisitive talent is rewarded by the control of all other talents, including some which are perhaps equally worthy and useful to the world—a fact never even mentioned at college."

"So you believe that, do you?"

"I believe it, but I don't believe in it. Even if business ability were the rarest and most wonderful gift in the world, which it isn't, I doubt if it's wise enough to settle the fate of every other kind of ability. And yet that's what happens in our world today, and you know it."

"You bet! That's why I became a business man," said the big banker, almost complacently.

"Look at Duke," Harrison went on, almost indignantly. "Look at the amount of valuable time he has to take from his all-important work for the world, in order to go begging—begging for what? Begging for an opportunity to work! Can you beat that? As Roy Chapman Andrews says in one of his books, an explorer's most horrible hardships are not in deserts or jungles or the frozen north, but right down here in darkest Wall Street, looking for cold cash."

"I see. Well, Duke got it, didn't he?" Mr. Monteagle allowed himself a smile.

"Yes, he's a good beggar. Suppose he wasn't. It's a rotten, inefficient, uncivilized arrangement and I don't believe it pays to keep it up."

Mr. Monteagle's interest in this cheeky little fellow was returning. "I'm glad you're still a socialist," he said.

"But I still want to be a scientist. How am I going to do it?"

Mr. Monteagle smoked a moment and smiled. "Don't be hard on us, Harrison. We're doing the best we can to counteract the appalling iniquities of this present temporary system of ours. You must bear with us."

"Certainly. I know that. You're all right. That's just the trouble. There're enough of you good ones in power to make the system itself seem good. Otherwise—— But, say, listen, Mr. Monteagle. Is there any way to work it so that I can join this expedition you're financing?"

"So you believe in pulls, do you?"

"Not in the least. I don't believe in our social and economic order at all. But, as you warned me the last time I saw you, I've got to live and work in it. So I'm not going to let it pull me down; I'm going to make it pull me up. I'll work all the pulls I can to get a job in this expedition."

Mr. Monteagle liked this. In fact, he liked the boy, despite his audacious assurance—perhaps because of it. "Your devotion to science does you great credit, Harrison—great credit. But I have nothing to do with this expedition whatever, except for the mere detail of paying for it. We mustn't let the acquisitive talent dictate to all the other talents. It isn't wise enough. You told me so yourself."

The old man had caught him and Harrison laughed applaudingly, though Monteagle hardly smiled.

"Then that settles it," said the boy, rising. "I've nothing more to say, so I needn't take any more of your time or mine." He had learned to say that while looking for jobs in the Southwest. Mr. Monteagle had picked up pen and paper.

"Oh, don't hurry," said the great man, while writing a memorandum. "I want to talk to you some more. Just wait till I sign this message." He pushed a button on the edge of the desk and addressed an envelope. Harrison thought at the time that it was strange such an important personage would not call in a secretary for the purpose.

A boy entered. Mr. Monteagle said, "Please deliver this at once." The boy left the room. "Don't go away mad, Harrison. I don't think the worse of you for coming here to strike me for a job. In fact, I admire you for it. It shows persistence—true devotion to science—indomitable purpose—character."

All through the interview, there had been this semijocular note in Mr. Monteagle's remarks. Harrison didn't like it. That was why he had been fresh and defiant, in self-defense.

"I'm not mad. I'm merely discouraged." He hesitated and looked over at the canary. "Mr. Monteagle, I suppose you think I was a fool to behave as I did a year or two ago."

"I certainly do. I don't know any other young man who would have been quite such a fool. That's why I admired your actions. All through history the men that have changed the world for the better have been mostly cranks and fools."

Harrison was looking at the banker. It was so difficult to tell whether he was joking.

"Well, I can't say I admire myself very much for the way I behaved." He paused. "If it's any satisfaction to you and Eve to know it, I've learned to regret it."

"Aha, so that's it!" thought Eve's father. "Oh, but you mustn't regret it. You did right. It would have been wrong for you to act otherwise."

Harrison dropped his eyes. "It wasn't a very nice position to put you and your charming daughter in, all the same. But, you see—well, I got rattled."

"Oh, don't worry about us. We have borne up. Why, it has been the making of Eve! Wait till you see her. You'll hardly know her for the same girl." (I believe I'll let him see her. She's learned her lesson. Maybe she can teach him one.) "And as for me—why, just see what you've done for me! If it hadn't been for you this expedition to Mongolia would never have hatched out. Duke thinks he awoke my interest in science. Nothing of the sort—you did. Why, you've done wonders! Evelyn, Duke, science and my humble self have all gained."

"Huh! And I am the only loser." The young searcher for truth abruptly turned toward the door. He had had enough irony for one day, and resented the old man's rubbing it in.

"Not at all. You've gained most of all. Good afternoon, Harrison."

The speeding guest stopped short.

"I? What have I gained?"

"You've gained character."

This was too much for Harrison. His hand was on the door knob. He turned angrily toward the big banker.

(Oh, the smiling complacency of wealth and position surrounded by minions and millions!)

Mr. Monteagle had already plunged into some report he had taken from a drawer, as if his caller had been dismissed and forgotten. But he was not forgotten. He was being observed.

Harrison rushed back toward the desk. He was going to let this arrogant old moneybag know for once how the down-and-outs felt.

The banker did not even look up, though he was still observing covertly.

Again the would-be scientist stopped short. During his graduate course in hard knocks he had also learned self-control. The old man was right. Harrison had, indeed, gained character. He was here for a job, not talk.

"Mr. Monteagle, Duke selects his staff of scientists and experts, but there must be some clerical positions and day-laborer jobs in connection with the thing. Do you suppose there'd be any chance for me in some such capacity?"

"Persistent little chap," thought Monteagle. "He'll get what he wants in this world." To Harrison he said coldly, "I don't know, I'm sure. I have nothing to say about it."

"Well, who has?"

"That's all taken care of in the office of the secretary and general manager."

"And where is that?" asked Harrison.

"Down the hall, third door on the right."

"Thanks. Good-by. I'll meet you in Peking." Harrison went down the hall to the third door on the right.

XXI

HE OPENED the door and found his dear old classmate Cecil looking up at him.

"For heaven's sake!" the highbrow exclaimed. "Can you beat this?"

"Say, Shorty," said Cecil quite cordially, "about that hundred you sent me—I never acknowledged your paying that little bet, because you skipped out and I didn't know your address."

"Oh, that's all right. I got the canceled check. But you could have found out where I was if you had wanted to."

"Well, I did ask Eve, but she didn't know."

"No, I didn't want Eve to know. So you are the secretary of this show, are you?"

"Hell, no; I'm only the secretary's secretary! But I don't blame you for being sore at her. I think she did you dirt. Peggy and I told her that she ought to be ashamed of herself, playing you for those pearls. Have you seen them? Big as moth balls."

Harrison kept silent a moment, then said, "So that's what you told her, did you? And what did she say?"

"Well, you know Eve. She said, 'Oh, but I'm quite mad about Harrison, and he won't have anything to do with me. So I'm going far away to hide my great sorrow.' Just like Eve, wasn't it? Can you beat it?"

"No, I can't beat that. . . . Is the secretary and manager in?"

"But I know just how you feel about it. She turned me down too."

"So you know all about it, do you?"

"Yes, everyone does. . . . When did you get back? Have you seen her yet?"

"This morning. No, I haven't seen her yet. I'm not going to." . . . "So everyone knows!" he said to himself. "Well, I ought to be used to being laughed at."

"Oh, yes, you will see her." Cecil laughed. "And you'll scarcely know her for the same girl."

"Is that the secretary-manager's private office?" He had heard a typewriter clicking intermittently from within.

"Yes, but you'll have to state your business first to me, old sport."

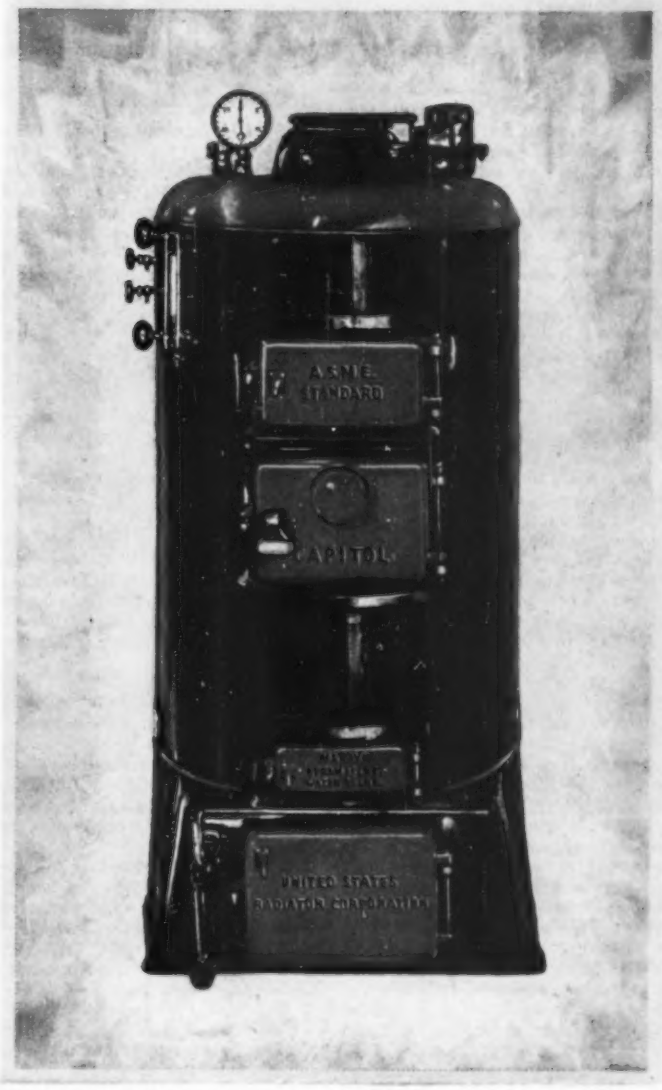
"It's personal and confidential, but I don't mind telling you. It's to get your job away from you."

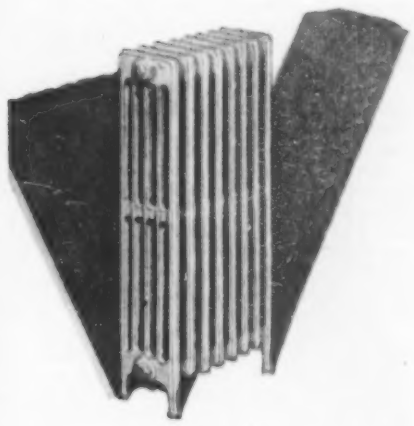
"Then go right in," said Cecil. "Don't mind me. You can't get my job. You're no business man."

The ground-glass door yielded noiselessly to Harrison's pressure and he entered the room. Behind a huge flat-top desk there was a tall Gothic throne like Mr. Monteagle's. It was empty. The secretary and general manager must have left for the day. That would account for Cecil's smile. The only occupant of the room was a slim young stenographer at a side table, seated with her back toward him, busily plunking the

(Continued on Page 108)

All you need to know about HOUSE HEATING





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(Continued from Page 106)

keys with remarkable speed and apparently oblivious of the approach of a stranger.

He looked at her back and liked it. She paused now to bend toward a manuscript on a stand at her side. Harrison caught a glimpse of an adorable profile, a beautiful straight nose and the soft line of a curving cheek. It gave him a stab of delight. He stopped short, as if stalking a deer, and his heart began to pound. Love at first sight! He had often fallen in love at first sight—and out again at second sight. He was determined to see more of her and yet dreaded the disillusionment that always followed when he saw too much of them. He took a cautious step toward falling out of love.

But she was clicking the typewriter again and, like an unsuspecting deer, did not observe him stalking her. So he observed her more closely. She had long hair and a lot of it. In color, though not in arrangement, it recalled Eve's shorn locks. Chestnut, with gold glints in it. It seemed to be trying to caress her cheek and he did not blame it.

As he could not see her face, he appraised her figure and thoroughly approved of it. Long and slender, with a straight strong back held easily erect.

He took another fatal step toward disillusionment and cleared his throat. But the sound of the rapidly clicking keys was too loud or she was too absorbed in her work. He admired her expertness at her craft. So quick, so cool, so competent. Why couldn't the silly, pretty, useless girls one knew be like that?

He took a look at her legs. They were very nice ones, straight and slender. Their symmetry was enhanced by stockings entirely too expensive for a stenographer. Where do all these pretty typewriter girls come from? And where do they go to? Rather soft for Cecil, what?

As he stood there admiring her skill and her lovely legs, a thought occurred to him. He would like to pick her up. Such thoughts often occur to good young men, but oftener to old ones who were too good when young. It would be fun to take this sweet, slim stenographer away from Cecil, out through the farther door and off in a taxicab to one of those afternoon dancing places where you can get something to drink.

But you must have money for things like sin and science, and he was dead broke. So he abandoned his impulse to sin and returned to thoughts of science. He cleared his throat again, and then, in the extremely considerate, rather condescending manner he had been wont to apply to people of that class before he went out West and became democratic, he said, "I'm so sorry, but would you be good enough to tell me where I may find the secretary of this organization?"

The clicking ceased abruptly, her fingers leaping upward like a pianist's. The well-shaped head with the caressing hair turned and he saw her face to face.

"I am the secretary of this organization," she said, and it was in the quiet tones of the lower register.

"Good God!" said the scientist, and forgot all about science.

"What can I do for you?" said Evelyn, and she never batted an eyelash. But she was not forgetting anything. She even remembered to crumple up a piece of paper that lay by the typewriter and drop it in the wastebasket. On it was written in her father's handwriting: "Young Cope is coming to see you. He has made a great discovery. Find out what it is and treat him rough." That had prepared her. Since then she had been typing and retyping: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of ——"

"I'll soon be finished," she said, with her crisp-cut manner of speech, and indicated a chair over by the desk.

So, finishing, "to come to the aid of the party," she began it again as if she had always worked and he had frequently met her thus in her office. Well, she had been rehearsing for some such meeting ever since they parted.

She acted better than Harrison did. He had not rehearsed. He still stood there beside her, gaping in silence, like a stage-frightened actor not up in his part. She gave him no cue. How could she be so calm about it? She wasn't. But she was never going to let him know again how she really felt. It did not pay.

(Just think, once I held this very same girl in my arms and kissed her mouth! I wonder if I can do it again. But is she the same girl? Not only different but indifferent. Well, I'll be indifferent too.)

"Here! Wait a minute," he commanded. "Stop that infernal racket. I don't get this at all." He leaned over and gazed at that straight adorable nose. "What have you done to it?"

She kept on typing. She was no longer ashamed of her nose. The operation had been most successful. But for the first time since the ordeal she suddenly and unaccountably wished she had not done it. She kept on typing.

He drew nearer, took her by the shoulders and turned her around. "Why, do you know," he said, as if announcing a great discovery, "you come darn near being beautiful!"

"Please don't paw me." She said it quite casually and turned her back on him.

He stopped pawing her. "By George, you *are* beautiful! What's happened to you?"

"Mind getting out of my light? I'm busy." She went on typing.

He retreated to the chair she had indicated and decided to marry her—that is, if she were not already married or engaged or something. He would ask her as soon as she had finished that page. His thoughts raced out across the future faster than her slender fingers traveled across the keys. Why, it was going to be all right! He wouldn't have to shut his eyes when he kissed her. He wouldn't have to give up science in order to do so. She was going out there to the Gobi too. And after they had learned the technic of their job together, he could organize and she could finance expeditions of their own, throughout the rest of their happy married life. At least, he guessed it would be happy. She was beautified now. Isn't that the way happy marriages are often made in the movies and similar heavens? He pinched himself and looked at the back of her neck. Waiting was making him nervous. His courage was oozing. He was beginning to feel small and insignificant again. That would never do.

She finished that page, pulled the sheet out of the typewriter, arose and walked across the room to a filing cabinet. She had not looked at him again. Now she seated herself in the large thronelike chair and picked up her engagement tablet.

He had seen her legs in action while she walked across the room. Another marvel. She was no longer even slightly knock-kneed.

"Won't you sit down?" she said in the manner of a busy executive, and glanced at her wrist watch. "I can give you ten minutes." She looked at him now, scrutinizing him thoughtfully. "Harrison, you ought always to wear blue. It's quite becoming. I suppose it's because you're so well tanned. Dig up anything worth while in the Southwest?"

Harrison forgot to sit down and failed to reply to the scientific inquiry. He stood opposite her on the other side of the desk and leaned forward, his hands on it.

"And the hair, too," he said. "It looks exactly like your own, but it couldn't have grown that much since I left."

She seemed only mildly interested. "Give it another year or two and it will," she said. "Did you discover a better specimen of the *Hemicyon* than your namesake of the Geological Survey?"

(So she knows about that!)

"Did you connect up with the expedition from the American Museum, working on the Mummy Cave and at Se-ha-tso, a few miles down the canyon?"

He was only staring at her. Where did she get all this?

"Well, what did you discover while you were away?"

"Darn you, Eve, you're beautiful, I tell you!" He fairly shouted it this time. He was trying to bluff his fear of her.

"I know, but you needn't tell Cecil." She glanced toward the ground-glass partition. "He knows it already. He told me so. . . . Do sit down. When did you get back? Have a cigarette."

He sat down. "Do you enjoy being so good-looking, Eve?"

"I enjoy being told so," she said, but did not seem much impressed. Acting. "Have you come back to finish your thesis? Has your interest in spiders revived?" No answer. "As one scientist to another, what are your plans anyway?"

He only said, "Eve, I suppose everyone tells you so now."

"Yes, it's expected of them. They know how much the operation cost. But it was not nearly so painful as you would suppose. Doctor Krasch has invented a new method." She could not understand why he alone, whose cruelty had made her change, now made her feel so cheap. She raised her arm and glanced at her wrist watch. "You wanted to see me? What can I do for you?"

"Marry me."

She flicked the cigarette ash on the floor to show how calm she was. "Oh, is that all? Sorry—couldn't think of it." She was still scrutinizing him. She hadn't expected it so soon. "He doesn't really give a damn," she thought, "or he wouldn't have said it."

"I see —— Engaged?"

"Yes."

"Cecil?"

"No, I'm engaged in a very important scientific project." . . . "Yes, here we go," she said to herself, "the same old duel, with the positions reversed. And he doesn't give a damn. He is real; I am artificial."

"Eve, don't you think of anything but science?"

"Not now. Don't you think of anything but sex?"

"Not now. When I first came in here I thought you were a pretty stenographer. I meant to make a date with her."

"Too bad. What an awful disillusionment when you found out who it was."

(He regards me as a pretty doll, the kind men like to buy.)

"I'd still like to make that date."

"Thanks for the delicate compliment, darling, but sex no longer interests me. What do you think of my legs?"

That made him laugh. She could still make him laugh even if she couldn't make him love.

"Terrible! I remember them well."

"That was before I worked with my Norwegian expert. It has taken months and months. But they were good enough to save your life from drowning, all the same." . . . (He makes me talk this way. I can't help it. It's a habit. I was going to be dignified and distant.) She arose from the chair, went around and sat on the end of the desk. Not very dignified. So did he—not very distant.

"You must save my life again sometime. I learned to swim down in the Rio Grande, but I'll forget how if there is any hope."

"What do you think of them now?" she insisted. She was swinging then. She held them out straight.

"Pretty good," he said.

"Pretty good? Hell, they're perfect!"

Another laugh. "Say, Eve, as you've refused to marry me, is there any chance of my getting Cecil's job away from him?"

She hesitated and hid a smile. "Why, yes, if you really want it."

"More than anything in the world—that is, next to yourself."

"Cecil is to be head of the supply and receiving department and will stay here in New York while the expedition is in Mongolia."

"Then I resign."

"Why? It's a good job."

"Because you are going to Mongolia. Therefore, it follows that I am too."

"That doesn't follow."

"But I do anyway—as a cook."

"The Chinese are the best cooks in the world. Our agent in Peking has two of them already engaged. We'll pick them up at Kalgan."

There was a pause. He was smiling. She was not. He was gazing at her. She looked away. He returned to the attack.

"I'm a good packer, Eve. I know a lot about camping—not the amateur stuff you and your crowd do in the North Woods."

"Can you throw a diamond hitch?"

"Sure! I'll teach you sometime if you take me along."

She went to one of the filing cabinets, brought out a rope and indicated some large cartons containing samples of pup tents made of balloon cloth which she was about to return as unavailable.

"Throw a diamond hitch over those packing cases," she said. Harrison made two attempts, but bungled the job. "No, no!" She took the rope out of his hands. "That end comes up through here. I'll show you how." She did so. He was impressed and applauded her.

"Where did you learn to throw a diamond hitch?"

"Out in Wyoming last summer."

So that was where she had been! "What were you doing out there?"

"Oh, digging up fossils in the lower Eocene Bad Lands of the Big Horn Basin east of Yellowstone Park," she said in a matter-of-fact way, as if that were her customary manner of spending her summers.

This was almost as astounding as her having become beautiful. "So that is what you were doing, eh? And what did you discover?"

"The skeleton of a little-known creodont called *Palæonictis occidentalis*. You must come and see it after it's mounted. A member of my expedition ran onto a *Coryphodon* skull too, quite by luck, on the way back to Ten Sleep Canyon. It's a good deal flattened, but acceptable all the same."

"I see," said Harrison enviously. . . . (Yes, with money you get everything. Without it, nothing. While I was sweating as a day laborer, this frivolous untrained girl could do what I always dreamed of doing.)

He took another cigarette. He did not show his chagrin, or even any surprise. "All right," he said, "you can teach me to throw a diamond hitch when we get out there. Eve, you must take me with you! Will you? Won't you? Please do!"

He looked very attractive when he was pleading. She had never seen him begging for anything before. (I like him better than ever. I love him. I'm not over it. I love him terribly. I'll never get over it.)

"I'd enjoy teaching you many things," she said, looking out of the window. "But not at the expense of science. Why, if we took you along as a packer, it would put the whole caste system of the natives on the bum. Besides, we have to have people who understand the language and the customs of the country. All our labor is being engaged in advance by the man we sent out months ago. We are to join the outfit at Tuerin. There's an old monastery there."

She opened the drawer and pulled out a typewritten list.

"Here is the complete personnel of our expedition. Every one of them is an expert in his line."

"Yes, I know all about them. Duke told me."

"You see, the advantage of doing the job in this way," she rattled along like a business man presenting a proposition to a prospective investor, "is that by having a group of highly trained specialists from different branches of science all going together on one expedition, we get effective correlation. It's the only way we can. Now you take, for example, in Yun-nan, which might be called a palæontological Garden of Eden; there are so many interesting and different problems in fossils, geology, botany, geography, and each plays into the other. But none of them could get very far without the aid of the others. For example,"

(Continued on Page 113)

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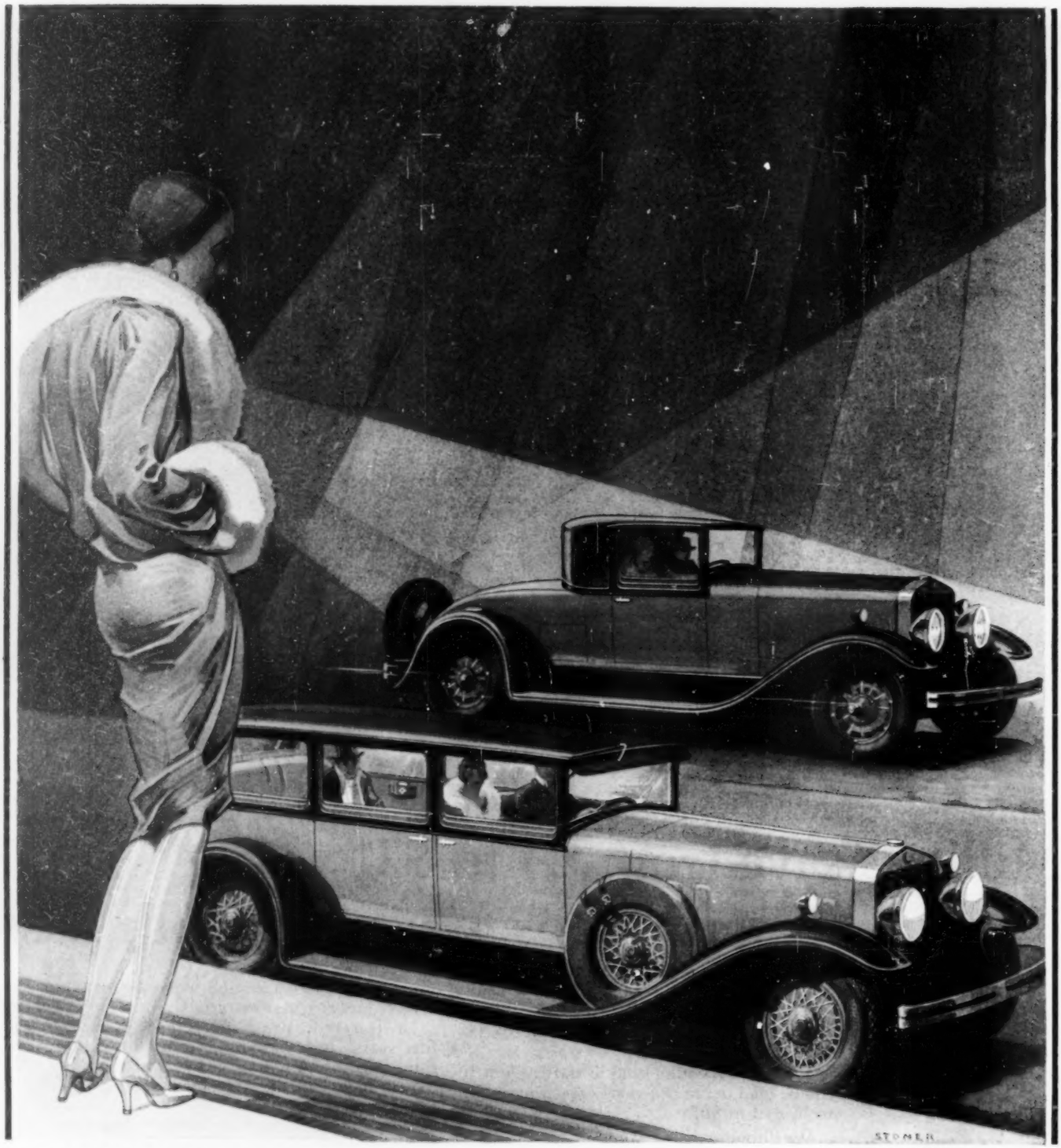

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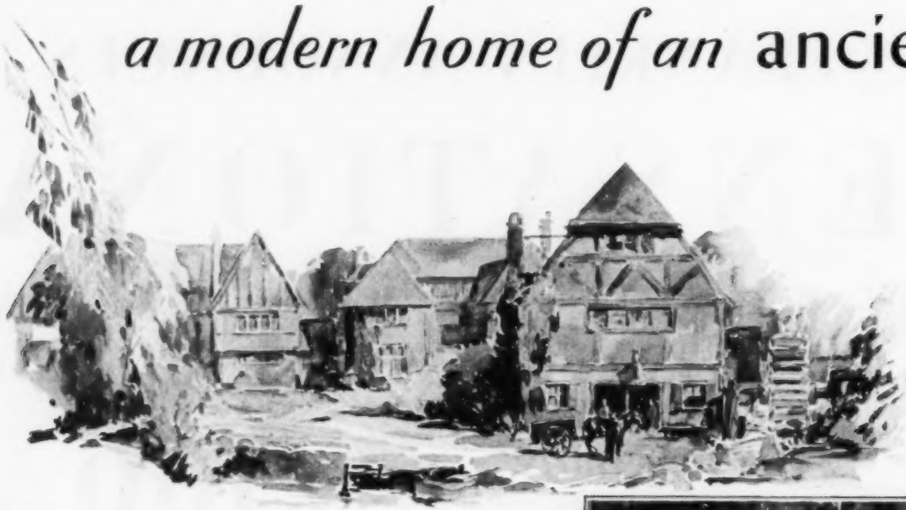
K L I N

How a PRIME MINISTER made a modern home of an ancient mill



NEAR OXFORD *on the banks of the Thames in England, stood the remnant of an ancient village . . . a mill, a public house, a ferryman's cottage, a presbytery. Seeing and falling in love with it, a recent prime minister of Britain bought it and turned it into a country place for himself and his family.*

The mill was made over for his home. The ferryman's cottage became a personal retreat for his brilliant wife. The presbytery was modernized for a daughter's family. A son lives in the remodeled public house. These buildings, with a quiet beauty that newness cannot rival, have been transformed into dwellings as comfortable and convenient as those in the newest suburban development.

TO your house, age can be an asset or a crushing liability. Time has brought, perhaps, a mellow charm; and also cranky flaws that are the source of a hundred daily discomforts, an alarming loss of value.

Because the many buildings erected to meet post-war housing needs have fully utilized modern plumbing and heating and labor-saving appliances, setting higher standards, the older ones are out of the running, annoying to live in, almost impossible to sell or rent.

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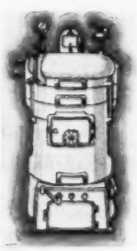

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IT PAYS TO MODERNIZE YOUR PLUMBING AND HEATING

(Continued from Page 108)

she added instructively, "puzzling conditions in geology are clarified by the palæontologist. Meanwhile the topographer is essential to both."

Harrison was beginning to smile, but she kept on: "Now up to the year 1925, the Central Asiatic expedition had discovered representatives of eight of the thirteen great orders of mammals as prophesied by Osborn in 1900—namely, the Insectivora, the Creodonta, the Carnivora, the Rodentia, the Amblypoda, the Perissodactyla, the Ancylopoda and the Artiodactyla—leaving five orders still to be ——"

"Yes," Harrison interrupted, "it's a great book, isn't it?"

She stopped short. "What book?"

"On the Trail of Ancient Man—the book you're quoting from." He had caught her and she laughed. "But, Eve, I'll put you on to a lot of other good books if you'll only take me with you. You must. You can get me cheap."

"We don't want any cheap ones—only great experts."

"You don't hold out much hope for me, do you?"

"Not much."

"And yet you learned to play the typewriter and endured the heat and hardships of the Bad Lands all to make yourself worthy of me."

She could tell from his bantering tone that he didn't believe a word of this, but it was nearly all true, and that was the maddening thing about it.

So she said, "Not a bit. I had a great sorrow and the only way to save my face was to hide it. I was so brave about it. Father told me so."

(The nerve of her!) "Yes, I heard about that. Cecil told me. Brave is no word for it. I'd call it brazen. Well, you'll never have to hide that face again. It's a swell one." He looked at it until she looked away. She was beginning to hate the new nose more than the old one.

But his ardent glance piqued and inspired her, gave her confidence. There was solid comfort in being good to look at! She had the whip hand at last and meant to keep it.

"Ah, yes," she said, "and I owe it all to you, darling. You caused me to change not only my face but my whole life. You have been the making of me, Harrison. You have made a good woman of me."

Formerly her fooling was merely interesting, but now it was entrancing. He used to smile condescendingly, but now he guffawed. She was a pretty girl now.

"All very nice for you," he said, "but where do I come in? You owe me something for all I've done for you."

"You are to gain happiness through suffering, darling, just as I did."

"If I can prove that you need me, will you take me?"

"Certainly. But you can't." He had already proved it, but did not know it.

"What are you doing this evening? How would you like to dine some place and dance?" She would love it, but he was not to know that either.

"Awfully sweet of you, Harrison, but, you see, I'm not the stenographer, I'm the boss. And besides, I'm dining with Hal."

"Who's Hal?"

"He's due here now. You've overstayed your time. Hal is a marvelous man I became acquainted with after you deserted me."

(Trying to make me jealous, is she? Well, that won't work.) . . . "Make Hal invite me to dine too. I couldn't throw a party anyway. Look here, that's all the money I have in the world." He showed her a dollar and sixty-five cents. "I think I ought to get at least a square meal out of the wreck."

At that point Mr. Monteagle came in. "Punch the time clock, Evelyn. . . . Oh, still here, Harrison?"

"Hal, this man is starving. Shall we take him home and feed him?"

(She never used to call him Hal. Look at them! Their whole attitude toward each other is changed. Maybe I did that too.)

"Harrison," said Mr. Monteagle, "I've just had your father on the telephone. He didn't know you were back."

(The old man doesn't like my being here with Eve.) . . . "That's right," said Harrison. "I must go and tell the family I'm back. But, Mr. Monteagle, Eve says she wants me to come out for the week-end. Tennis, you know."

Eve had said nothing of the sort, but she could not deny it. She did want him. She said so now.

Mr. Monteagle was taken aback. (This persistent young man will bear watching. Well, so long as Eve has invited him, let him come—once, and settle the matter.) "That will be delightful, Harrison. Meet us Saturday afternoon at the yacht-club pier."

"After all," said Eve, "we owe him something for delousing the house. Must pay our honest debts, Hal."

"Quite so," said Mr. Monteagle.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PERFECT LIFE

(Continued from Page 9)

carried with them little balloons of frosted breath. About them the buildings broke up through many planes toward heaven, at their base the wintry color of an old man's smile, on through diagonals of diluted gold, edged with purple where the cornices floated past the stationary sky.

In a long, low, English town car—the first of the kind that Basil had ever seen—sat a girl of about his own age. As they came up she received her brother's kiss perfunctorily, nodded stiffly to Basil and murmured, "How-d'y'-do" without smiling. She said nothing further but seemed absorbed in meditations of her own. At first, perhaps because of her extreme reserve, Basil received no especial impression of her, but before they reached the Dorseys' house he began to realize that she was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen in his life.

It was a puzzling face. Her long eyelashes lay softly against her pale cheeks, almost touching them, as if to conceal the infinite boredom in her eyes. Her profile curved gently, without perfect features or sharp lines, but when she smiled, her expression was illumined by a fiery and lovely friendliness, as if she were saying, "Go on; I'm listening. I'm fascinated. I've been waiting—oh, ages—for just this moment with you." Then she remembered that she was shy or bored; the smile vanished, the gray eyes half closed again. Almost before it had begun, the moment was over, leaving a haunting and unsatisfied curiosity behind.

The Dorseys' house was on Fifty-third Street. Basil was astonished first at the narrowness of its white stone front and then at the full use to which the space was put inside. The formal chambers ran the width of the house, artificial sunlight bloomed in the dining-room windows, a small elevator navigated the five stories in deferential silence. For Basil there was a new world in its compact luxury. It was thrilling and romantic that a foothold on this island was more precious than the whole rambling sweep of the James J. Hill house at home. In his excitement the feel of school dropped momentarily away from him. He was possessed by the same longing for a new experience, unmarred by prejudices or preconceptions, that previous glimpses of New York had aroused. In the hard bright glitter of Fifth Avenue, in this lovely girl with no words to waste beyond a mechanical "How-d'y'-do," in the perfectly organized house, he recognized nothing, and he knew that to recognize nothing in his surroundings was usually a guaranty of adventure.

But his mood of the last month was not to be thrown off so lightly. He had an ideal now that came first. A day mustn't pass when he wasn't, as John Granby put it, "straight with himself"—and that meant to help others. He could get in a good deal of work on George Dorsey in these five days; other opportunities might turn up, besides. Meanwhile, with the consciousness of making the best of both worlds, he unpacked his grip and got ready for luncheon.

He sat beside Mrs. Dorsey, who found him somewhat precipitately friendly in a Midwestern way, but polite, apparently not unbalanced. He told her he was going to be a minister and immediately he didn't believe it himself; but he saw that it interested Mrs. Dorsey and let it stand.

The afternoon was already planned; they were going dancing—for those were the great days: Maurice was tangoing in Over the River, the Castles were doing a swift stiff-legged walk in the third act of The Sunshine Girl—a walk that gave the modern dance a social position and brought the nice girl into the café, thus beginning a profound revolution in American life. The great rich empire was feeling its oats and was out for some not too plebeian, yet not too artistic, fun.

By three o'clock seven young people were assembled; they started in a limousine for Emil's. There were two stylish, anæmic girls of sixteen—one bore an impressive financial name—and two freshmen from Harvard who exchanged private jokes and were attentive only to Jobena Dorsey. Basil expected that presently everyone would begin asking each other such familiar questions as "Where do you go to school?" and "Oh, do you know So-and-So?" and the party would become more free and easy, but nothing of the sort happened. The atmosphere was impersonal; he doubted if the other four guests knew his name. "In fact," he thought, "it's just as if everyone's waiting for someone else to make a fool of himself." Here again was something new and unrecognizable; he guessed that it was a typical part of New York.

They reached Emil's. Only in certain Paris restaurants where the Argentines step untiringly through their native coils does anything survive of the dance craze as it existed just before the war. At that time it was not an accompaniment to drinking or love-making or hailing in the dawn—it was an end in itself. Sedentary stockbrokers, grandmothers of sixty, Confederate veterans, venerable statesmen and scientists, sufferers from locomotor ataxia, wanted not only to dance but to dance beautifully. Fantastic ambitions bloomed in hitherto sober breasts, violent exhibitionism cropped out in families modest for generations. Nonentities with long legs became famous overnight, and there were rendezvous where they could dance, if they wished, next morning. Because of a neat glide or an awkward stumble careers were determined and engagements were made or broken, while the tall Englishman and the girl in the Dutch cap called the tune.

As they went into the cabaret sudden anxiety attacked Basil—modern dancing was one of the things upon which John Granby had been most severe.

He approached George Dorsey in the coat room.

"There's an extra man, so do you suppose I'd be all right if I only danced when there's a waltz? I'm no good at anything else."

"Sure. It's all right with me." He looked curiously at Basil. "Gosh, have you sworn off everything?"

"No, not everything," answered Basil uncomfortably.

The floor was already crowded. All ages and several classes of society shuffled around tensely to the nervous, disturbing beats of Too Much Mustard. Automatically the other three couples were up and away, leaving Basil at the table. He watched, trying to pretend to himself that he disapproved of it all but was too polite to show it. However, with so much to see, it was difficult to preserve that attitude, and he was gazing with fascination at Jobena's twinkling feet when a good-looking young man of about nineteen sat down beside him at the table.

"Excuse me," he said with exaggerated deference. "This Miss Jobena Dorsey's table?"

"Yes, it is."

"I'm expected. Name's De Vinci. Don't ask me if I'm any relation to the painter."

"My name's Lee."

"All right, Lee. What'll you have? What are you having?" The waiter arrived with a tray, and De Vinci looked at its contents with disgust. "Tea—all tea. . . . Waiter, bring me a double Bronx. . . . How about you, Lee? Another double Bronx?"

"Oh, no, thanks," said Basil quickly.

"One then, waiter."

De Vinci sighed; he had the unmistakable look of a man who has been drinking hard for several days. The very top layer of his hair, for example, was brushed straight back, while the lower layers were pointed resolutely sideways. His clothes and linen were immaculate and he had been to the barber, but his hands were of that vague gray color that only several days can produce.

"Nice dog under that table over there. They oughtn't to let people smoke if they're going to bring dogs in here."

"Why?"

"Hurts their eyes."

Confusedly Basil deliberated this piece of logic.

"But don't talk to me about dogs," said De Vinci with a profound sigh; "I'm trying to keep from thinking of dogs."

Basil obligingly changed the subject for him by asking him if he was in college.

"Two weeks." For emphasis De Vinci held up two fingers. "I passed quickly through Yale. First man fired out of '15 Sheff."

"That's too bad," said Basil earnestly. He took a deep breath and his lips twisted up in a kindly smile. "Your parents must have felt pretty badly about that."

De Vinci stared at him as if over a pair of spectacles, but before he could answer, the dance ended and the others came back to the table.

"Hello there, Skiddy."

"Well, well, Skiddy!"

They all knew him. One of the freshmen yielded him a place next to Jobena and they began to talk together in lowered voices.

"Skiddy De Vinci," George whispered to Basil. "He and Jobena were engaged last summer, but I think she's through." He shook his head. "They used to go off in his mother's electric up at Bar Harbor; it was disgusting."

Basil glowed suddenly with excitement as if he had been snapped on like an electric torch. He looked at Jobena—her face, infinitely reserved, lightened momentarily, but this time her smile had gone sad; there was the deep friendliness but not the delight. He wondered if Skiddy De Vinci cared about her being through with him. Perhaps, if he reformed and stopped drinking and went back to Yale, she would change her mind.

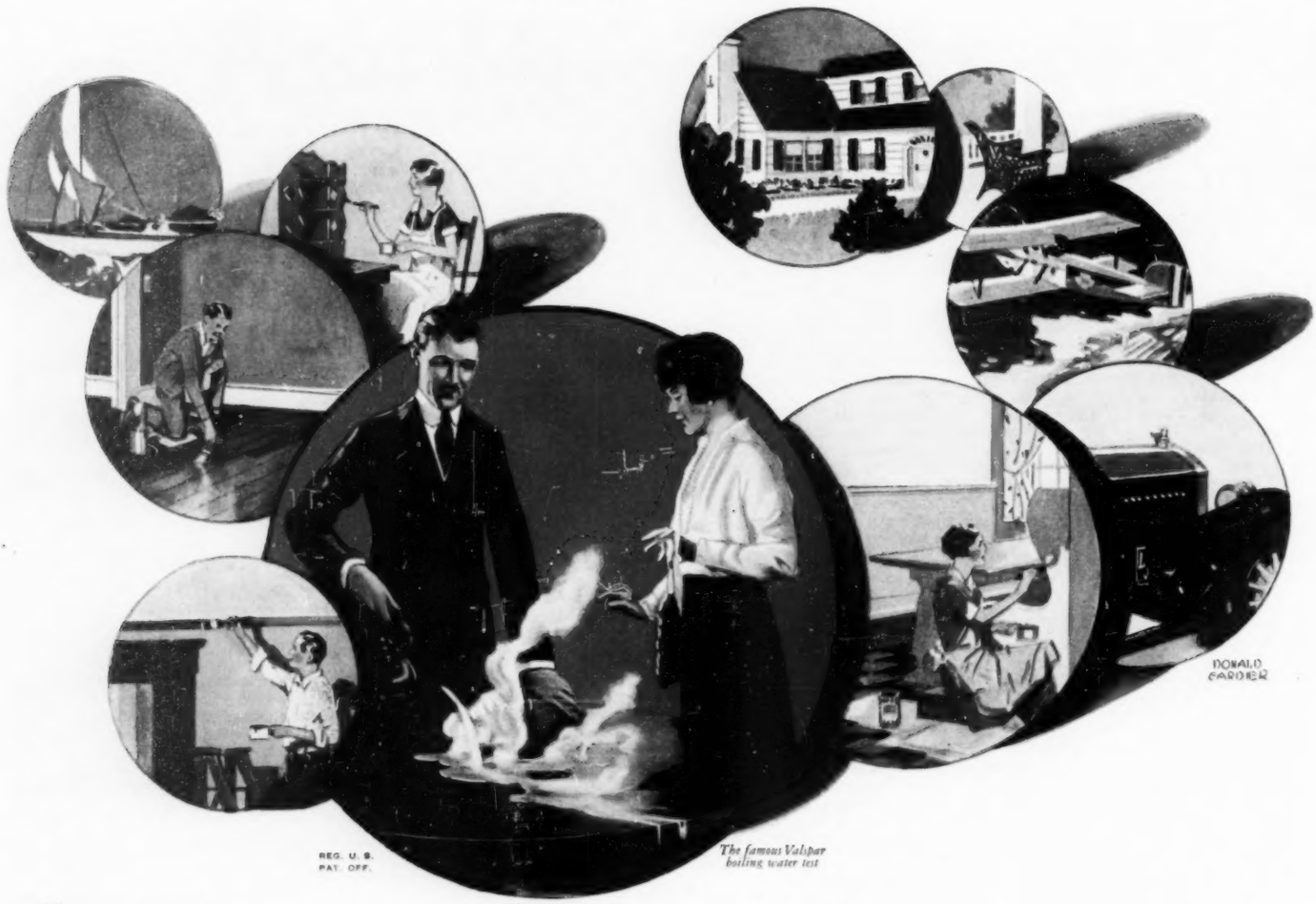
The music began again. Basil stared uncomfortably into his cup of tea.

"This is a tango," said George. "You can dance the tango, can't you? It's all right; it's Spanish."

Basil considered.

"Sure you can," insisted George. "It's Spanish, I tell you. There's nothing to stop your dancing if it's Spanish, is there?"

(Continued on Page 115)



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(Continued from Page 113)

One of the freshmen looked at them curiously. Basil leaned over the table and asked Jobena to dance.

She made a last low-voiced remark to De Vinci before she rose; then, to atone for the slight rudeness, she smiled up at Basil. He was light-headed as they moved out on the floor.

Abruptly she made an outrageous remark and Basil started and nearly stumbled, doubtful that he had heard aright.

"I'll bet you've kissed about a thousand girls in your time," she said, "with that mouth."

"What!"

"Not so?"

"Oh, no," declared Basil. "Really, I ——"

Her lids and lashes had drooped again indifferently; she was singing the band's tune:

"Tango makes you warm inside;
You bend and sway and glide;
There's nothing far and wide ——"

What was the implication—that kissing people was all right; was even admirable? He remembered what John Granby had said: "Every time you kiss a nice girl you may have started her on the road to the devil."

He thought of his own past—an afternoon on the Kampfs' porch with Minnie Bibble, a ride home from Black Bear Lake with Imogene Bissel in the back seat of a car, a miscellany of encounters running back to games of post office and to childish kisses that were consummated upon an unwilling nose or ear.

That was over; he was never going to kiss another girl until he found the one who would become his wife. It worried him that this girl whom he found lovely should take the matter so lightly. The strange thrill he had felt when George spoke of her "behaving disgustingly" with Skiddy De Vinci in his electric, was transformed into indignation—steadily rising indignation. It was criminal—a girl not yet seventeen. Suddenly it occurred to him that this was perhaps his responsibility, his opportunity. If he could implant in her mind the futility of it all, the misery she was laying up for herself, his visit to New York would not have been in vain.

He could go back to school happy, knowing he had brought to one girl the sort of peace she had never known before. In fact, the more he thought of Jobena and Skiddy De Vinci in the electric, the madder it made him.

At five they left Emil's to go to Castle House. There was a thin rain falling and the streets were gleaming. In the excitement of going out into the twilight Jobena slipped her arm quickly through Basil's.

"There's too many for the car. Let's take that hansom."

She gave the address to a septuagenarian in faded bottle green, and the slanting doors closed upon them, shutting them back away from the rain.

"I'm tired of them," she whispered. "Such empty faces, except Skiddy's, and in another hour he won't be able to even talk straight. He's beginning to get maudlin about his dog Eggshell that died last month, and that's always a sign. Do you ever feel the fascination of somebody that's doomed; who just goes on and on in the way he was born to go, never complaining, never hoping; just sort of resigned to it all?"

His fresh heart cried out against this.

"Nobody has to go to pieces," he assured her. "They can just turn over a new leaf."

"Not Skiddy."

"Anybody," he insisted. "You just make up your mind and resolve to live a better life, and you'd be surprised how easy it is and how much happier you are."

She didn't seem to hear him.

"Isn't it nice, rolling along in this hansom with the damp blowing in, and you and I back here"—she turned to him and smiled—"together."

"Yes," said Basil abstractedly. "The thing is that everybody should try to make their life perfect. They can't start young enough; in fact, they ought to start about eleven or twelve in order to make their life absolutely perfect."

"That's true," she said. "In a way Skiddy's life is perfect. He never worries, never regrets. You could put him back at the time of the—oh, the eighteenth century, or whenever it was they had the bucks and beaux—and he'd fit right in."

"I didn't mean that," said Basil in alarm. "That isn't at all what I mean by the perfect life."

"You mean something more masterful," she supplied. "I thought so, when I saw that chin of yours. I'll bet you just take everything you want."

Again she looked at him, swayed close to him.

"You don't understand ——" he began.

She put her hand on his arm. "Wait a minute; we're almost there. Let's not go in yet. It's so nice with all the lights going on and it'll be so hot and crowded in there. Tell him to drive out a few blocks more. I noticed you only danced a few times; I like that. I hate men that pop up at the first sound of music as if their life depended on it. Is it true you're only sixteen?"

"Yes."

"You seem older. There's so much in your face."

"You don't understand ——" Basil began again desperately.

She spoke through the trap to the cabby: "Go up Broadway til we tell you to stop." Sitting back in the cab, she repeated dreamily, "The perfect life. I'd like my life to be perfect. I'd like to suffer, if I could find something worth suffering for, and I'd like to never do anything low or small or mean, but just have big sins."

"Oh, no!" said Basil, aghast. "That's no way to feel; that's morbid. Why, look, you oughtn't to talk like that—a girl sixteen years old. You ought to—to talk things over with yourself—you ought to think more of the after life." He stopped, half expecting to be interrupted, but Jobena was silent. "Why, up to a month ago I used to smoke as many as twelve or fifteen cigarettes a day, unless I was training for football. I used to curse and swear and only write home once in a while, so they had to telegraph sometimes to see if I was sick. I had no sense of responsibility. I never thought I could lead a perfect life until I tried."

He paused, overcome by his emotion.

"Didn't you?" said Jobena, in a small voice.

"Never. I was just like everybody else, only worse. I used to kiss girls and never think anything about it."

"What—what changed you?"

"A man I met." Suddenly he turned to her and, with an effort, caused to spread over his face a caricature of John Granby's sad sweet smile. "Jobena, you—you have the makings of a fine girl in you. It grieved me a lot this afternoon to see you smoking nicotine and dancing modern suggestive dances that are simply savagery. And the way you talk about kissing. What if you meet some man that has kept himself pure and never gone around kissing anybody except his family, and you have to tell him that you went around behaving disgustingly?"

She leaned forward suddenly and spoke crisply through the panel.

"You can go back now—the address we gave you."

"You ought to cut it." Again Basil smiled at her, straining and struggling to lift her up out of herself to a higher plane. "Promise me you'll try. It isn't so hard. And then some day when some upright and straightforward man comes along and says, 'Will you marry me?' you'll be able to say you never danced suggestive modern dances, except the Spanish tango and the Boston, and you never kissed anybody—that is, since you were sixteen, and maybe you wouldn't have to say that you ever kissed anybody at all."

"That wouldn't be the truth," she said in an odd voice. "Shouldn't I tell him the truth?"

"You could tell him you didn't know any better."

"Oh."

To Basil's regret the cab drew up at Castle House. Jobena hurried in, and to make up for her absence, devoted herself exclusively to Skiddy and the Harvard freshmen for the remainder of the afternoon. But doubtless she was thinking hard—as he had done a month before. With a little more time he could have clinched his argument by showing the influence that one leading a perfect life could exert on others. He must find an opportunity tomorrow.

But next day he scarcely saw her. She was out for luncheon and she did not appear at her rendezvous with Basil and George after the matinée; they waited in vain in the Biltmore grill for an hour. There was company at dinner and Basil began to feel a certain annoyance when she disappeared immediately afterwards. Was it possible that his seriousness had frightened her? In that case it was all the more necessary to see her, reassure her, bind her with the invisible cords of high purpose to himself. Perhaps—perhaps she was the ideal girl that he would some day marry. At the gorgeous idea his whole being was flooded with ecstasy. He planned out the years of waiting, each one helping the other to lead the perfect life, neither of them ever kissing anybody else—he would insist on that, absolutely insist on it; she must promise not even to see Skiddy De Vinci—and then marriage and a life of service, perfection, fame and love.

The two boys went to the theater again that night. When they came home a little after eleven, George went upstairs to say good night to his mother, leaving Basil to make reconnaissance in the ice box. The intervening pantry was dark and as he fumbled unfamiliarly for the light he was startled by hearing a voice in the kitchen pronounce his name:

"—— Mr. Basil Duke Lee."

"Seemed all right to me." Basil recognized the drawling tone of Skiddy De Vinci. "Just a kid."

"On the contrary, he's a nasty little prig," said Jobena decisively. "He gave me the old-fashioned moral lecture about nicotine and modern dancing and kissing, and about that upright, straightforward man that was going to come along some day—you know that upright straightforward man they're always talking about. I suppose he meant himself, because he told me he led a perfect life. Oh, it was all so oily and horrible, it made me positively sick, Skiddy. For the first time in my life I was tempted to take a cocktail."

"Oh, he's just a kid," said Skiddy moderately. "It's a phase. He'll get over it."

Basil listened in horror; his face burning, his mouth ajar. He wanted above all things to get away, but his dismay rooted him to the floor.

"What I think of righteous men couldn't be put on paper," said Jobena after a moment. "Suppose I'm just naturally bad, Skiddy; at least, all my contacts with upright young men have affected me just like this."

"Then how about it, Jobena?"

There was a long silence.

"This has done something to me," she said finally. "Yesterday I thought I was through with you, Skiddy, but ever since this happened I've had a vision of a thousand Mr. Basil Duke Lees, all grown up and asking me to share their perfect lives. I refuse definitely. If you like, I'll marry you in Greenwich tomorrow."

III

AT ONE Basil's light was still burning. Walking up and down his room, he made out case after case for himself, with Jobena in the rôle of villainess, but each case was wrecked upon the rock of his bitter humiliation. "A nasty little prig"—the words, uttered with conviction and scorn, had driven the high principles of John Granby from his head. He was a slave to his own admirations, and in the past twenty-four hours Jobena's personality had become the strongest force in his life; deep in his heart he believed that what she had said was true.

He woke up on Thanksgiving morning with dark circles rimming his eyes. His bag, packed for immediate departure, brought back the debacle of the night before, and as he lay staring at the ceiling, relaxed by sleep, giant tears welled up into his eyes. An older man would have taken refuge behind the goodness of his intentions, but Basil knew no such refuge. For sixteen years he had gone his own way without direction, due to his natural combativeness and to the fact that no older man save John Granby had yet captured his imagination. Now John Granby had vanished in the night, and it seemed the natural thing to Basil that he should struggle back to rehabilitation unguided and alone.

One thing he knew—Jobena must not marry Skiddy De Vinci. That was a responsibility she could not foist upon him. If necessary, he would go to her father and tell what he knew.

Emerging from his room half an hour later, he met her in the hall. She was dressed in a smart blue street suit with a hobble skirt and a ruff of linen at her throat. Her eyes opened a little and she wished him a polite good morning.

"I've got to talk to you," he said quickly.

"I'm terribly sorry." To his intense discomfort she flashed her smile at him, just as if nothing had happened. "I've only a minute now."

"It's something very important. I know you don't like me ——"

"What nonsense!" She laughed cheerfully. "Of course I like you. How did you get such a silly idea in your head?"

Before he could answer, she waved her hand hastily and ran down the stairs.

George had gone to town and Basil spent the morning walking through large deliberate snowflakes in Central Park rehearsing what he should say to Mr. Dorsey.

"It's nothing to me, but I cannot see your only daughter throw away her life on a dissipated man. If I had a daughter of my own who was about to throw away her life, I would want somebody to tell me, and so I have come to tell you. Of course, after this I cannot stay in your house, and so I bid you good-by."

At quarter after twelve, waiting anxiously in the drawing-room, he heard Mr. Dorsey come in. He rushed downstairs, but Mr. Dorsey had already entered the lift and closed the door. Turning about, he raced against the machine to the second story and caught him in the hall.

"In regard to your daughter," he began excitedly—"in regard to your daughter ——"

"Well," said Mr. Dorsey, "is something the matter with Jobena?"

"I want to talk to you about her."

Mr. Dorsey laughed. "Are you going to ask her hand in marriage?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, suppose we have a talk after dinner when we're full of turkey and stuffing, and feeling happy."

He clapped his hand on Basil's shoulder and went on into his room.

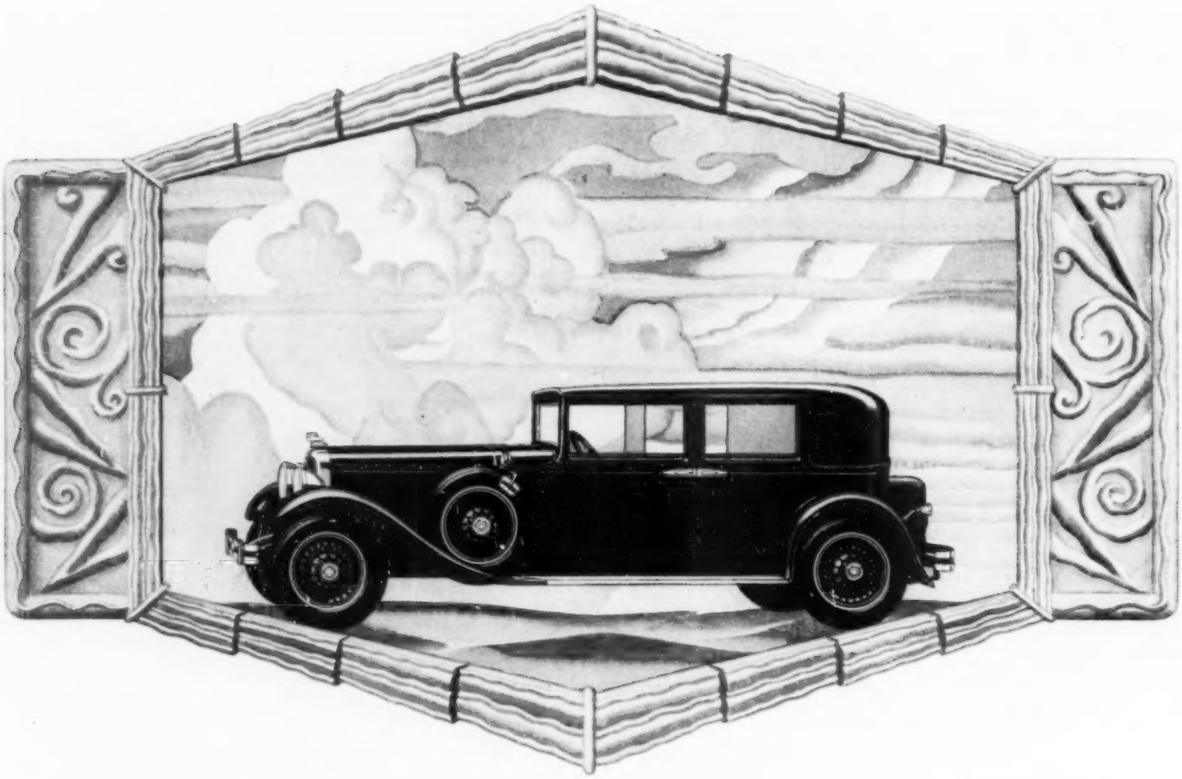
It was a large family dinner party, and under cover of the conversation Basil kept an attentive eye on Jobena, trying to determine her desperate intention from her clothes and the expression of her face. She was adept at concealing her real emotions, as he had discovered this morning, but once or twice he saw her eyes wander to her watch and a look of abstraction come into her eyes.

There was coffee afterward in the library, and, it seemed to Basil, interminable chatter. When Jobena arose suddenly and left the room, he moved just as quickly to Mr. Dorsey's side.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?"

"Why ——" Basil hesitated.

(Continued on Page 118)



AN EVEN GREATER STUTZ IS HERE PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME—THAT DISCRIMINATING AMERICA MAY NOW HAVE A TRULY MODERN QUALITY-CAR. PRICE $3500—UP

It climaxes Stutz history, this handsomest of all Stutz creations. It reaches new heights of performance.

The world has been searched for its richest materials and its most brilliant engineering ideas, that this luxurious car might be evolved.

It is the happy fulfillment of a long cherished purpose to produce the superlatively fine car. Bodies by Fleetwood, Le Baron and Weymann embellish it, but it has another kind of beauty that lies deeper.

Mechanically, it is the natural fructifying of that progressing skill that has made Stutz the pioneer of tested and approved motor advancements of the day.

Particularly you will want to see what *de-celeration* means in a Stutz—with a giant brake aided by a vacuum booster, harnessing great power, providing the most positive de-celeration ever known.

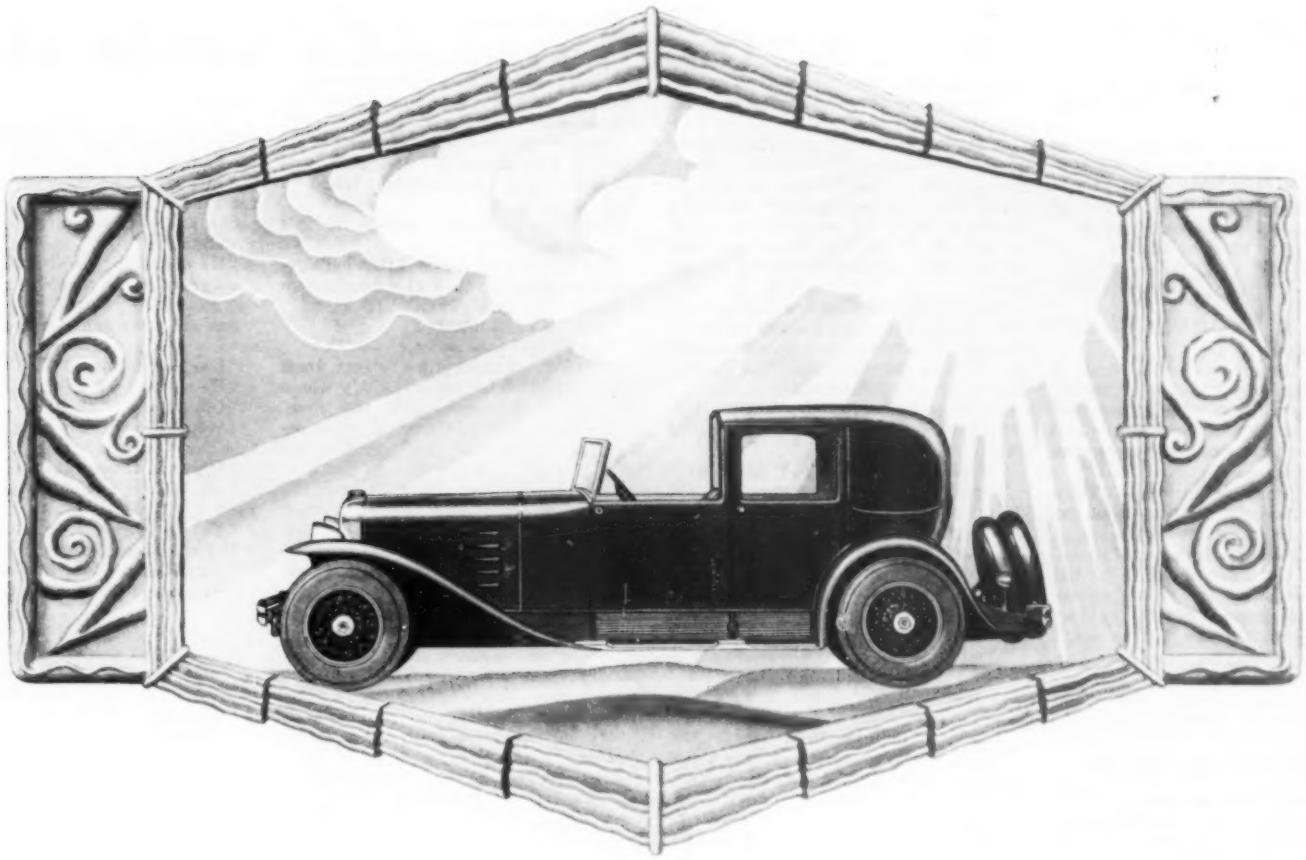
A quiet transmission with four forward speeds, a more powerful engine, the "No-Back," which automatically prevents back-rolling on hills without the use of brakes, adjustable front and rear seats and backs and further precautions for safety, are some of the new features you will want to investigate.

Safety, speed and de-celeration are Stutz characteristics—but Stutz as a luxurious, beautiful, serviceable family car we would have take first place in your mind.

For, with these new models, on display at Stutz salesrooms everywhere, Stutz easily deserves the fine distinction of being America's outstanding quality car.

Bodies by Le Baron, Fleetwood and Weymann. Prices ranging from $3500, up, f. o. b. Indianapolis. Weymann models at approximately composite body prices. Specifications, many of which are exclusive with Stutz, include an 8-cylinder engine of increased power—overhead valves—nine-bearing, inherently balanced crankshaft—Zenith carburetor—air cleaner—oil rectifier—extra-large radiator with automatic shutter—Delco ignition—single dry plate clutch—four forward speed transmission—"No-Back" to prevent backward roll, without the brakes being applied—Timken worm-drive rear axle—reinforced Lockheed four-wheel, hydraulic, internal-expanding brakes with vacuum booster—134½-inch and 145-inch wheel base—Bijur chassis lubrication—side bumper steel running boards, integral with frame—strongest and most rigid frame—silico manganese steel springs—Gemmer worm and roller steering gear—wood wheels standard—Protex permanent vision safety glass all around—safety non-glare Ryan-lites—front bumper and rear bumperettes—one-piece top-hinged windshield—double-acting Lovejoy shock absorbers. Standard instrument board equipment.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



ANNOUNCING THE BLACK HAWK, A BRAND NEW CAR BUILT TO SYNCHRONIZE ALL THAT IS BEST IN MODERN MOTOR CAR ENGINEERING. PRICE ABOUT $2500

An entirely new car, the product of a new division of the Stutz organization.

It has a four forward speed transmission of a new type, quiet, swift and positive.

It is equipped with either six or eight cylinder motor—of equal performance and horsepower.

It also has the "No-Back"—an entirely new feature in automobiledom which automatically prevents back rolling on inclines and hills, without the use of brakes.

It has adjustable front and rear seats and backs, worm drive, low weight, bumper running boards, permanent vision safety glass and other outstanding features obtainable in no other car except Stutz.

But more important than any of these, is the significant fact that it is not an old car made over or improved, but an absolutely new construction, built so that it happily unites, in one perfectly synchronized whole, the most advanced ideas of modern engineering sagacity—the product of builders who are responsible for "America's finest quality car."

In a very exact sense it is the car of today.

And its superlative good looks carry through a wide choice of Le Baron, Weymann and other bodies.

Every courtesy will be shown to you, without obligation, at your inspection of this new and truly remarkable creation—on display at Stutz salesrooms, or perhaps by a new dealer in your territory.

No such car has ever been produced at this price—approximately $2500 f. o. b. Indianapolis. Bodies by Le Baron and Weymann with Weymann models at approximately composite body prices. Specifications, many of which are exclusive with Stutz, include a six or eight cylinder engine, of equal performance and horsepower, optional with customer—Zenith carburetor—air cleaner—oil strainer—extra-large radiator with automatic shutter—Delco ignition—single dry plate clutch—four forward speed transmission—"No-Back" to prevent backward roll, without brakes being applied—Timken worm and worm wheel—reinforced Lockheed four-wheel, hydraulic, internal-expanding brakes—127½-inch wheel base—Bijur chassis lubrication—side bumper steel running boards, integral with the rigid steel frame—silico manganese steel springs—Gemmer worm and roller steering gear—wood wheels standard—Protex permanent vision safety glass all around—safety non-glare Ryan-lites—front bumper and rear bumperettes—one-piece, top-hinged windshield—double-acting Lovejoy shock absorbers. Dash equipment on an instrument board of distinctive beauty.

BLACK HAWK DIVISION OF STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC.

(Continued from Page 115)

"Now is the time to ask me—when I'm well fed and happy."

"Why ——" Again Basil stopped.

"Don't be shy. It's something about my Jobena."

But a peculiar thing had happened to Basil. In sudden detachment he saw himself from the outside—saw himself sneaking to Mr. Dorsey, in a house in which he was a guest, to inform against a girl.

"Why ——" he repeated blankly.

"The question is: Can you support her?" said Mr. Dorsey jovially. "And the second is: Can you control her?"

"I forgot what it was I wanted to say," Basil blurted out.

He hurried from the library, his brain in a turmoil. Dashing upstairs, he knocked at the door of Jobena's room. There was no answer and he opened the door and glanced inside. The room was empty, but a half-packed suitcase lay on the bed.

"Jobena," he called anxiously. There was no answer. A maid passing along the hall told him Miss Jobena was having a marcel wave in her mother's room.

He hurried downstairs and into his hat and coat, racking his brains for the address where they had dropped Skiddy De Vinci the other afternoon. Sure that he would recognize the building, he drove down Lexington Avenue in a taxi, tried three doors, and trembled with excitement as he found the name "Leonard Edward Davies De Vinci" on a card beside a bell. When he rang, a latch clicked on an inner door.

He had no plan. Failing argument, he had a vague melodramatic idea of knocking him down, tying him up and letting him lie there until it blew over. In view of the fact that Skiddy outweighed him by forty pounds, this was a large order.

Skiddy was packing—the overcoat he tossed hastily over his suitcase did not serve to hide this fact from Basil. There was an open bottle of whisky on his littered dresser, and beside it a half-full glass.

Concealing his surprise, he invited Basil to sit down.

"I had to come and see you"—Basil tried to make his voice calm—"about Jobena."

"Jobena?" Skiddy frowned. "What about her? Did she send you here?"

"Oh, no." Basil swallowed hard, stalling for time. "I thought—maybe you could advise me—you see, I don't think she likes me, and I don't know why."

Skiddy's face relaxed. "That's nonsense. Of course she likes you. Have a drink?"

"No. At least not now."

Skiddy finished his glass. After a slight hesitation he removed his overcoat from the suitcase.

"Excuse me if I go on packing, will you? I'm going out of town."

"Certainly."

"Better have a drink."

"No, I'm on the water wagon—just now."

"When you get worrying about nothing, the thing to do is to have a drink."

The phone rang and he answered it, squeezing the receiver close to his ear:

"Yes. . . . I can't talk now. . . . Yes. . . . At half-past five then. It's now about four. . . . I'll explain why when I see you. . . . Good-by." He hung up. "My office," he said with affected nonchalance. . . . "Won't you have a little drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Never worry. Enjoy yourself."

"It's hard to be visiting in a house and know somebody doesn't like you."

"But she does like you. Told me so herself the other day."

While Skiddy packed they discussed the question. He was a little hazy and extremely nervous, and a single question asked in the proper serious tone would send him rambling along indefinitely. As yet Basil had evolved no plan save to stay with Skiddy and wait for the best opportunity of coming into the open.

But staying with Skiddy was going to be difficult; he was becoming worried at Basil's tenacity. Finally he closed his suitcase with one of those definite snaps, took down a large drink quickly and said:

"Well, guess I ought to get started."

They went out together. Skiddy hailed a taxi.

"Which way are you going?" Basil asked.

"Uptown—I mean downtown."

"I'll ride with you," volunteered Basil. "We might—we might have a drink in the —— bar."

Skiddy hesitated. "I'll drop you there," he said.

When they reached the hotel, Basil made no move to get out.

"You're coming in with me, aren't you?" he asked in a surprised voice.

Frowning, Skiddy looked at his watch. "I haven't got much time."

Basil's face fell; he sat back in the car.

"Well, there's no use my going in alone, because I look sort of young and they wouldn't give me anything unless I was with an older man."

The appeal succeeded. Skiddy got out, saying, "I'll have to hurry," and they went into the bar.

"What'll it be?"

"Something strong," Basil said, lighting his first cigarette in a month.

"Two stingers," ordered Skiddy.

"Let's have something really strong."

"Two double stingers then."

Out of the corner of his eye Basil looked at the clock. It was twenty after five. Waiting until Skiddy was in the act of taking down his drink he signaled to the waiter to repeat the order.

"Oh, no!" cried Skiddy.

"You'l' have to have one on me."

"You haven't touched yours."

Basil sipped his drink, hating it. He saw that with the new alcohol Skiddy had relaxed a little.

"Got to be going," he said automatically. "Important engagement."

Basil had an inspiration.

"I'm thinking of buying a dog," he announced.

"Don't talk about dogs," said Skiddy mournfully. "I had an awful experience about a dog. I've just got over it."

"Tell me about it."

"I don't even like to talk about it; it was awful."

"I think a dog is the best friend a man has," Basil said.

"Do you?" Skiddy slapped the table emphatically with his open hand. "So do I, Lee. So do I."

"Nobody ever loves him like a dog," went on Basil, staring off sentimentally into the distance.

The second round of double stingers arrived.

"Let me tell you about my dog that I lost," said Skiddy. He looked at his watch. "I'm late, but a minute won't make any difference, if you like dogs."

"I like them better than anything in the world." Basil raised his first glass, still half full. "Here's to man's best friend—a dog."

They drank. There were tears in Skiddy's eyes.

"Let me tell you. I raised this dog Eggshell from a pup. He was a beauty—an Airedale, sired by McTavish VI."

"I bet he was a beauty."

"He was! Let me tell you ——"

As Skiddy warmed to his subject, Basil pushed his new drink toward Skiddy, whose hand presently closed upon the stem. Catching the bartender's attention, he ordered two more. The clock stood at five minutes of six.

Skiddy rambled on. Ever afterward the sight of a dog story in a magazine caused Basil an attack of acute nausea. At half-past six Skiddy rose uncertainly.

"I've gotta go. Got important date. Be mad."

"All right. We'll stop by the bar and have one more."

The bartender knew Skiddy and they talked for a few minutes, for time seemed of no account now. Skiddy had a drink with his old friend to wish him luck on a very important occasion. Then he had another.

At a quarter before eight o'clock Basil piloted Leonard Edward Davies De Vinci from the hotel bar, leaving his suitcase in care of the bartender.

"Important engagement," Skiddy mumbled as they hailed a taxi.

"Very important," Basil agreed. "I'm going to see that you get there."

When the car rolled up, Skiddy tumbled in and Basil gave the address to the driver.

"Good-by and thanks!" Skiddy called fervently. "Ought to go in, maybe, and drink once more to best friend man ever had."

"Oh, no," said Basil, "it's too important."

"You're right. It's too important."

The car rolled off and Basil followed it with his eye as it turned the corner. Skiddy was going out on Long Island to see Eggshell's grave.

IV

BASIL had never had a drink before and, now with his jubilant relief, the three cocktails that he had been forced to down mounted swiftly to his head. On his way to the Dorseys' house he threw back his head and roared with laughter. The self-respect he had lost last night rushed back to him; he felt himself tingling with the confidence of power.

As the maid opened the door for him he was aware subconsciously that there was someone in the lower hall. He waited till the maid disappeared; then stepping to the door of the coat room, he pulled it open. Beside her suitcase stood Jobena, wearing a look of mingled impatience and fright. Was he deceived by his ebullience or, when she saw him, did her face lighten with relief?

"Hello." She took off her coat and hung it up as if that was her purpose there, and came out under the lights. Her face, pale and lovely, composed itself, as if she had sat down and folded her hands.

"George was looking for you," she said indifferently.

"Was he? I've been with a friend."

With an expression of surprise she sniffed the faint aroma of cocktails.

"But my friend went to visit his dog's tomb, so I came home."

She stiffened suddenly. "You've been with Skiddy?"

"He was telling me about his dog," said Basil gravely. "A man's best friend is his dog after all."

She sat down and stared at him, wide-eyed.

"Has Skiddy passed out?"

"He went to see a dog."

"Oh, the fool!" she cried.

"Were you expecting him? Is it possible that that's your suitcase?"

"It's none of your business."

Basil took it out of the closet and deposited it in the elevator.

"You won't need it tonight," he said.

Her eyes shone with big despairing tears.

"You oughtn't to drink," she said brokenly. "Can't you see what it's made of him?"

"A man's best friend is a stinger."

"You're just sixteen. I suppose all that you told me the other afternoon was a joke—I mean, about the perfect life."

"All a joke," he agreed.

"I thought you meant it. Doesn't anybody ever mean anything?"

"I like you better than any girl I ever knew," Basil said quietly. "I mean that."

"I liked you, too, until you said that about my kissing people."

He went and stood over her and took her hand.

"Let's take the bag upstairs before the maid comes in."

They stepped into the dark elevator and closed the door.

"There's a light," she said.

Still holding her hand, he drew her close to him and put his arms around her in the darkness.

"Just for this once we don't need the light."

Going back on the train, George Dorsey came to a sudden resolution. His mouth tightened.

"I don't want to say anything, Basil ——" He hesitated. "But look —— Did you have something to drink Thanksgiving Day?"

Basil frowned and nodded.

"Sometimes I've got to," he said soberly. "I don't know what it is. All my family died of liquor."

"Gee!" exclaimed George.

"But I'm through. I promised Jobena I wouldn't touch anything more till I'm twenty-one. She feels that if I go on with this constant dissipation it'll ruin my life."

George was silent for a moment.

"What were you and she talking about those last few days? Gosh, I thought you were supposed to be visiting me."

"It's—it's sort of sacred," Basil said placidly. . . . "Look here; if we don't have anything fit to eat for dinner, let's get Sam to leave the pantry window unlocked tonight."

EXIT THE KING

(Continued from Page 15)

was an idea which Yorke was incapable of dwelling on. There was no brutality in his fiber. Presently he took the pen again and wrote:

The plot at the southwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twelfth Street, formerly occupied by Tim McNamara's barroom, I devise and bequeath to Elinor Carter and Frederick Carter, the granddaughter and grandson of Elinor MacMurray White.

He and White, the actor whom Nell had married after she left him, had met at Tim McNamara's place three or four nights after Nell's funeral. They had spoken and turned away from each other. But half an hour later they had exchanged an interrogatory look and had silently sat down together at a table in the corner, impelled by some strange attraction which it was beyond the power of either exactly to define.

At first they did not speak of Nell; they sat and drank in a tacit community of grief and loneliness. And Yorke wondered about White and knew that White was wondering about him. After a while White said:

"I hear the road is rotten this season."

"Shot all to pieces, they say," Yorke had answered. White had an irritating nervous habit of tapping his glass with his spoon and Yorke wished that he would quit it.

"Everything's moving uptown," said White presently.

"Is it?" said Yorke inanely. And in the long silence that gathered Yorke wondered what she could have seen in this man. He had, in fact, always wondered. Well, there must be something or Nell wouldn't have married him. He was good-looking; he stood well in his profession. Had he made her happy? Yorke tried to feel himself above the vulgar jealousy that leads to hatred, but it was with an effort that he accomplished it. He could not have accomplished it now had it not been for this strange seizure that held them both; it was as if they were groping, each through the other's mind, toward the woman both had lost. Yorke was almost sorry that he had not gone to her funeral. He had had the impulse to go, but the thought of White there—her husband!—had kept him away;

(Continued on Page 120)

Only those who love him forgive his looks

. . . and the best wives know this

The wrinkled carelessness of Jim's clothes—at the office they see that, without knowing how ready he is in the evening at home to answer the telephone when it's not his turn.

The wrinkled carelessness of Jim's clothes—the sales manager has never seen Jim in the midnight watch when Junior yaps in his crib and Jim gets up and changes him and only whistles a little further off the tune.

The wrinkled carelessness of Jim's clothes—his friends built houses up on the hill; some put their families in the two car class, but Jim just plugged along in the wrinkled carelessness of his clothes.

It's only the ones who love a man who can forget his looks.

The chiefs who raise the salaries cannot forget his looks.

New Facts about Clothes Pressing

Through modern pressing equipment the care of clothes has become a scientific operation which delivers far more than perfectly pressed garments.

ODORS REMOVED

Arm-pit and *trouser waist-band* and *center seams* are freed from offensiveness. The odors of perspiration which cause garments to be unpleasant are removed by heat, steam and vacuum.

NAP RAISED

Clothing comes back to you soft-dried; never hard, never damp. The nap of the fabric is actually raised and the lustre of the cloth restored.

GERMS KILLED

Germs are always present in clothes that have been worn. This pressing method, using temperatures at about the range at which surgical instruments are sterilized, kills the disease germs of influenza, common colds, pneumonia, tuberculosis and skin diseases.

MOTH EGGS DESTROYED

This method of pressing destroys moth eggs and larvae which may lie within the weave of woolen goods. The eggs of other insects and the insects themselves are also destroyed.

VACUUM DRYING

Garments are not baked by dry heat. They never have a stiff *boardy* finish. A vacuum attachment draws air through the fabric and leaves garment with soft, natural finish.

CREASES LAST LONGER

Regular pressing by this method maintains the original balance and fine lines of your suit. The pressed effect lasts longer.

CAN'T HARM DELICATE DRESSES

By *regulated* steam pressure the Valetor smooths wrinkles gently and safely, sending back your loveliest chiffon, crepe or satin frock soft and fresh.

AVAILABILITY

The Valetor sign is on the windows of clothes pressing shops with this modern equipment. Look for the Valetor sign in your neighborhood. You'll probably find one nearby. If not write us for the name of the nearest one.

U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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*You can depend on the establishment that shows the *Valetor sign*

To Wives. We are collecting stories of men who helped themselves earn more money by becoming neater in appearance. Won't you write us any true stories of such experiences that you know? You need not mention any names. We promise not to mention your name without your permission. *Write your story to U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

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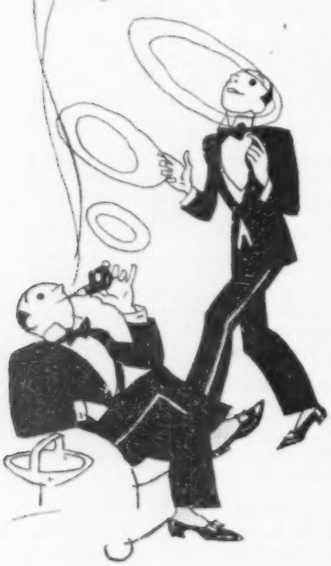
Three whiffs *and you're on!*



JUST three whiffs of Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture—Ah! now you've discovered why so many pipe lovers smoke nothing else but. It's wonderfully mellow and rich, yet it's milder than most, and its fragrance is kept fresh by the inside lining of heavy gold foil.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 1, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

B&W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

(Continued from Page 118)

he could not have stood the sight of White there. The night before, he had walked past the house where she had lived with White, and where she had died. He had lingered in the street and listened.

Listened, with queer tangled emotions, for the cry of a baby. Nell had died in childbirth; and if he could have hated White, he felt that as a thing that would have made his hatred worse. The silence lengthened while they drank together, and yet neither one seemed to want to leave. Finally White came directly to it.

"We quarreled a good deal," he said, and his voice was gruff and almost surly.

"So did we," said Yorke.

"She was always right," said White.

Yorke acquiesced by a gesture of the head, and there was another silence, which White broke presently with a note of something like anger in his voice:

"Why do we say she was always right?"

"She was," said Yorke, with his unreflective loyalty.

"What's the use of lying about it?" said White. "She wasn't always right! She'd laugh at us for a couple of fools for saying she was. She knew she wasn't! That's one reason I loved her!"

It had been her whims, her differences, her swift audacities, her flashing angers, her sudden penitences, her quick perception of her own inconsistencies, that had much to do with keeping men in love with her.

"How is the baby?" said Yorke, not looking at him.

"Oh, all right," said White. And he said it carelessly, almost as if he were asking "What baby?" Yorke, as he looked back upon the episode, remembered that he had thought at the time that White seemed to dislike the baby—could not bear to think of it because it had killed Nell, as he put it. While Yorke felt that he could love it because it was Nell's.

"I suppose," he said, "you've named her for Nell?"

"Named it for my mother," said White, beating on his glass again with his spoon. "Named it before it was born."

"You should have named her for Nell," Yorke said.

"See here," said White, dropping the spoon and flaring up, "don't you tell me what I should and shouldn't do!"

Yorke had risen then and had made a speech. He could not recall now what he had said, although so many of the other details of the scene were still clear to him after this long lapse of time; but it must have been an utterance that was somehow tactless, for White had reddened with anger and got to his feet and said:

"Listen, Yorke! Don't you play Richelieu at me now, nor any of your damned kings, or I'll crown you! I'll crown you with this bottle!"

Yorke had confronted him steadily for a moment and then White had turned and flung out of the room—made an exit, as Yorke put it to himself. He had not seen White often in the years that followed; the last time they had talked had been at the Actors' Club —— When was it? A year or two before White's death, and that was all of twelve years ago. It was nearly ten years since he had been in the club himself. He must do something for the club—the club that Mr. Booth had founded and fostered, and where Mr. Booth had died. He bent above the glossy parchment again and wrote:

The lots at the west corner of Cramoisie Park and Dickens Place, comprising a plot 65 feet by 100 feet, I devise and bequeath to the Actors' Club, which adjoins them, as the club will eventually need more room. In that club I have passed many of my best hours.

Did anyone come to the club nowadays who thought of him or spoke of him, he wondered? Frazier Coulter, perhaps, and Ned Simmons, the painter, and Francis Wilson, and maybe Harry Dixey—all younger men than himself—might still be there. And John Drew ——

But no, Drew was gone; that golden-hearted gentleman and finished artist had died a year ago—had passed, as most actors wish to pass, acting until almost the very end, and with the love of his fellow troupers and the affection of multitudes vibrant and warm about him. Old Yorke's whimsically shifting memory suddenly slid backward many years to an afternoon in London. Drew and he were in the Grosvenor Gallery; a swarthy man with high shoulders and high cheek bones and a thick gray beard that hid his necktie came up to Drew and said:

"Pardon me, but aren't you Mr. Drew, of the American company playing here?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Browning—Robert Browning. I wanted to tell you how much I liked your Petruchio last night. I have never enjoyed that play so much before."

It is of moments such as these—it is of the praise of men fitted to judge and to praise—that the artist's real triumphs are made. Well, Yorke had had his moments too! There was the letter Mr. Booth himself had written him; it lay before him now, yellowed and creased with time—perhaps he would bequeath it to the club. His mind made another dart and he felt himself almost physically within the club itself and looking to see if his pewter tankard with his name engraved upon it still hung where it should be hanging—between Joe Holland's and Bobby Reid's, north of the fireplace where the great boar's head grins down with lolling tongue upon the pipe-night revels.

And then before his inward gaze appeared the broad old stairway, curving upward into the shadows that were, for Yorke, palpitant with memories and with ghosts. It was there that he had last seen Mr. Booth, one stormy night in the winter before the great actor's death, and there that his mind had always placed him since, standing quietly in the dimness, his thumbs hooked into the top pockets of his trousers and his head drooped slightly forward, unperceived by the group lounging and laughing about the fireplace below, and smiling down upon them.

Yorke had passed him presently on his way up to the card room, and Mr. Booth had startled him by laying a finger lightly on his shoulder—a most unusual gesture, for the fastidious Booth, except in his own circle of relations and chosen friends, did not offer or encourage familiarities.

"This snowstorm, Harry," said Booth, nodding toward the street, "makes me think of that frightful winter I went barnstorming with Waller in California."

And again Yorke had been startled. It was the first and only time that Booth had ever called him by his first name. Yorke smiled as he thought of the episode, and took the pen again:

The plot on Main Street in Marysville, California, where the first post office was located when the town was settled, I devise and bequeath to Elinor Carter and Frederick Carter. It was there, in the winter of 1852, that I first saw Edwin Booth.

Yorke's father had been the first postmaster at Marysville, and also an assayer, and Yorke himself could still recapture fugitive boyish memories of the restless men and roaring camps of the Sierra slopes and the Sacramento Valley. One episode had always remained especially vivid.

About eight o'clock one evening, toward the end of an epochal fall of snow, he and his father and mother had been startled, in their room behind the office, by a thunderous hammering on the front door. Yorke, then a lad of eleven, had already gone to bed; his mother and father were still seated before the big pot-bellied sheet-iron stove, occasionally feeding it with split sticks of white fir and sugar pine. His father got up at the knocking and went to open the door. The boy slipped out of his bunk and pulled on his copper-toed boots over his bare feet. Yorke smiled now at the picture of himself as he must have been, standing there in those boots and his red flannel nightgown, as his father ushered in from the office three men so bundled and crusted with snow that they scarcely resembled human figures.

Two of them were obviously miners and their breath had frozen in their beards, which more resembled handfuls of pendent icicles than matted hair. These two half supported a slenderer figure between them—a youth with coffee sacking tied about his feet and wrapped grotesquely in a frozen horse blanket held together by two big brass safety pins.

"We saw your light," said one of the miners apologetically to Yorke's father as they came in the room, "and it was the only light we could see."

"This boy is pretty tired," said the other miner as he and Yorke's father helped the youth in the horse blanket to an armchair in front of the open door of the stove. "We been on our feet two days."

"And a night," said the first. "Don't forget the night, Sam."

"I never will," said Sam soberly, "as long as I live! A room with a fire in it! I don't believe we're here!"

Yorke's father had busied himself unwrapping the youngest man of the trio, who had gone to sleep instantly before the fire.

"Where'd you come from?" he asked.

"Grass Valley," said Sam. "It was either walk out or stay and starve."

Yorke's mother, who had left the room, was back again with a pot of cold stew, the remnants of their supper, which she filled again with water and set on the flat top of the iron stove. And while they waited for the water to boil and turn the slab mass into hot soup, the miners drank whisky and thawed themselves and told of their battle through fifty miles of drift and storm, down the broken trail from Grass Valley. The youth sprawled in the armchair snored and choked in his uneasy sleep, his wet clothes beginning to send up a cloud of steam. Grass Valley had been cut off by storms from all communication for nearly two weeks. Provisions were almost gone. The two miners had preferred to take the chance of perishing on the trail to what they considered the certainty of dying of hunger in Grass Valley—and, besides, somebody had had to go out and get help started back for the people penned up there. This lad had insisted on coming with them. They had made the fifty miles on a handful of soda crackers and two tins of sardines, which they had eaten one by one, frozen stiff, after a weary time getting into the tins with a jackknife and numb fingers.

"He's an actor," said Sam, pointing to the lax youth in the chair. "There's a whole troupe of 'em still starving back there."

"The kid's had a hard time," said the other miner. "The last mail that got into Grass Valley brought him a letter that his father had died two or three months ago, on a ship somewheres."

"Mississippi steamboat, he said," corrected Sam. "Name was Booth."

"The young fellow here was cussing himself by spells last night, all night long, while we were wallowin' and flounderin' through the drifts, because he'd let his dad go back to the States and die alone—kept cryin' out he should have gone along and looked after him. Once he laid down in the snow and said he was going to go to sleep now and join his father and tell him he was sorry, and we had to lick the life back into him with our belts. Yes, sir, last night was a hell of a night outdoors!"

It was a queer thing to old Yorke, as he thought back upon this scene, that parts of it were so vivid and clear to him, bits of speech and gestures, and other parts were gone altogether—why, he actually remembered the words and aspect of these miners more clearly than he remembered his own father and mother! He could not see them now, drinking the soup that his mother had fixed, although they must have drunk it; he could recall nothing that Booth had said or done, although he must have spoken; he could only see him lax and sprawling in the chair. He did remember that they had all gone, and his father with them, to the one public house which the place boasted at the time, which was restaurant, dancing hall,

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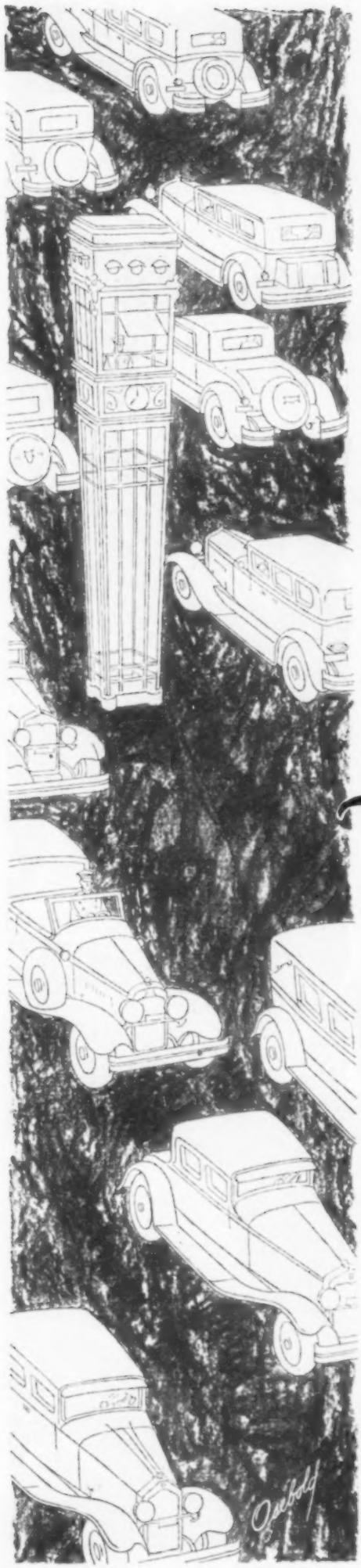

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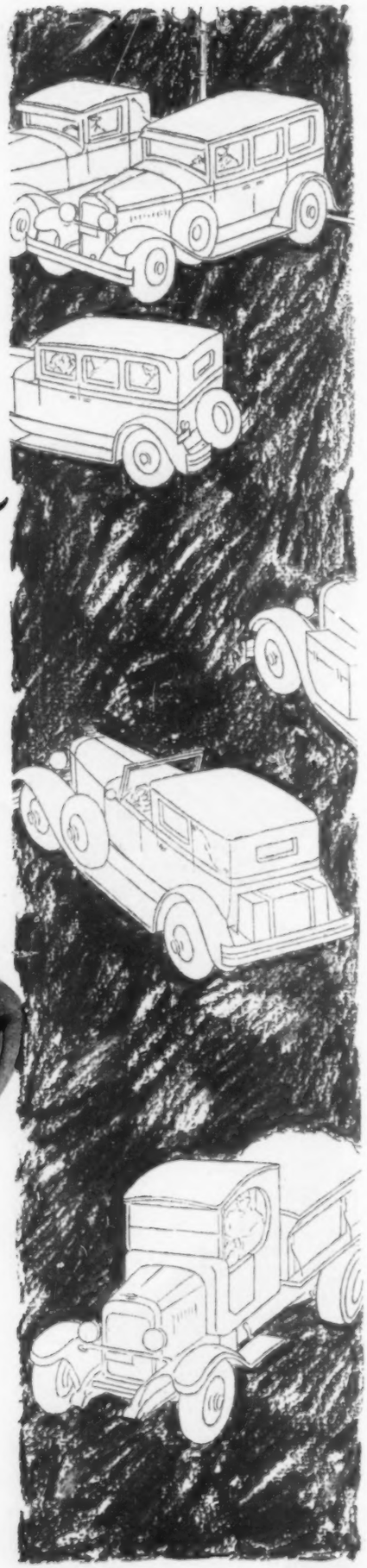

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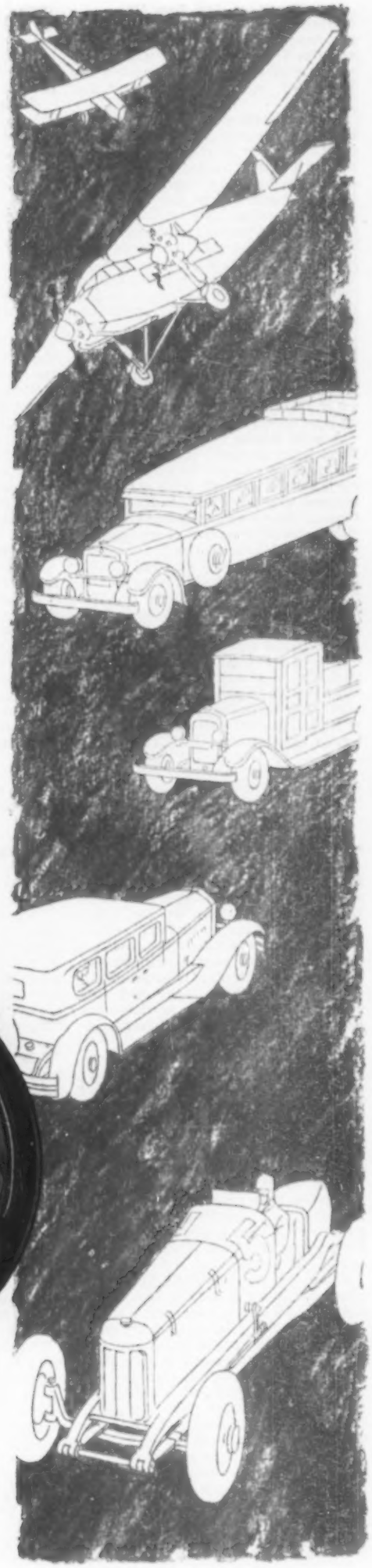

(Continued from Page 120)

barroom, gambling house and hotel all in one, to acquaint the world with the plight of Grass Valley, that a pack train of provisions might be sent, and he supposed that Booth and the miners had slept at that place.

Yorke had often plagued himself to lift out of the obscurity some striking gesture or fitting speech for the young Booth, or even an eloquent glance of remarkable eyes when he had been awakened, but in vain. There he was in the armchair, snoring and gulping, his sodden clothing steaming, and then he was gone, and that, honestly, was all. He remembered his own copper-toed boots and red flannel nightshirt, and the big brass safety pins in the firelight, much better; and he did remember his own father telling him that that lad's father had been the world's greatest tragedian. Well, it had been seventy-six years ago, a long lifetime, and there are many things to remember and forget in that time. His mother's face was a blank to him now, and yet he could still see the soup kettle as she set it on the stove.

A swift succession of incidents raced through the old man's mind—things that had happened sixty years ago placing themselves side by side with episodes that had occurred within the past decade—and as these quick scenes passed before his mental vision, and as fragments of conversation distinguished themselves for his inward ear, he could not always tell what had actually happened to him and which were recollections of dialogue and situation from the hundreds of plays in which he had appeared. And the remembered emotions and sensations interwoven with these rapid scenes—were they not just as poignant and vital when they were part of his life as an artist as when they were part of his life as a man? Indeed, had not the part of his life which had gone into his art been more intensely real than any other? The thought opened up avenues of speculation which Yorke was scarcely capable of traversing to any conclusion.

His thoughts went back to the club again and to the last time that he had ever talked to White.

It was in the club and from the lips of White that he had heard Nell's name for the final time. He and White had chanced to sit opposite each other at dinner near one end of the long table in the main dining room, and they had lingered over their coffee until everyone else had left that table. But they were not the only ones in the room. Presently they heard from one of the side tables a fragment of mumbled conversation which they were not intended to hear.

"Who are the two old hams?"

"God knows. There are still half a dozen of that vintage left around here; they're part of the atmosphere of the place, you know, like Booth's swords and costumes in the case there."

Neither White nor Yorke said anything until these others had finished their dinner and gone, and then White murmured, "What was it that he called us?" But Yorke had not cared to repeat the word. "Old hams, wasn't it?" said White. "And I suppose he's right about it."

"I have never liked that slang expression," said Yorke with simple dignity.

"Old hams," persisted White, "talking about the past."

"What else," said Yorke, "is there for us to talk about?"

White grinned and seemed to dwell upon the picture of himself and Yorke with something like sardonic relish. Yorke noted with distaste that almost all White's teeth were gone. Thank God, he had kept most of his teeth, and a good deal of his hair!

"Nell said an amusing thing about actors one time, Yorke. She said, 'I can understand actors being interested in the theater, but I can't understand their not being interested in anything else.' I believe she was thinking of you when she said it."

It was the last time he had heard her name spoken by anyone, and still the thought of her and of her name kept from his understanding the sense of what she had said. Never at any time would he have appreciated it as a characterization of himself.

He drew to him the letter he had once received from Mr. Booth. Should he leave this to the club, or send it to Dan Frohman to be sold and the proceeds turned over to the Actors' Fund? He read it again, for the thousandth time:

New York, March 12, 1868.

My dear Mr. Yorke: I think I should tell you how much your art has improved since you were with me at the Winter Garden in New York a few seasons ago. Last week, in Cincinnati, when I played Romeo—which I have never thought of as my most successful impersonation—I was almost glad that Mercutio perishes in the middle of the play.

So many actors make of Mercutio merely a kind of sprightly, volatile, dandified mountebank; but you played him as a young nobleman, full of wit and fantastical raillery indeed, but touched with the true poetical whim and never forgetful of his essential nobility. This has always been my own conception of the part, and, I may add, it was that of my father. It is a beautiful character, and you played it beautifully.

Sincerely yours,
EDWIN BOOTH.

No! No! He could not give that away, not to the club, nor to Nell's grandchildren, nor to anybody! He clutched it to him with a convulsive gesture—he would write in his will that it should be buried with him! Not to anybody could he give that letter!

For of all the things that he had mentioned in his will, that letter was the one thing which he actually possessed. The houses and the plots of real estate—he did not own them, he had never owned them. To devise and bequeath them had helped him to veil from his own eyes for the last time that he was old and broken and a failure—a quite forgotten failure—and that the spacious house where he was dying was but a home for indigent actors. These things that he had listed upon the parchment were merely properties that he had seized upon to help him play this final scene. His successes, his pretensions, his whole career, in simple honesty came down to these two things—Booth's letter and the time that Booth had called him Harry!

A shudder went over him as for the first time in all his life of make-believe he saw himself as others must have seen him, a shudder and a giddiness and a jerking darkness that for a moment broke his sight. A darkness with a sting in it—a sting as if Nell's wet hair had slashed across his eyes.

"Oh, God!" he cried within himself, "if we lay in the one grave, with her hair across my face!" And then as the phrase rose in his thoughts he distrusted it. What had been real in himself and what only acting? He could no longer think; his whole body seemed to shrink and loosen as he trembled above the paper.

And then that spasm passed and he thought: "This letter and the time he called me Harry—they are all, but they are much! The unreality to which I have given my life, is it not the only reality?" He steadied himself; the unconquerable gameness of the dedicated trouper swelled refluent in his breast; he would rise above the brute facts of existence once again and put them in their proper place! He wrote:

My love for noble verse well spoken and for the fine old broad traditions of my art, I do not leave to anybody, as no one has had the wit to want it these many years. The loss is the world's, not mine.

And with this his air of dignity returned; his regal manner was upon him when they found him two hours later, Booth's letter crushed in one hand and the histrionic feathered pen held like a scepter in the other. With his last pulse of life he had managed to lift and dramatize his death, and a mood of victory lingered on his brow.

T. A. E.—A GREAT NATIONAL ASSET

(Continued from Page 7)

motors, storage batteries, cement, telegraph and wireless telegraph. In some of these subjects he was the pioneer inventor, as, for instance, the incandescent lamp and electric light and power systems, the phonograph and the alkaline storage battery; in others he contributed inventions which made the earlier discoveries commercially feasible. He has made hundreds of other inventions and improvements—so many that they cannot be listed here. He has taken out more than a thousand United States patents.

Several years ago Mr. W. H. Meadowcroft, who has been Mr. Edison's assistant and confidant for forty years, estimated that about fifteen billion dollars was then invested in industries founded on his inventions and that these gave employment to about a million and a half men and women. The figures now must be at least a quarter greater. Henry Ford has said that Mr. Edison has done more for mankind than any other man. He often remarks that the progress of the United States is greater than the progress of other nations simply because we have Edison.

And at eighty-two Mr. Edison is in first-class condition; his mind is as keen as ever it was and his body is perfectly fit; he has lost forty pounds within a year or two and is glad of it. He works just as hard as ever. He is somewhat more deaf than when I last talked with him a couple of years ago, but no one will ever know just how deaf Mr. Edison really is. He somehow manages to hear what he wants to hear. And since his father and grandfather both lived well beyond ninety, there is no present reason to believe that our most valuable citizen will not continue to be our largest single asset for another decade.

"The more waste in the production of an article, the higher must be its price to the public and the lower must be the profits of the manufacturers, the distributors and the workmen involved. Raising the price always lowers the buying power and therefore makes for general trade dullness.

"If, on the other hand, we get our designs, not only in a single factory but throughout all the units in the industry, down to the minimum that the public really wants, we can then, and only then, use the full force of production and distribution. We can then make machinery count. And nobody knows what this will mean in the way of cheapening goods.

"Any factory operating on the simplified basis with, say, a thousand men, ought, right at the beginning, to cut the number of men it uses in two and at the same time double its output. With the immigration laws shutting off the number of new workmen available and with the rate of wages steadily rising, we can, going along in the old way, reasonably expect a decline in the amount of general business done—which means that every one of us—executive, stockholder, clerk or workman—in both manufacturing and sales establishments must get along on less than we now have. Or we can cut out this flagrant waste and begin to use some of the opportunities that are all around us, and not be forced to do with less.

"We need to develop more standards. When I say 'develop standards,' I do not mean standardization. I take the word 'standardization' as something which has to do with a single shop rather than with a whole industry. To evolve standards in an industry means the accepting by the industry of certain standard sizes and types. For instance, all lamp sockets are now of the same size. Any lamp that you buy will fit any socket. But all the sockets are by no means alike. They vary according to the manufacturer. It is simply that all are agreed on the diameter and the threading of the inner shell. An industry would be standardized if all the articles made by the units in the industry were exactly alike. To simplify means that the trade agrees on fundamentals. Then the individual factory may or may not standardize its own production, but whatever it does will be in accordance with those fundamentals. For instance, a nine-and-a-half stocking would always have the same size, no matter what hosiery company knit it.

"We must, however, bear in mind that there are two kinds of industry. One is not industry at all. There is a distinction between a shovel and a Paul Poiret gown, and this distinction extends throughout manufacturing and retailing. There is no point in attempting to apply economic principles to objects of art. This is not to say that the ordinary, everyday things we use should not be of artistic design. But anyone who wants an especially designed article—one of which there is no duplicate—should be prepared to pay the price. And generally the price is a minor consideration. But the ordinary necessities of life—the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the ordinary run of house and office furniture and fittings—are on a very different basis. It is the production and consumption of these articles, not the luxuries or art objects, that make the prosperity of the country and it is in the field of the necessities that the opportunities for simplification lie. For we are carrying a vast amount of useless baggage.

"We have various kinds of automatic machinery, but unless a considerable production be had in a single type of article it is hardly possible to use even semiautomatic machinery, much less to use the full automatic. The full automatic requires no human help at all and its first cost is considerable; also, it is expensive to change it from one type of work to another. It will not pay unless it be run continuously on one kind of work. But if one cuts down one's line and goes in for quantity production, then automatic machinery will pay. It will pay high wages, high profits, and cause low prices.

"I had a test of this in one of our departments. The wages in the department had gone high and they could not well be lowered because the cost of living had not fallen, but the selling price of the product of that department had fallen and there was apparently no way to operate at a profit. I changed the whole department over to full-automatic machinery, with the result that today we can produce more with 220 men than we did with 1484.

"We have not yet begun to realize the possibilities of automatic machinery. In part because we have not developed the designing brains, and in part because we have not sufficiently simplified industry to make possible the economical use of such machinery. For instance, I see no reason why any handwork should be necessary in the manufacture of a garment. A machine could be devised to take in cloth at one end and drop out finished trousers at the other. The principle of the Jacquard loom, which is one of the great principles of all time, has scarcely been utilized except in the manufacture of silk and in the player piano. It is the principle of bringing into action the various parts of a machine in accordance with a pattern traced on a steel card by perforations or as on the paper roll of a player piano. This principle gives us a control which can be applied to any kind of machine. It is a great reserve principle for the future.

"But even now, with the machinery that we have at command, anyone can cut the number of employes in two, at the same time doubling his output, by installing semiautomatic or automatic machinery.

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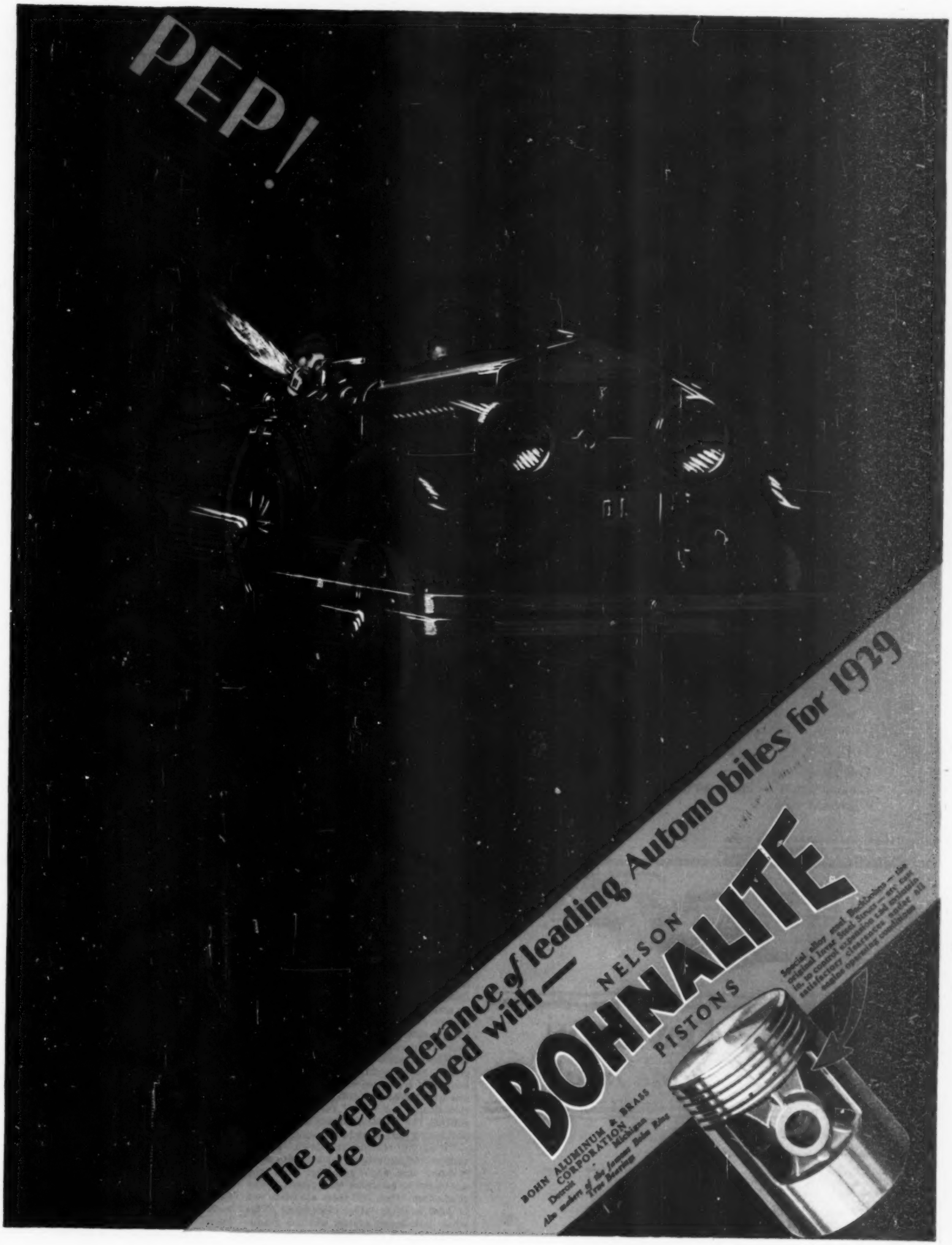
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(Continued from Page 124)

And no one knows how far this process can go on. Cutting down the number of men is not just putting some poor fellows out of a job. It is increasing the number of good jobs by increasing the production per capita to a point where really satisfactory wages can be paid out of it, and this in turn increases the amount of work required to be done and creates new jobs. Thus, cheapening increases the demand.

"Another reason for the delay in adopting full-automatic machinery is the lack of men capable of designing it. We are increasing our knowledge of the possibilities of automatic machinery at the rate of one hundred and we are increasing the men capable of putting the ideas into effect at two. No educational or technical institution that I know of is even attempting to develop men for this all-important phase of industry. I think it is a subject which the Government itself might well take up. We have the Naval Academy and the Military Academy to develop sailors and soldiers. Why should we not have a government school of automatic-machine designers?

"The full-automatic machines which we are already using give an indication of some of the savings that we may expect. We now have full-automatic machines making screws and all kinds of small parts. These machines require very little attention, if any at all, one man being sufficient to attend a dozen of them. The costs of screws and small parts are very low. Henry Ford is tending toward an increased use of the full automatic, and if he extends the principle throughout, I should not be surprised if he would be able to sell his car at two-thirds or one-half of the present price. But it will take years to accomplish this. Automatic machines are so complex that there are few available men who can design them.

"The automatic machine should cut the price of manufactured articles very nearly in half. That is just the same as doubling the income of the country. So it can easily be seen that, although we may think we are pretty good, we have not as yet really made a start on anything important. The trouble with all prophecies about the effect of a machine age is the lack of data on what a machine age would really be like. We are only just beginning to get the benefits of machinery. In some directions we have progressed a fair amount. In other directions we have scarcely done anything. But the most that we have done in any line is insignificant as compared with what can be done."

Saving After Buying

"What we call installment buying is one of the methods by which we are preparing to take immediate advantage of the opportunities for a higher standard of living through machine production. That is a method of saving in goods instead of saving in money. In the old days a man spent most of his life getting ready to die. He saved against a rainy day—against old age. Now, although it is a nice thing to have a fund to fall back on, a family thinks more of living than of dying.

"People who work for wages seldom come into the possession of considerable funds. Unless they save, they can hardly ever buy an article costing over fifty or one hundred dollars. Their incomes, however, justify the possession of more expensive articles that contribute to their comfort or their enjoyment, such as automobiles, phonographs, radios and books, as well as many household conveniences. There is no reason why the manufacturers of these articles should not aid in the purchase by shifting the point of saving from before purchasing until after purchasing.

"If the cost of living goes down—and invention and engineering are bound to drive it down—and wages go higher—and they are bound to go higher with more efficient production—then still more attention can be paid to living rather than dying. This whole installment system which is gradually developing along business lines will be a necessary part of the job of having consumption both increase and diversify in order to take care of production.

"Saving by people of moderate means, in order to provide funds for investment, is not so necessary as it used to be. The big companies are able to provide their own investment funds to a considerable degree out of their own earnings. We are getting a new slant on savings by the individual of comparatively small earnings. One evidence of that is the giving of more attention to living than to dying. That means that people in general have greater confidence in the future than they used to have.

"We shall steadily require more power, but a great deal more fuss is being made over hydroelectric power than its intrinsic value warrants. The first and best source of power is coal. The amount of coal available is not limitless, but for all practical purposes it is limitless. We can probably use coal at our present rate for a thousand years or so without any danger of exhausting our supply, and it is highly improbable that we really know our supply. Anyone who cares to bother about what is going to happen five hundred or a thousand years from now can go ahead and bother, but that is not one of the things which are going to take up any of my time."

The Government in Business

"I doubt if in the next ten years we shall find it necessary to mine any more coal than at present. We shall rather utilize it to better advantage. We have within a very few years doubled the efficiency of coal, but it is still only about 20 per cent as contrasted with a 90 per cent efficiency in hydroelectric-power generation. The development of hydroelectric power is very important, but also it is very expensive and usually requires an auxiliary coal steam plant. Some of the best water power is too far away from our manufacturing centers to make its utilization wholly practical.

"Water power is a political issue, not a business one. It can never at the best mean very much to us except as something to talk about. The monopolizing of water power is also just a political idea. The rates are fixed at any point by the cost of generating power from steam. A private monopoly which was foolish enough to put in high rates would only bankrupt itself, for no one would buy the power. There is far more danger in public monopoly than there is in private monopoly, for when the Government goes into business it can always shift its losses to the taxpayers. If it goes into the power business it can pretend to sell cheap power and then cover up its losses.

"The Government never really goes into business, for it never makes ends meet. And that is the first requisite of business. It just mixes a little business with a lot of politics and no one ever gets a chance to find out what is actually going on. I feel so strongly on the Government keeping out of business that if I had my way the post office would be privately managed by contract; all the Government should have is an efficient Inspection Bureau.

"If necessary, the Government can own the property, but that is a question of circumstances. Certainly it should regulate the rates, although in a businesslike fashion. Then the public is protected and at the same time the ingenuity of private enterprise has a chance to function. Any large extension of the Government into business affairs—no matter what the pretense and no matter how the extension is labeled—will be bound to promote waste and put a curb on our prosperity and progress. Somehow, and probably it is in the very nature of things, a government office is below the level of a private office.

"When I was in Washington during the war I needed to have a special article made up for me out of tin. It was not at all a difficult thing to make and there was at hand a Navy shop entirely equipped to make it. I wanted that article in a great hurry. I kept sending messengers over to

(Continued on Page 129)

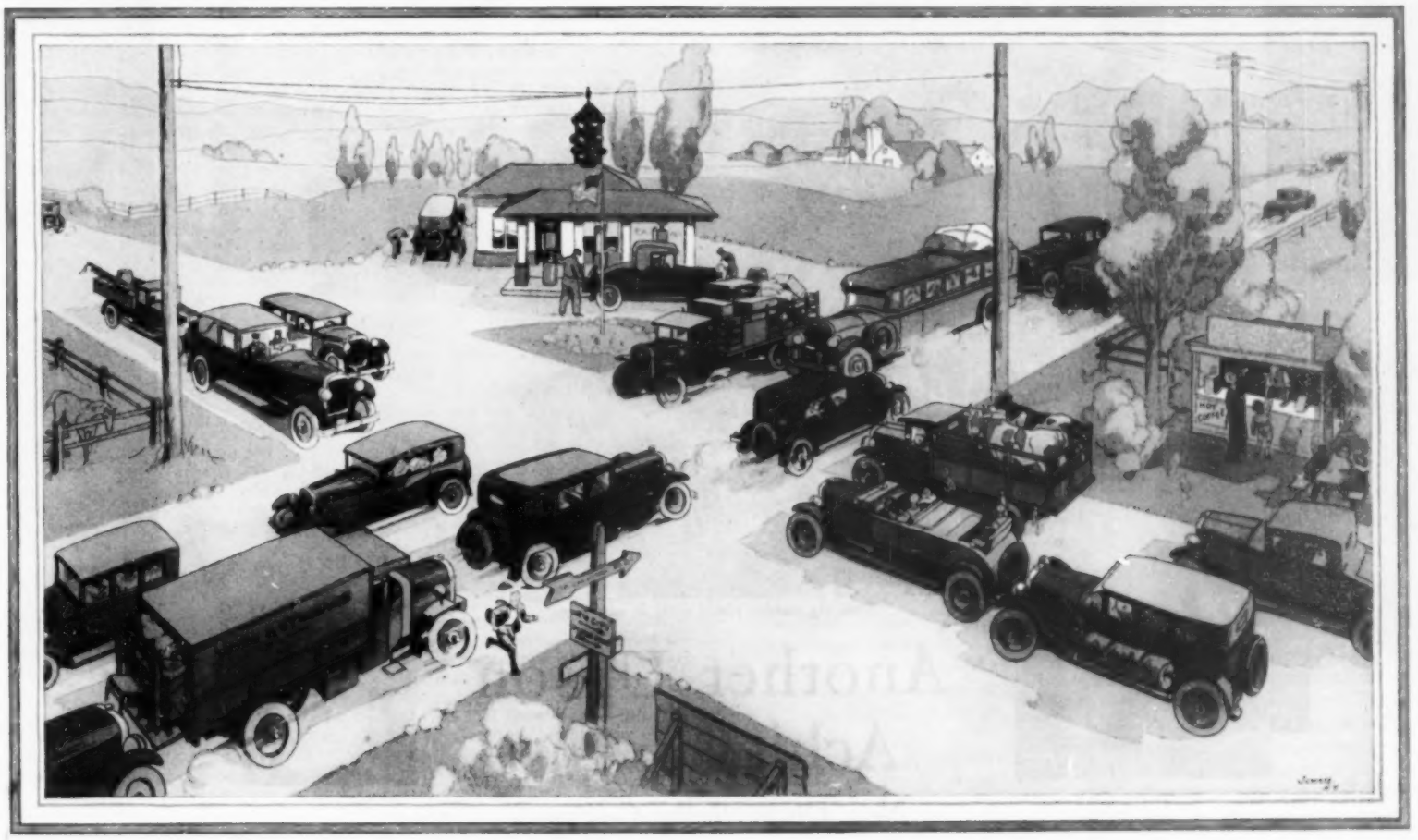
BROAD TRAILS of concrete where once were parallel ruts in an earthy road. Boulevards of the countryside, aswarm with motor traffic. All America is at the wheel!

Farmers bound for the city . . . bankers bound for the country. Families faring forth . . . youth awinging. Commerce astride its trackless trains, rumbling trucks and trailers . . . luxurious buses, inland liners, plying their routes from town to town.

The American scene is the highway. And highways are Hyattways!

For scarcely a make of car or truck or bus without its Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings . . . in wheels, transmission, axles, and other vital chassis parts . . . free-running Hyatts long-lived and dependable . . . quiet Hyatts.

Highways are HYATTWAYS



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This appreciation of Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings is not imaginary. It is based on deep-rooted confidence . . . the result of actual experience for more than thirty-seven years. "Trouble-free" is the favorite term employed by owners.

Since the beginnings of motorized transportation, Hyatts have received this merited recognition . . . since the horse and buggy gave way to the horsepower under the hood, highways have been Hyattways.

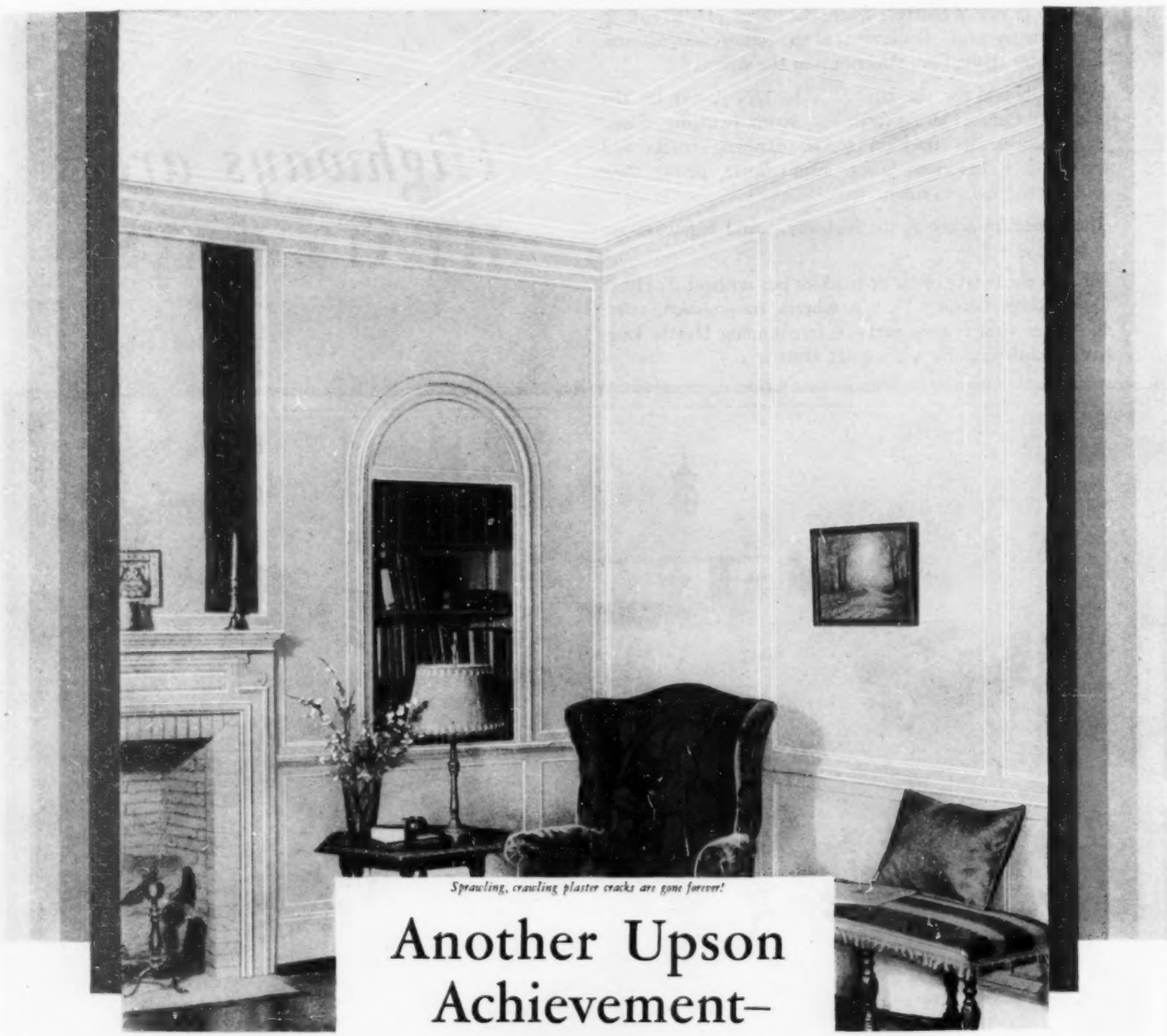
HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

Newark Detroit Chicago Pittsburgh Oakland

HYATT

QUIET ROLLER BEARINGS

PROTECTING QUALITY PRODUCTS



Sprawling, crawling plaster cracks are gone forever!

Another Upson Achievement–

New Upson Relief Ceilings!

YOUR home is you! Your friends judge you by its appearance!

Ugly ceilings—sprawling, crawling plaster cracks—can only be sources of constant embarrassment and apology.

Upson Relief Ceiling Treatments make it so easy to "do over" these old ceilings with all the envied beauty of relief treatments — even more lovely than paneling—*and at only a fraction the cost of hand-modeled plaster.*

The method is simple. Any good carpenter applies Upson Board with Upson decorative strips in simple design, right over old plaster—in new building, direct to joists—following carefully the detailed directions furnished by our Decorative Department. Decorate in any of the soft, lovely tones that make such a perfect setting for fine furnishings.

No limit to designs! A wide variety of treatments, suitable for living rooms, bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens—every type of home or public buildings.

No limit to your ceiling's life! Certified tests prove that Upson Board excels in resistance to jars, blows, heat, moisture—even ordinary leaks—as compared with heavy, brittle boards.

Why not mail the coupon so our Decorative Department can tell you more about Upson Board—and about Upson Fibre-Tile—the colorful tiling for kitchen and bath that gives all the beauty of ceramic tile—at about 1/10th the cost.

UPSON quality PRODUCTS

UPSON quality PRODUCTS

UPSON BOARD

CONTRACTORS USE UPSON PRODUCTS
LUMBER DEALERS ENDORSE THEM

Alert contractors use Upson Products. Discriminating lumber dealers sell them. If you are a lumber dealer and do not stock both Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile, write us today for full details of our interesting proposition to dealers.

© 1929 The Upson Company, Lockport, New York

The Upson Company, 109 Upson Pl., Lockport, N. Y.

Enclosed find 10 cents for samples of Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile, literature describing the New Upson Method of Relief Paneling, and folders showing how Fibre-Tile builds colorful kitchens and baths.

I am interested in

☐ New Ceilings ☐ Office use ☐ Kitchen or Bath

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 126)

the bureau and they brought back encouraging reports of progress. In four days the article was delivered. Some time afterward I was curious to ascertain how long it would take to make the article in my own shops. So I sent for one of my tinsmiths and told him what I wanted. He delivered it in two and a half hours. I think that is just about the ratio of efficiency between government and private operation in some cases.

"One of the highest duties of the President is to keep the Government out of business. He would perform a great public service if he did nothing else. That is one of the many things that we can trust Hoover to do. That is his biggest job, and I should include in that job the clearing out of the bureaucracies which are growing up in Washington and becoming a wasteful nuisance. If he can keep the Government out of business and see that government regulation is fair both to the public and to the private operators, we are going to go ahead very quickly.

"Then we can have a chance to see what prohibition really means in terms of prosperity. The prohibition laws are reasonably well enforced. I think we have about a 60 per cent enforcement, which is rather higher than the enforcement of many laws. We can never expect a 100 per cent enforcement of the prohibition or any other laws. It should not be difficult to raise the enforcement to 80 per cent. In that case we should have a sober nation. We have a fairly sober nation today—so much so that the European nations which are not sober are beginning to get very much worried. They already find that they cannot compete with us and are taking steps to regulate the sale and consumption of liquor. It is a serious problem in Great Britain."

In War and Peace

"If we get an 80 per cent enforcement no country anywhere can compete with us in anything. Seeing what a sober nation can do is indeed a noble experiment, and one that has never yet been tried. For there never has been a sober nation. In these days there are so many things to do that it is not necessary for an idle man to turn to drink. We are steadily developing to a point where drinking will not fit into any of our programs in or out of the shops.

"One of our weaknesses is our lack of certain essential raw materials in the case of war. The most important of these is rubber. We must have rubber. We cannot get along without automotive machinery, and that will rack itself to pieces unless it be protected by a cushion of rubber. Germany found that out during the war. If we went to war one of the first and most logical steps of the enemy would be to cut off our rubber supply. We could not possibly protect the long lanes of supply reaching halfway around the world.

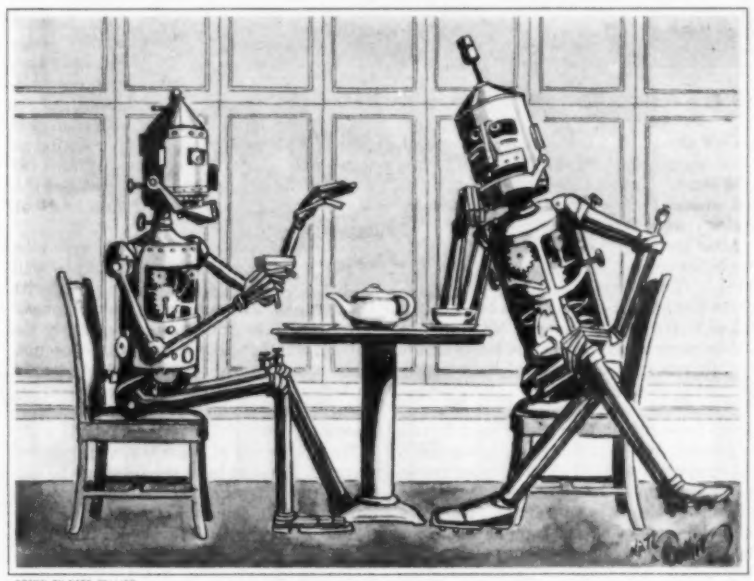
"I have been working in connection with Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone to discover some home source for a rubber supply. There is no money in this for any of us. I do not see any prospect of producing rubber within the United States at any figure which can compete with the supplies from the East Indies, Africa or South America. That is not the object of our work. I want to find a rubber supply that we can turn to in the emergency of war, for then cost will not matter. Or, to put it another way, we can afford to pay high prices. That is why I started my investigation, although I will admit that I like chemistry and liked the opportunity to get away from machinery."

A Rubber Millennium

"Up to date I have examined fifteen thousand plants, trees and shrubs growing within the United States to discover their possibilities as rubber producers. This line of investigation has never before been undertaken, and I may say that the patience of Job has been considerably overrated. He did not know what patience was. Each of these plants has had to go through a long process of analysis to determine the rubber content and quality and I have discovered over twelve hundred wild plants, each different from the other, which contain appreciable amounts of rubber. By no means all of them grow in the Southern States—one of the best grows as far north as the Yukon. I have found that the ordinary mangrove bush, which grows almost everywhere around the southern seas, has a great deal of rubber.

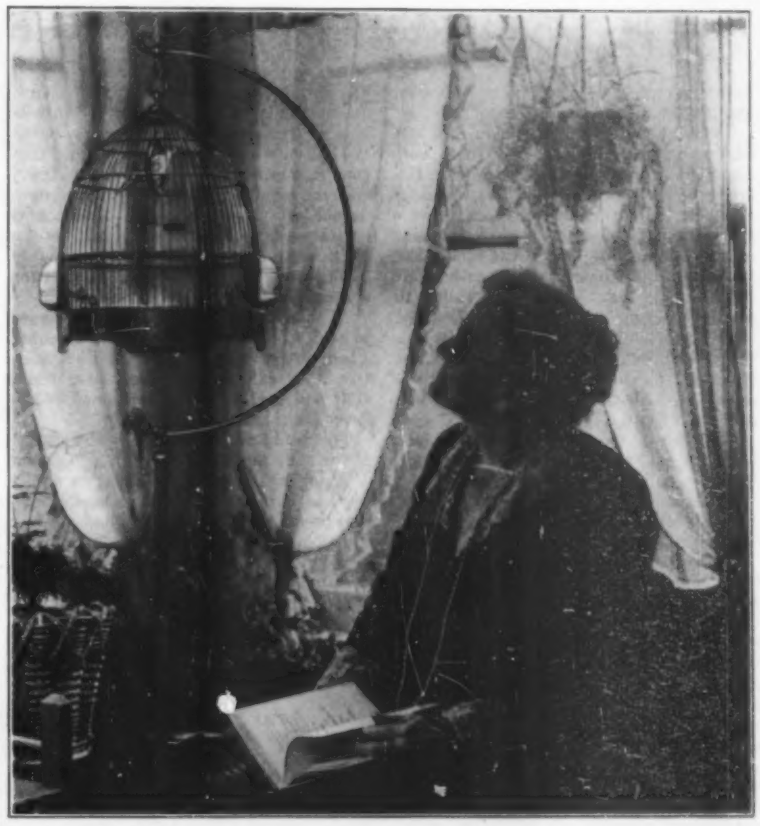
"The work ahead involves finding what plants, shrubs or trees will yield the most rubber. Then we shall work on developing their rubber content by budding and other means. Then we shall have to learn how to harvest them and how to manufacture the rubber into commercial form. Finally, when the work has gone far enough, we shall establish one model factory and farms scattered over the country will supply plants. When this unit is a success, with proper agricultural machinery, we will make a standard specification with detailed drawings, so that an unlimited number of units could be instantly started in the factories of the country should war appear.

"I do not know when this work will end. But already I know enough to be certain that eventually we can have our own emergency rubber supply and can never be defeated for the lack of rubber."



DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

First Robot: "This Machine Age is Wonderful."
Second Robot: "Ah, Yes, Perhaps, But Life is so Artificial."



Cage No. 2025—Stand No. 67

PETER . . . *takes reducing exercises with the radio*

"Grandma Fell, do clear up a mystery for us. Every morning at 7:30 sharp we hear your radio. Are you taking early morning exercises to keep young and beautiful?"

Grandma, who is seventy-five years young and very proud of it, laughed with a shake of her head.

"No, indeed, I let you old folks of twenty-five do all the worrying about losing the youthful lines of your figure. But I'll tell you a secret. I put the radio on for Peter."

At this, Peter thrust out a golden head at us and chirped assent.

"Now don't tell us that Peter needs to reduce!" we cried.

"Yes, indeed, he does," said Grandma. "He eats too much and he was getting fat and lazy. He was too short of breath to sing. Then I had an inspiration. I turned on the radio for the morning exercises and you should see the rascal. He doesn't follow instructions but he jumps back and forth from one perch to another in fine style. Now he can sing as merrily as ever."

Le Chanteur

A beautiful cage of solid brass. Removable drawer in base for easy cleaning. Non-breakable cups. Brass reinforced stand. In red, green or blue with brass trim. Practical, yet decorative and most reasonably priced.

Cage No. 2045 D. B.
Stand No. 54

A Bird is the Most Charming Pet

A canary is the most adaptable of pets. From sunrise to sunset his joyous songs will keep you happy and amused. He is the one pet that can be kept in a corner of a small room and may be left alone for hours. Fresh water and a few seeds are all he asks.

Why a Hendryx Home is Important

The home you select for your bird is exceedingly important, for it is more than an object of decorative beauty for your home. Upon its scientific construction will depend the health and comfort of your bird. For more than half a century The Andrew B. Hendryx Company have been specializing in designing homes for canaries. Ask to see the newest Hendryx designs at your favorite pet shop, florist, seed store, hardware, house furnishings or department store.

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1869

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A charming story of a little canary and what he taught people about life, cheerfulness, happiness and love. This 24-page booklet, illustrated in color, will be sent free upon request to you, or to any of your friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., 82 Audubon St., New Haven, Conn.

TAMING ELEPHANTS

(Continued from Page 37)

countrymen had accomplished. He smiled and led the way toward the elephants.

They were in a grassy pasture at the edge of a small scrub forest. There were eighteen of them in all. Four were full grown and had beautiful long tusks. Several were half grown and the balance were youngsters. The four biggest had no chains or fastenings of any kind; the others had chains fastening their forelegs together, but not so tightly that they couldn't walk with perfect freedom. All were fat and healthy; their heads bobbed with that peculiar motion which denotes peace in the elephant world; and their trunks fumbled over the grass with a leisurely indolence that was pleasant to watch.

On near-by ant hills sat naked black herders—natives that, a few years before, had been as wild as their charges.

Our host led us right up to the elephants.

"They do not be afraid," he said. And, to our surprise, he was right.

Some of the young elephants were curious enough to come up and hold out their trunks to investigate us. But not one of them showed the slightest fear. Even when I got out my camera and went among them for some close-ups, the only attention they paid was to graze slowly away from me. I doubt if the average cattle would act so unconcerned.

The Sport

One little fellow in particular fascinated us. He was unusually hairy for an elephant; regular long hog bristles stuck out all over his body. His eyelashes were six inches long and so thick that we could scarcely see his eyes through them. He was shorter and squatter than his brothers and looked like a different species.

"No," explained Herremann, "he is what you call a sport, I theenk."

In other words, he was a freak; a hybrid such as circuses dote on having.

After we had used up all our film and plates, Osa and I apologized for our rudeness to Madame Herremann, a pretty French girl who looked out of place in this African jungle. But she was in high spirits and certainly happy with her competent husband. In excellent English she said:

"One gets so tired of things at home. Out here it is different. The pleasures are simple and the troubles are like games—something to beat."

"And you always have the elephants," ventured Osa.

The girl's eyes twinkled. "Yes, we always have the elephants," she echoed merrily. "And I tell you they are fun!"

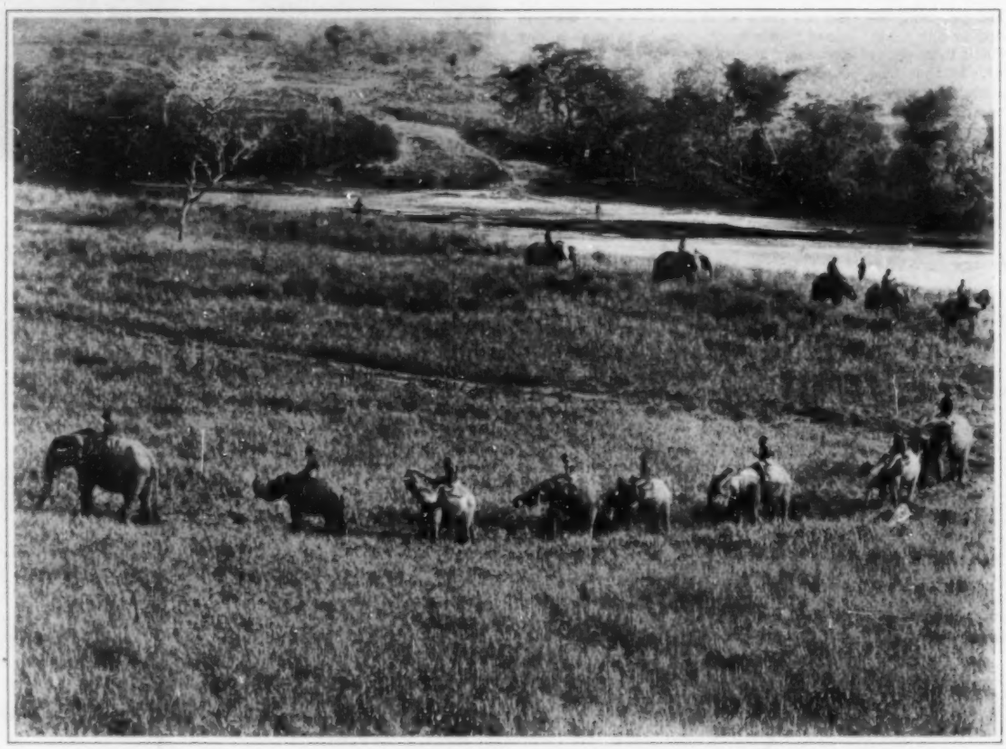
At three o'clock that afternoon we went back to the pasture. This time the big herd was rounded up by the black boys. When the animals had been got together a boy mounted the neck of each, being helped up by the beast's trunk. Then they all paraded past us.

I confess that Osa and I just stood by and gaped. The memory of a day last year on the upper Kaisoot Desert was still fresh in our minds; a day when we fell in with just such a lot of wild African elephants. We had seen them parade by us, until they caught our scent. Then, with a heavy clashing of brush and a stamping of murderous feet, they came for us. Abandoning our cameras to their fate, we had fled for the nearest trees and narrowly escaped.

"You see, they are polite," Herremann was saying.

At that moment the whole line rounded to and stopped in front of our cameras. Then, at a sharp word from their boy masters, they saluted by raising their trunks aloft and holding them there until told to lower them again.

This grand salute was followed by a series of tricks by individual elephants. One sat down on his haunches, blinking in a silly way, as if he knew what an absurd picture he made. Others raised first one foot and then the other. The smallest of them seemed to obey as well as the largest. And this all despite the fact that a few had been in captivity less than six months.



Morning Exercises of Elephants That Were Wild But a Few Months Before This Picture Was Taken

Now came the daily bath. The whole herd was marched down to the river. Eagerly they waded in. One after another they lay down as the boys came with bundles of leaves and began to scrub them off. The scrubbing was no flimsy imitation either. Such a grunting and pushing, from both the boys and the beasts, I had never heard before. The object was to get off dust and insects and tree gum that had gradually collected on their thick hides during the day. After the main washing was over, the elephants were allowed to get to their feet and douse themselves with water by means of their trunks.

"What fun it must be to carry your own shower bath around with you!" Osa burst out at this stage of the game.

But something more lasting was just penetrating my consciousness. It came to me that the black boys had been singing when we first saw them on the ant hills in the morning. They were humming in low tones during the parade. They now broke out into a loud chant which they carried on in chorus with weird effect. As the song rose it became deafening. The score of riders and at least forty more who had assisted in the bathing joined in on an accurately timed rhythm which had few words or notes, but plenty of volume.

"Do they always do that?" I asked.

"Always," Herremann said. "It is good for the animals. It make them both happy and content. When the black boy stop, the elephant ask for more."

I grinned. But Herremann threw out his hands.

"Ah, it is no joke!" he cried. "It is—is what you call indispensable. Maybe the new-caught elephant have thoughts about the forest. Perhaps he remember his family and friends. But he never do so with the boys singing so."

Judging from the racket the blacks were making, I guess Herremann was right. Later I saw an unruly elephant quiet down and become thoroughly docile when three or four of the natives went up to it and began to chant in its ear.

Lest the reader tritely say to himself, "Ah, music hath power to charm the wild beast," I must quickly add that if this was music, then a Stradivarius is nothing better than a squeaky door.

After the bath the herd was marched up single file to a cleared space of about four acres. This was the main compound, where the animals were kept when not out either working or grazing. No barns or stables were necessary, as the temperature was always mild and rain of little consequence to the elephants.

To hold the elephants, four lines of heavy stakes were driven into the ground in two long rows. Without delay or dispute, each elephant went promptly to his proper stake, where his keeper chained him, one rear leg and one foreleg each to a stake. But here again I noticed there was ample room for the animals to move about within the compass of their tethers. They showed no signs of minding the performance any more than they had minded the bath.

Another touch of humanity was given the care of the herd by their being chained in two rows, each row facing the other. I can't say they could talk to one another, because I doubt if any dumb animal has speech in the sense we humans have it—that is, the power to make intelligible sounds. But I do believe that elephants can communicate, if only telepathically.

I remember how one night Osa and I were waiting in our blind up near Lake Faradise to make some flash-light pictures. Suddenly we saw coming in our direction a long line of wild elephants clearly visible in the moonlight. As they were directly upwind they could not possibly have got any scent of us. Yet it was plain to see that the leader felt something was wrong. He turned slowly around and faced his friends. At this the herd came to a stop, clustering together not unlike the huddle of a football team. Then the leader left the herd and came slowly down toward the water hole by which we were hidden.

At first the big fellow seemed to be just looking around. But after advancing more than halfway he stopped and began to wave his trunk around in the air. Then he would come on a few steps more and repeat the smelling act. He was puzzled—there was no mistaking that. After a while he went quietly back to his friends. He was silent as an Indian. Not a twig broke under his feet. For about fifteen minutes they all held what seemed to be a conference, their big heads together as if they were debating in whispers. Finally the herd moved around the water hole in a large circle and came down on the side opposite us. They drank and then silently vanished in the forest.

Lullaby

I know by experience that one living creature, man or animal, cannot lead a large group of his fellows through complicated maneuvers with any such skill as that without some means of communication—oral, telepathic or signs. Which belongs to the elephant I cannot say, but if it is oral it is lower than the human ear can catch.

Between the rows of elephants were piles of green leaves and grass, stacked so that either row could easily reach them with their trunks. As we watched we saw several sway gently to and fro as if inwardly debating whether to eat any more or not. Then one by one the long black trunks curled outward and neatly gathered up wisps of the fodder for a snack before sleeping.

Now came one of the most extraordinary scenes it has ever been my privilege to witness. And honestly, I think it was one without parallel in the animal world.

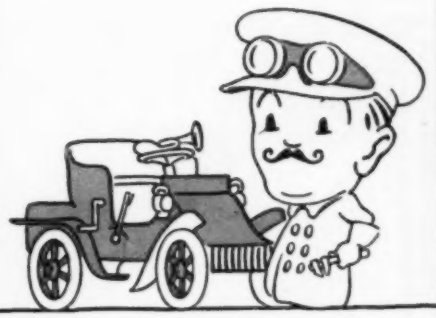
The black boys sang the elephants to sleep.

This is the way they did it: Three boys went to the head of each elephant. Each

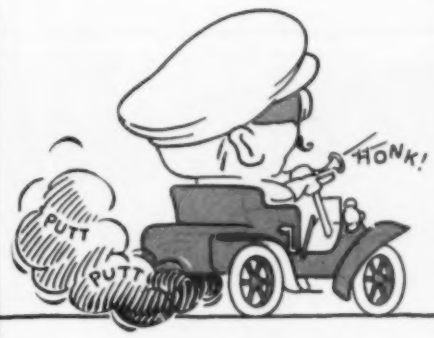
(Continued on Page 135)

Then—and Now

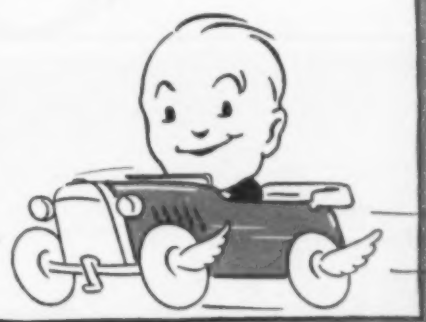
When linen dusters were the mode
And cars chugged slowly down the road,



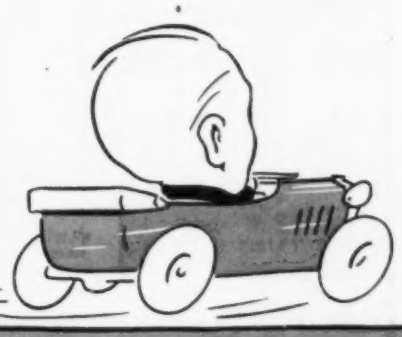
It mattered not what rings we had,
Or whether they were good or bad.



But now we fly along on wings
And hence need PERFECT CIRCLE Rings.



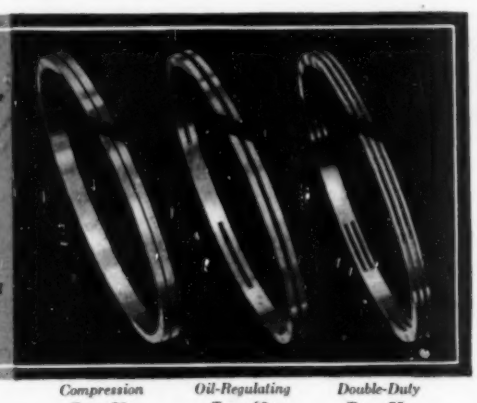
They safely lubricate the works
At higher speeds, where danger lurks.



They make a motor run like new
And cut the oil bills smack in two

Just try 'em once, and you'll agree
They're all that any ring could be!

Tune in on the Perfect Circle Symphony Hour featuring the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra over Station WLW (700 kilocycles) Every Tuesday 6 to 7 p. m. Eastern Standard Time (5 to 6, Central Standard Time)



Compression Type, 30c *Oil-Regulating Type, 60c* *Double-Duty Type, 75c*

At the Automobile Shows, you will find that *eighty per cent* of America's car manufacturers have chosen PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings as original equipment in all, or a large part, of their production. They *know* that PERFECT CIRCLES give the oil-control so necessary at today's higher speeds, and likewise provide the cylinder lubrication that lengthens motor life. For *new-car performance* you should insist on PERFECT CIRCLES when you have your motor reconditioned.

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PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

The Overhead

The Only Practical Door For the Modern Apartment House Garage

THE "OVERHEAD" IDEA is the result of a public demand for a better door. It carries with it the approval of architects and building engineers, and the unqualified endorsement of the public.

THE "OVERHEAD DOOR" is adaptable to public and private garages, warehouses, factories and similar buildings.

THE "OVERHEAD DOOR" glides upward in vertical tracks and comes to rest in horizontal tracks above—*completely out of the way.*

BALL BEARING ROLLERS, assisted by counter-balancing springs, make it possible for a child to open or close the door with ease.

HERE IS truly a better door, a modern door, one harmonizing with any style of architecture, costing no more than doors of the old-fashioned type. Made in any size or design. Doors to fit openings 8 ft. x 8 ft. or 8 ft. x 7.6 ft. are carried in stock by all Overhead Door Companies.

THE "OVERHEAD DOOR" may be operated electrically from house or driveway with the Overhead Door Control.

Mail this coupon!

The Overhead Door Corporation, Hartford City, Indiana:
(Or address nearest distributor; see list on opposite page)
Please send me complete information concerning the "Overhead Door" for the modern garage.

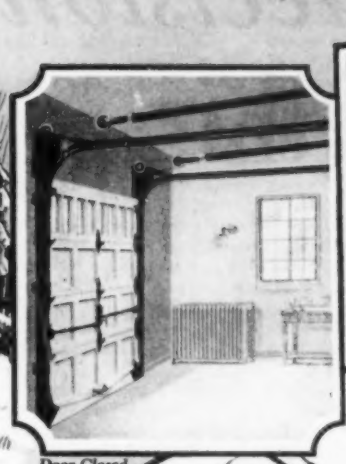
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

The modern home is not complete without a garage and no garage can be modern without an "Overhead Door"

Door for the Modern Garage



Door Closed

Door Partly Open

Door Open

OPENS COMPLETELY *out of the way!*

The "Overhead Door" has these points of merit—

Stays open.

Stays closed.

Will not blow shut.

Opens out of the way.

Will not scrape on floor.

Does not take up valuable space.

Is easily and quickly operated.

Will not twist, pull or sag.

Will not wedge and jam in ice and snow.

Fits tightly at top, sides and bottom.

May be locked or unlocked from either side.

Makes available full height and width of opening.

Has all hardware protected, out of the weather.

Harmonizes with and adds beauty to building.

Is reasonable in price.

See Our Exhibits at The National Automobile Shows

There's an Overhead Door Company in your state ~

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ARIZONA—Overhead Door Co. of Arizona & New Mexico, 166 S. Meyer St., Tucson.

ARKANSAS—Overhead Door Co. of Oklahoma and Arkansas, 219 Moore & Turner Building, Little Rock, Ark.

CALIFORNIA—Overhead Door Company of Northern California, Builders Exhibit, 1410 Madison Street, Oakland.
Overhead Door Company of Southern Calif., 541-543 W. Garfield Ave., Glendale.

CAROLINAS—Overhead Door Company of the Carolinas, Inc., 228 Builders Building, Charlotte, North Carolina.

COLORADO—Overhead Door Company of Colorado, 3626 West Colorado Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

CONNECTICUT—Overhead Door Sales Co., 135 Church Street, Hartford. Overhead Door Co., 136 Temple St., New Haven.

DELAWARE—Overhead Door Company of Pennsylvania, Inc., Lewistown, Pa.

FLORIDA—Overhead Door Company of Florida and Georgia, Inc., 818 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida.

GEORGIA—Overhead Door Co. of Florida and Georgia, Inc., Box 1182, Atlanta, Ga.

IDAHO—Overhead Door Company, Division of Central Door & Lumber Co., East 24th and Holgate Streets, Portland, Oregon.

ILLINOIS—Overhead Door Company of Illinois, 8066 South Chicago Ave., Chicago.

INDIANA—Overhead Door Corporation, Hartford City, Indiana.

IOWA—Overhead Door Company of Iowa, 63rd and Ingersoll Sts., Des Moines, Iowa.

KANSAS—Overhead Door Company of Missouri and Kansas, 2627 McGee Trafficway, Kansas City, Missouri.

KENTUCKY—Overhead Door Company, 318 West Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

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MAINE—Overhead Door Company, 136 Federal Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

MARYLAND—Overhead Door Sales, 1736 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MASSACHUSETTS—Overhead Door Company, 136 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN—Overhead Door Company, 6511 Strong Avenue, Detroit. Overhead Door Sales, 109 Howard Ave., Lansing.

MINNESOTA—Overhead Door Co. of Minnesota, 1934 Riverside Ave., Minneapolis.

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MISSOURI—Overhead Door Company of Missouri and Kansas, 2627 McGee Trafficway, Kansas City, Mo. Overhead Door Company of Missouri (Eastern Missouri and Southern Illinois), 221 East Jefferson Avenue, Kirkwood, Missouri.

MONTANA—Overhead Door Sales, Power Block Annex, Helena, Montana.

NEBRASKA—Overhead Door Company, Division of M. A. Disbrow & Company, 12th and Nicholas Sts., Omaha, Nebraska.

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NEW JERSEY—Overhead Door Company, Inc., 50-60 Ramsey Ave., Hillside, N. J.

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RHODE ISLAND—Overhead Door Company, 136 Temple St., New Haven, Conn.

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TENNESSEE—Overhead Door Company, Division of George W. Ruth & Co., 151 4th Avenue, North, Nashville, Tennessee.

TEXAS—Overhead Door Company of Texas, 1317 Plowman Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

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VIRGINIA—Overhead Door Company, Div. of Virginia Equipment & Supply Co., Inc., Rockbridge and High Point Sts., Richmond.

WASHINGTON—Overhead Door Company, Division of Central Door & Lumber Co., East 24th and Holgate Sts., Portland, Ore.

WEST VIRGINIA—Overhead Door Company, Division of Charleston Builders Supply Co., 215 Hale St., Charleston, W. Va.

WISCONSIN—Overhead Door Company of Wisconsin, 510 North Avenue, Milwaukee.

WYOMING—Overhead Door Co., Division of M. A. Disbrow & Company, Cheyenne.

FOREIGN

CANADA—Overhead Door Company of Eastern Canada, Ltd., 96 Bloor St., West, Toronto, Ontario. Overhead Door Company of Canada (Western) Ltd., 104 Hurst Block, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

EUROPE—E. E. Lehwess, 97 Brd. Gouvion St., Cyr XVIIe, Paris, France. Educational Supply Association Ltd., Esavian House, 171-181 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1., England. Louis DeWaele, 46 Boulevard Leopold II, Brussels, Belgium. Gebr Strobane, Nieuwe Teertuinen 24, Amsterdam, Holland.

There's a Reliable Representative in Your Community Thoroughly Trained in Door Engineering

OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION
HARTFORD CITY - - INDIANA
U. S. A.

213

Justice of Peace hands down 8395 *decisions* in favor of this pipe-tobacco

IF any man be a sound judge of what's right and what's wrong, it's Justice of the Peace Bostock. And no exceptions taken on pipe-tobaccos or any other decisions that may be handed down in the county court-house.

For twenty-three years this gentleman has rendered opinions favoring just one brand of tobacco—Edgeworth. He says he's smoked more than eight thousand tins of it—at least one a day!

Justice Bostock's decisions are as unvarying as the quality of the tobacco that he favors. For Edgeworth *does* possess the same likable flavor, tin in—tin out!

Let us send you, free of charge, trial packages of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice so that you, too, can put them to the pipe-test. Simply write your name and address to Larus and Brother Co., 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these samples you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth, for, as you will discover, its likable quality is always *there!*

Ipswich, S. D.
Sept. 4, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

In answer to the challenge of J. J. Roberts of Columbia, S. D., as printed in the Minneapolis Journal dated Sunday, September 2, I have smoked Edgeworth for twenty-three (23) years and for two years previous to that time I smoked Qboid, which, I believe, is manufactured by your firm.

During this time I have smoked at least one can each day, and to verify this statement you may address the C. & C. Cafe of this city, where I make my tobacco purchases.

It may be interesting to know that my purchases of Edgeworth during this period have totaled more than 8395 (eight thousand three hundred ninety-five) cans, representing a total expenditure of more than $1,259 (twelve hundred fifty-nine dollars).

I have never smoked any other brand of tobacco but Edgeworth during the twenty-three years.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Chas. Bostock,
Justice of the Peace.

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome pound humidors, and also in several in-between sizes to suit the needs of any smoker.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Virginia—the Edgeworth Station atop the Edgeworth Factory. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles. Special feature, the "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

(Continued from Page 130)

boy carried in his hand a fan-shaped bunch of green leaves and grass. With this they began gently fanning the massive heads of the huge beasts, and at the same time they set up a crooning lullaby that was real music—native, of course, but one of the most soothing and pleasant little songs I have ever heard.

"*Enenda lala!*"

Over and over again the words were repeated cajolingly in the midst of verses of the lullaby. "Go to sleep my little one," was a free translation of the command.

Our impulse was to giggle—"my little one" being in most cases eight to ten feet high and towering over the boys like a black mountain.

Slowly and imperceptibly the crooning died down until it was scarcely audible. One by one the elephants began to nod. Some snored. Others swayed slightly with tightly closed eyes, as if slipping happily over the borderland into their elephant dreams. The black boys began to glide away. We spoke in whispers and then tiptoed after them.

Next morning we were on hand just as the sun was coming over the horizon. The fresh and fragrant crispness of the jungle was in the air. And the sky had that cloudless azure hue which has given travelers in Africa the phrase "Into the blue" to describe a trip to the wilderness.

We wanted to see the elephants get up. They were all awake by the time we arrived. They stood there quietly munching their fodder and flapping their ears as hungry citizens of the insect world settled on them. As each elephant was unchained, its own boy mounted on its neck and, singing his jungle matin, guided it toward the pasture where we had first seen the herd. As is the custom in many good boarding schools, the day opened with brief calisthenics. I don't think it was a case of making the pupils strong or well; certainly they were enough of both. But the moral effect was no doubt excellent.

This time there were a good many more tricks than we had seen the first time. First, the herd was marched around a tortuous track in single file.

"They must learn to go where one wants," explained Herremann, and went into some detail about the duties of the hired animal.

They then strung out in wide-spaced, single column, and, at a command from the boy on the leading elephant, all obediently lay down at exactly the same moment. After this they began to maneuver in groups of twos and threes and fours.

Part of the Elephant's Life

"You see," said Herremann, "they will go to farms that have not been much tilled. There are heavy fields to plow and stumps to pull. The man who hires them pays by time. He does not want to waste even a minute while the keeper argues with the elephant."

"Then the boys go with their animals?"

"Absolutely. The keeper becomes almost a part of the elephant's life. His brain is part of the elephant's brain, so to speak. And the elephant knows it."

"And he has to put him to sleep at night," laughed Osa.

"He does," snapped Herremann, without any show of humor.

After about half an hour of exercises the herd was turned loose to graze in acreage over which they had not been for some time. Meanwhile we went back for another look at the sleeping quarters. I wanted to get some details; the assurance that an African elephant could be trained had put a lot of new ideas into my head. What couldn't we do at our place up at Lake Paradise, where the wild elephants come by dozens and steal sweet potatoes out of our garden?

We could scarcely recognize the sleeping compound when we got there. The great masses of green stuff had been gathered up and not a leaf remained to show where it had been. The boys were just finishing their sweeping. All manure had been collected in big boxes, so that it could be carried away as a fertilizer on the farm.

"Just as clean as any kitchen I ever saw," murmured Osa.

As we were going out I saw a small mound of ashes that was apparently being kept apart and carefully protected.

"What's that?" I asked Herremann.

He shrugged and nearly bowled me over by saying: "One elephant, I theenk; maybe two."

"An elephant!" I blurted and blinked.

"Hum-m," said my host pensively.

A Private Performance

It was true. An elephant had died the day before. And as was the custom, he had been cremated and his ashes left here for all the black boys to see. The reason for this strange procedure was that the native is passionately fond of elephant meat. With more than two hundred blacks employed on the farm, many of whom were as wild as the elephants, there was always danger that their appetite might get the better of their loyalty—they'd kill one of the elephants and have a good old-fashioned jungle barbecue.

Herremann showed us in detail how this killing was done. The native has a small spear not much larger than a paper cutter. It is tipped with a hardwood point that has been dipped in strong poison. So instantaneous is the action of this poison and so slight the wound made by the spear that an elephant can be killed without leaving any telltale evidence. Moreover, he dies before the poison has had a chance to permeate his flesh.

Just then we heard the roar of a motor with muffler out. It was Lieutenant Offermann, the officer in charge, arriving in his flivver right out of the depths of the jungle. He had not been expected so soon. But his hunt had been so successful that he had hurried back to get help to bring his new elephants into the farm.

He was a tall, wiry fellow, handsome with health and strong features, and surely as powerful as the biggest native in his employ. He was not more than thirty, and both talked and acted enormously engrossed in his strange occupation. He reminded me a lot of our typical American cowboy. He had that direct way of looking at you which is so characteristic of the plainsman; and, again like him, I suspect that he was a devil when aroused.

He drove us out to his camp in his car, bumping at top speed over the rough trail and never bothering to worry about tires or springs. Halfway out we passed about fifty of his safari boys bringing in biltonged—dried—elephant meat and the tusks of several elephants he had been forced to shoot while making his captures.

It was clear that the wild elephants in these parts were not much different from those which I had encountered in past years. However, this detracted nothing from the credit due the Belgians for their success in taming those they got.

The first thing we saw on arrival in camp was four elephants that had just been captured. They were chained to trees and perfectly furious at having been made prisoners. As we approached them they trumpeted loudly and lashed out at us with their trunks. Yanking furiously at their bonds, they tried their best to charge.

I was glad I had seen the tame ones first. For had I not, at once I would have felt deeply distressed to think these fine beasts were going into a life of servitude. But having just come from the amiable contentment of the tame elephants, surrounded by all the luxury of the farm and receiving the careful service of from one to three black valets, I could but say to myself: "You're pretty lucky, after all, to be going there."

Just then Osa gave a little start and I whirled about to see four extra-big elephants peering at us out of the bushes. I had seen so many elephants in the past twenty-four hours and was still so mixed in my emotions about the whole thing, that for a second I didn't know whether to run or stand still.

Our lieutenant decided for me by calling the big elephants in a low, friendly tone. With slow dignity they responded, walking his way without paying the slightest heed to Osa and me, and ranged themselves on either side of him.

"They are my hunters," he told us. "I'll show you what good fellows they are."

Whereupon he halted them at a distance of about fifteen feet. Then, by quiet commands he put one after another of them through various tricks. They did not seem to mind the exhibition at all. Certainly there was no expression of embarrassment on their faces such as I have seen on the face of a dog. If their master chose this particular moment to ask them to perform, that was his business, not theirs, was the way they took it.

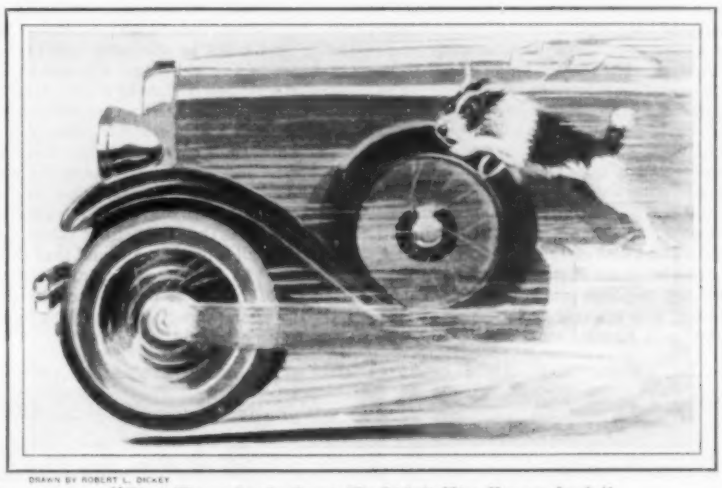
"Now, a sweet bite?" he asked them in native lingo when the little show was over.

Grunting, they came forward at once. From his pocket he pulled a handful of sweet potatoes and passed them around.

A Call to the Hunt

While they were munching away happily on the handout, the lieutenant told the biggest one of all to do something which I couldn't quite make out. Imagine my feelings when the mammoth creature walked slowly up to within three feet of me, teetered backward onto his hind legs and raised his front ones into the air until they were right over my head!

After what seemed hours the big fellow came slowly down, passing his front feet carefully on both sides of me, and then backed off, his little black eyes glinting hopefully in the direction of the lieutenant's pocket, out of which the sweet potatoes had appeared a few moments before.



DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"That Was a Lucky Cow! We Didn't Miss Her an Inch."

The method of catching the wild elephants proved to be very exciting. The party began when a native scout came trotting in from the hill behind the camp.

"Many elephants, master," panted the black, with a half-military salute.

At once a great activity broke out among the natives. Each had his special duty, either as beater or gunman. The lieutenant rode horseback on as fine an Arabian charger as I have ever seen. All assembled in more or less orderly formation and then set off in the direction of the game.

The herd was encircled to leeward so as not to be disturbed before the native beaters were in place. The lieutenant studied it carefully from the vantage of an overlooking hilltop, to make sure it contained just the animals he wanted.

"It is better not to disturb the elephants uselessly," he explained. "It only tends to take them out of the neighborhood."

When all was set the small battalion charged recklessly toward the herd, firing their guns into the air and shouting at the tops of their lungs. Surprise was the great element of the attack. For only by surprise could the herd be so easily stampeded.

While the elephants were hesitating, some attacking and others ready to flee, the Belgian leader boldly dashed in on his horse and lassoed the one he had selected. Instantly he loosed slack enough for the horse to circle the nearest tree several times. This checked the captive. But not until natives rushed in and threw nooses over the elephant's legs, neck and body and fastened him to other trees was he safely secured. Meanwhile it was the duty of the remaining blacks to drive the angry herd off by continued firing and yelling. It was thrilling and dangerous work, as anyone who has encountered a furious herd of African elephants will readily testify.

Family Training

Later the tame elephants were brought up and the stranger chained to them. With this contact so intimately established, the wild elephant at once quieted down and allowed himself to be led into camp.

In fact the elephant has the greatest confidence in his own kind. One night a big elephant was seen walking in the moonlight among those who were asleep at the farm. Thinking one of the animals had broken loose, the boys went out to capture him, using sweet potatoes as bait. But suddenly the loose elephant charged them, knocking two or three down. He was a wild elephant that had strayed in.

I am sure the older ones at the farm had a sense of courtesy. For while I was trying to get some photographs of a young one, the little fellow got nervous and began to rant about. Whereupon one of the adults stepped up and struck the little fellow three sharp raps with his trunk, then wrapped his trunk around the latter's neck and gave him several yanks until he quieted down.

When the wild ones were brought into the compound for the first night's sleep, they were frightened by the sight of buildings and by so many men about. But as each was chained to his stake for the night, two big tame ones would stand closely on either side of him so that he could not move. Then the black boys would come up and sing until the stranger was nodding. Yet, the night before, the same elephant had gone to sleep in the jungle with only one idea about all men—namely, that they were all enemies of the elephant race.

Next day we photographed the tamed elephants pulling down trees, pulling up stumps, drawing wagons, plowing, and so on. It was said that one elephant could do the work of one hundred natives. Ringling Brothers, who believed the Indian elephant was the only one that could be tamed, never had a more faithful servant than one of these alleged man-killers of Africa.

So "Pipe the pachyderm!" is the correct phrase after all, when it implies that both families of elephants, African as well as Indian, are intelligent, docile and industrious when properly educated.

Photo by P. S. A.

200 *Miles at almost* 2 *Miles a minute . . .* then his first request *a* Carbonated *Drink*

This photograph was not posed for an advertisement, but the news camera caught Lou Meyer, the noted racing driver, at the finish of the International Sweepstakes at the Altoona, Pa., speedway. His first impulse was to call for a Carbonated Bottled Drink, because it not only quenches thirst but refreshes and "picks up" exhausted nerves and body.

Whenever you feel fatigued—at 3 P. M., or the end of a hard day's work—you can't find a better, quicker "pick-up" than a Bottled Drink, or Fountain Soda, charged with Red Diamond *Carbonic Gas*.

Scientists and physicians know that the organs of circulation and digestion, and the whole nervous system, are invigorated by this pure gas. Nature provides it in mother's milk as a mild digestant and body stimulant for babies.

It's Carbonic Gas that gives Carbonated Beverages the life, snap, and sparkle that make them so delicious and refreshing. And its germicidal action helps to purify the drink.

During cold weather, when vitality is apt to be low and the blood stream thick and sluggish, Carbonated Beverages are especially beneficial. Have a case on hand at home.

Look for the Red Diamond Emblem

In buying Carbonated Beverages, it will pay you to express your preference for drinks charged with *Red Diamond Gas*. This is the highest grade—tested daily—and is used to charge more than half of the Carbonated Drinks sold today. So look for the Liquid Red Diamond Emblem—now displayed by leading bottlers, dealers, and soda fountains.

Mail the coupon below for interesting and instructive booklet about these Health Drinks.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION
World's Largest Makers of Carbonic Gas, Bottlers' Machinery and Supplies, and Soda Fountains
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
"We Quench the Thirst of dry America—Yet Make No Drinks Ourselves"

RED DIAMOND GAS

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The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. 1-5, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

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THE BURDEN OF WEALTH

(Continued from Page 13)

scientists is gathered, laboratories equipped and work begun. Suddenly there breaks out a great epidemic in which thousands of people are dying of a disease that baffles medical science. If the whole of the resources of this endowment, principal as well as interest, were quickly mobilized and the work of research started full blast, the roots of the epidemic might be uncovered and the spirit of the millionaire's will be fulfilled a thousandfold.

By the terms of the law today, this is just what does not happen. The letter rather than the spirit rules. There may not be the slightest doubt that if the donor were alive he would have acted precisely as suggested. But he is not living and the instrument of his gift does not provide for the emergency. The persons intrusted with the management of the fund, under the law, have no other choice than to spend only the interest which the fund bears, and to leave the principal intact, even if thereby they defeat rather than fulfill the aim of the donor.

Few illusions are more widespread in America today than those concerning the effect of endowment upon benevolent enterprises. Endowment seems to have become the objective of almost every noncommercial activity in the country. Many charitable and remedial institutions are hoping to make themselves permanent and efficient by the process of trust funds in perpetuity. Every college in the land is striving after adequate endowment. Yet, in how many instances do endowments lend themselves to the prosecution of really vigorous investigation work, unhampered?

A university, feeling that it should undertake work in an untried field, induces some public-spirited citizen to give, on the usual terms, an endowment of $100,000. This yields about $5000, which may be sufficient to start the work in question, but not to carry it on adequately, let alone vigorously. It might conceivably require thirty to forty years at this limited rate to prove whether the enterprise was really worth while. Had the donor given the $100,000 with the understanding that the fund, together with the income, might be disbursed over a period of fifteen to twenty years, the income would be twice as great. The experiment could prove its value in half the time, and if it was found to be of no value, there would be no perpetual endowment to compel its futile continuation.

Difficult Cases to Diagnose

As I see it, one of the principal offices of endowments is to afford an opportunity for experiment in benevolence. Experimentation, by its very nature, cannot be hedged about with too many restrictions. The founder of an endowment should rest content when he has indicated the general direction in which he would like experiments to be conducted and should leave all other matters—including the possible change of purpose—to the judgment of those most competent to decide.

That the law should be amended so as to give authorized persons the discretion to change objectives when the original plan has ceased to effect a useful end, is to my mind a prime essential. When the time comes—and it does come—that a philanthropic enterprise is no longer needed, it should not be kept alive by the perpetual-endowment pulmotor operated by a dead hand. The wisest and most generous of men, as experience has shown, can seldom diagnose the requirements of their own generation; it is scarcely to be expected that they would forecast more intelligently the needs of generations two or three centuries in the future.

Even more important than a change of law with regard to the operation of existing endowments, I consider a change of attitude toward their future establishment.

We are in the midst of the greatest era of public giving that the world has ever known. Few of the monumental fortunes in the country today pass on to new owners undivided, and there is a growing total of uncounted billions in prospect for the purposes of organized public welfare. It is the consensus of opinion among students of our social order that unless this money is quickly used for contemporary philanthropic needs, it is almost certain to stagnate within a comparatively short period. I hold to this opinion.

I early learned the value of money, and that lesson has never left me through the years. Whether a dollar is paid out for necessities or luxuries, in wages or philanthropy, I am desirous of seeing as full returns for it as possible. Another thing I have observed: The millions that came to me at fifty could not restore a tooth which I had lost at thirty. They could not blot out a single day of grief. To this extent, at any rate, I can see the futility of accumulating money. It might, however, add a few years of life and comfort. I consider, therefore, timeliness one of the basic prerequisites of worthwhile philanthropy.

Man and His Money

The generation which has contributed to the making of a millionaire should also be the one to profit by his generosity. Contemporary needs are the only needs of which we can be certain, and it is those needs that we must seek to serve. They are too plain and too urgent to permit us with good conscience to overlook them, or even slight them, and to attempt to provide for the unknowable problems of the future.

Lest I appear to have been dogmatizing in the foregoing, or lay myself open to the charge of being a faddist, I shall draw aside briefly the curtain on my personal relation to wealth, as well as on my public and social policies toward it. My views on inheritances are the exact counterpart of my views on endowments.

I have no patience with any blanket doctrine which sees in wealth a force devitalizing its possessors. Where wealth accumulates, men do not necessarily decay. The late J. P. Morgan left a family that is a credit anywhere. So have Jacob H. Schiff and Mr. Wanamaker. A grandson of Marshall Field is an outstanding citizen in Chicago. Ruth Hanna McCormick has not been at a loss how to employ her wealth in the interest of public service. Neither has the younger Mr. Rockefeller failed to measure up to the specifications of distinguished citizenship.

I discount just as emphatically the pseudo-scientific writing and thinking of the day which substitutes romance for reality and seeks to attribute qualities of greatness to any individual who has accumulated a million dollars or more. Genius does not make men rich; very often luck does. By luck a man stumbles into an unusual opportunity and by more luck he holds on to it. This, in any business of great money-making possibilities, means becoming a millionaire. My credo with regard to rich men is that they are neither better nor worse than all other humans and that they contribute to greatness or mediocrity, strength of character or weakness in exactly the same proportion as persons in all other walks of life do.

Just as in the public and social uses of my wealth I aim to make a contribution, no matter how slight, to the sum total of human progress, in my personal and family disposition of it I hope to keep it from becoming a millstone about the neck of my children. In instances far too many to be here enumerated, great fortunes have in late years had the tendency to become just that. Inheritances, extended to the third and fourth generation, have proved a handicap rather than an incentive.

Only my children figure in my will; I leave nothing to my grandchildren. It is the duty of every man to provide for his family. I have provided for my children and I expect that they, in turn, will provide for their children. If they don't, their children must suffer the consequences, or—who knows?—perhaps the benefit of their parents' neglect. History was written, discoveries were made and the clock of civilization gloriously moved forward by women and men who were born without the silver spoon of inheritance in their mouth. Work to me is not a burden but a privilege, and my sympathy goes out to the man, and more especially to the boy, who, by the unwise solicitude of a grandfather is deprived of the joy of honest, conscientious labor in a useful field of endeavor.

On the theory that people do not value the things that are given them, I have tried to veer my philanthropies around to basic rather than palliative measures. I am a great believer in the influence of one man upon other men for good or bad, and I give not only with the idea of stimulating others to giving but to proper giving. I can illustrate my viewpoint best by a description of the operations and provisions of the three major social enterprises which have especially interested me in recent years.

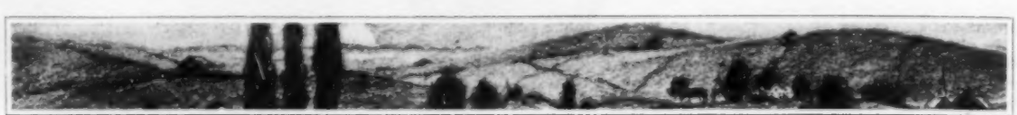
Stimulating Philanthropy

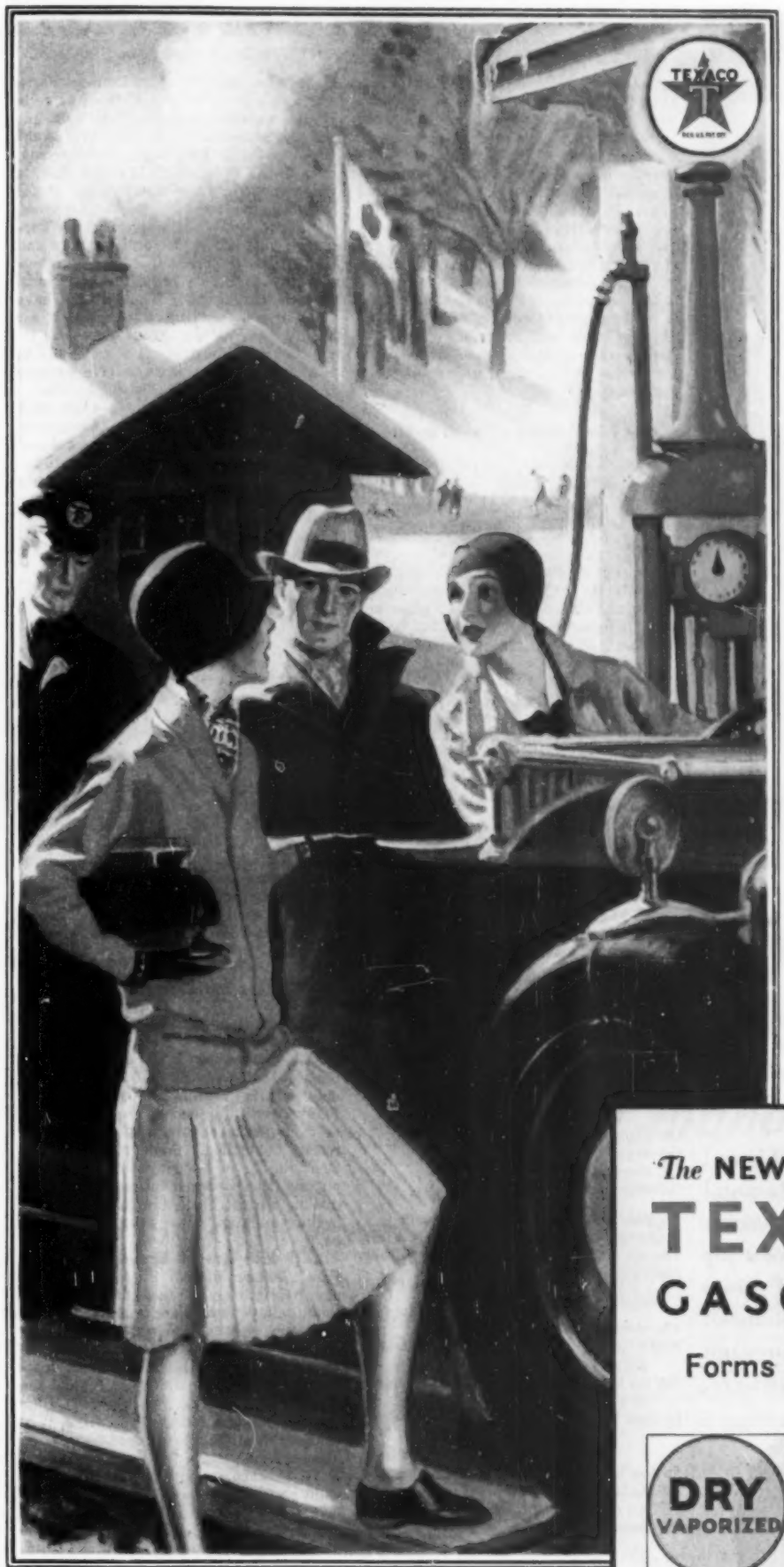
At this writing 4190 so-called Rosenwald schools for negroes are in operation in fourteen Southern states. In them a total of 10,000 teachers are giving elementary instruction in the three R's, in homemaking and in simple trades to nearly 500,000 colored school children. All of these schools are public schools, part of the county and state system. I can claim for myself—and that in small part only—the initiative for the building of these schools. The credit for their operation goes back to the people, both white and colored, who have coöperated with me.

More than nineteen million dollars has already been spent for the erection of these schools. Of this sum the colored people themselves have raised nearly four million dollars, white folks about one million, while public funds furnished more than $11,000,000. My contribution consisted of only $3,500,000.

My gift of $3,000,000 to an industrial, historical and educational museum in Chicago similarly is but an initial step in an undertaking whose ultimate achievement will total up to $20,000,000. A part of this money is being supplied by the city through the medium of a special bond issue. The rest will come from railroads and steamships, from corporations, firms and individuals, who will provide many of the exhibits.

The same principle is adhered to in my agreement to provide $5,000,000 for the settling of Jews on land in Russia. My contribution is conditioned on the raising of an additional $5,000,000 by the sponsors of the movement to the combined total of which the Soviet Government is subsequently to add $10,000,000 more.





A true high test premium gasoline—*and no added price*

¶ Winter is testing time for gasoline. ¶ When other gasolines are stubbornly resisting the action of the carburetor the *new* and *better* Texaco vaporizes readily. ¶ The quick get-away that you obtain even at this time of the year with Texaco shows the value of this high-test gasoline. ¶ The smooth starts and the rapid response to the accelerator are the natural results of a "low boiling point" and a "low end point" with an "even, close distillation range." ¶ Exacting scientific operations, rigidly controlled in our various refineries, insure the same high quality in every State and in all seasons. ¶ Try this real high-test gasoline. Drive in today wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. ¶ Fill your tank—enjoy premium performance at no added price.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The NEW *and* BETTER

TEXACO GASOLINE

Forms a Dry Gas

DRY VAPORIZED

The *new* and *better* Texaco forms a *dry gas*, a perfect *vaporized* mixture of gasoline and air, which burns cleanly and completely, leaving no trace of raw liquid globules of gasoline to dilute the motor oil. *Dry gas* gives smooth, even power at all times.

WET ATOMIZED

Wet gas is *atomized* gasoline, a mixture of gasoline vapor and drops of raw liquid gasoline. These drops resist the action of the spark, make starting difficult, burn unevenly, and tend to destroy the lubricating value of the motor oil.

When her father says, "It's O.K. with me!"

. . . it's time to celebrate with

ESKIMO PIE

THRILL after thrill. Listen! Crisp, pure chocolate all around—with delicious, wholesome ice cream inside. Plays a joy tune for your palate. Eskimo Pie—some bundle of goodness! Sold by leading drug stores and confectioneries everywhere.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

The name and fame of Eskimo Pie have encouraged many forms of imitation. Licensed ice cream manufacturers are obligated by contract to make Eskimo Pie pure and wholesome. Get what you ask for—look for the name Eskimo Pie on the silvery foil wrapper.

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION, *Louisville, Kentucky*

LET'S GET TOGETHER

(Continued from Page 19)

sensational. According to the Second Annual Report and Consolidated Balance Sheet, just issued, two problems vexing the carbureted laity have been solved—how to pass a hay wagon and how to eject a bee from an inclosed car without its taking offense. A committee of 100 is now being formed to launch a sweeping campaign for the conservation of the tame cast-iron animal life which abounded on the front lawns of the best homes in the 80's and 90's, but which is now virtually extinct, due to the unfeeling ravages of itinerant junk buyers. A subcommittee of forty-nine, working hand in glove, will have for its goal the preservation of the wooden dapple-gray horses that used to stand out in front of the harness shops.

Bar Flies' One Coherent Sound

Another important work the guild is undertaking is the listing of its certificates conferring the degree of Fellow Pumper on the New York Stock Exchange. This move is made not to encourage speculation but chiefly to pave the way for similar action on the part of other organizations and thus enrich the ticker tape with a bumper crop of new and diversified symbols that should make unexpectedly refreshing reading for the tape followers. A request for application forms was made more than a year ago, but as yet no answer has been received. The members of the guild are at a loss to explain this ominous silence. They do not know if the request has been pigeonholed or if the steering committee is simply mulling over the details of the issue. Whatever the final decision may be, the members feel reasonably sure that the Board of Governors does not intend to act hastily in the matter.

The guild's anthem, written by Arthur Pound, F. P., and sung at five separate annual meetings, namely: The First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Annual Meetings, all held in the unbelievably short space of four months, is herewith reproduced:

Oh, the pipe-organ pumper climbed up to his loft,
His reefer, his ear muffs, his rubbers he doffed,
And he bent o'er the handle for tunes loud and soft
In those wonderful days of yore.

CHORUS

Oh, Doppelgedickel, Gerohrgedeckt,
Gerohrgedeckt, Gerohrgedeckt,
Oh, Doppelgedickel, Gerohrgedeckt,
Gerohrgedeckt, Ge-Doo.

No wedding or service or funeral hymn
Could click unless he slaved away with a rim,
The life of the churches revolved around him
In those wonderful days of yore.

CHORUS

The choir and organist flew in a rage
When the bellows went flat on a tremulous gauge,
But the best of his licks brought no increase in wage
In those wonderful days of yore.

CHORUS

So now we are gathered to render him praise
For the labors he wrought in his juvenile days,
To dust off his mem'ry our voices we raise.
Oh, those wonderful days of yore!

CHORUS

Still another organization that has reared up to bring distinctions to those who have leaped from the morass of mass civilization at the siren call of the shepherd is the International Bar Flies. Strictly speaking, this is not an outspoken temperance organization. Rather, it is a secret and fraternal order devoted to the uplift and downfall of serious drinkers. Harry McElhone is the founder and enjoys the titular decoration of Little Blue Bottle Fly. Trap No. 1 is located in the Rue Daunou, Paris, which calls for a left jog off the Rue de la Paix, if aimed toward the Place Vendôme and the Tuileries. O. O. McIntyre is the Big Blue Bottle Fly; Sparrow Robertson, himself the founder of My Old Pals, a weepy fraternity, is the Firefly; Bruce Reynolds, the Horse Fly, and Arthur Moss, the Tsetse Fly. Thomas Tegucigalpa Topping, Sedley Peck, Minott Saunders and Harry Howlett are the Gadflies. Membership exceeds 15,000, and many Americans, en tour, have joined. Though they have little or no opportunity to prove their fidelity while at home, they give some inspirational demonstrations of adherence to principles, tenets and credos five minutes after detraining at the Gare St. Lazare.

The song of the Bar Flies is their most scintillating effort. It carries, throughout, a strain of sincerity. It is purposeful and tuneful. It means something. Few are the organization songs so well suited to rendition by talented members and so expressive of the noble sentiments of the parent corporation. It follows:

Oh, we buzz, buzz, buzz,
And when we buzz, buzz, buzz,
We buzz, buzz, buzz,
Because when we buzz, buzz, buzz,
There's a reason for our buzz, buzz, buzz.

Prime and durable works of organizers, all of which reflect a deep and sympathetic understanding of public demand, are recorded in quantity lots. The Bald-Headed Club of America germinated in 1900, when Paul Meade, a New York lawyer, snapped a picture of six pompadour-bereft gentlemen seated on the steps of John Belden's store in Falls Village, Connecticut. One of the copies of the photograph, entitled The Six Sutherland Brothers, fell into the hands of John Rodemeyer of Greenwich. John formed the club. It claims 1000 members, and at every annual banquet some orator declaims on the subject: Hair Tonics Bald-Headed Barbers Sell to Bald-Headed Boobs.

A Tense Moment for Authors

The Society of Authors Who Have Been Hissed once existed in Paris, but is now extinct. Started by Ivan Turgenieff, Alphonse Daudet and Émile Zola in 1879, the only recruits to membership were Gustave Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt. Guy de Maupassant attempted to rush the roster, but failed. Some talk has been heard lately of reviving this order and putting it on a permanent paying basis by making a slight, though important, change in the tense from "Have Been" to "Should be."

Karl Kae Knecht formed the Circus Fans' Association—C. F. A.—two years ago, basing it on the fact that many successful men of today are proud of the fact that they once carried water for the elephants. The C. F. A. "stands between the grafting public and the circus and the grifting circus and the public." In 1906, the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Blue Goose was originated at Green Lake, Wisconsin, this proving that good organization ideas are not limited by geography. Paul E. Rudd is the Grand Wielder of the Goose Quill and he corresponds with 7000 members. Ponds, subsidiaries of the Grand Nest, have been chartered as far as Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro and Mexico City. The titles of the Grand Nest officers are: Most Loyal Grand Gander, Grand Supervisor of the Flock, Grand Custodian of the Goslings, Grand Guardian of the Nest, and Grand Keeper of the Golden Goose Egg. The Blue Geese promote charity and good fellowship, which, though a somewhat common reason for organization, is both laudable and workable.

Besides, there's the Six-Foot Association, composed of men who stand six feet or better in their stockinged feet. Harry H. Cooper, of Detroit, Michigan, heads the Society of Men Who Wear Funny Hats. The Hay-Fever Association has been organized, with "Ker Choo" the mystic password and the goldenrod as the official flower. The main Sniffling Ground is Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. The Quiet Birdmen, flyers of the World War, meet, with many a proud boast, weekly in New York City, and Col. Charles A. Lindbergh is on the rolls of the Caterpillar Club, composed of forced parachute jumpers. Charles Comiskey, owner of the Chicago White Sox, leads the Woodland Bards annually on a barding cruise and aims to return with the same number of bards he started out with. The Society to Prevent Parents Naming Their Offsprings Clarence found high favor among all individuals named "Clarence" in 1920. The Filling-Station Proprietors are organized and are expected to adopt as their official hymn: Brighten the Corner Where You Are. And Benjamin Franklin Affleck of Chicago has discovered the possibilities in a name by engendering The Benjamin Franklins. This body aims "to increase interest and encourage discussion of the contributions Franklin made to his generation and posterity." They would put a Poor Richard's Almanac on the whatnot of every home. Among the active members are Brothers Benjamin Franklin Ivins, Emge, Bills, Moomaw, Yanney and Yoakum.

The Wonder is There are No More

Furthermore, students of the Ashland, Wisconsin, high school lately formed The Pediculosis Club to foster school spirit. They wore white vests of ancient pattern decorated liberally with autographs and emblems. Charles H. Wheelock, of Battle Creek, Michigan, is the founder and secretary of the Three-Quarter-Century Club, composed of men and women who have attained the age of seventy-five years. The American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages held their 1928 convention in Detroit with 6000 delegates present, and the American Metallurgical, Meteorological, Microscopical, Phytopathological and Dermatological Societies meet regularly. The Tall Cedars of Lebanon once functioned as an organization, as did The Brotherhood of the West Gate, whose members sought to "solve the esoteric mysteries of the microcosm" at Bridgeton, Maine. And at the recent National Dairy Show in Memphis, Tennessee, the Honorary Guild of Gopatis was launched. The Gopatis, although not recorded in the dictionary, were "Lords of the Cows" to the ancients. The purposes of this guild are "to give honor and acclaim to progressive dairymen" and "to so dramatize and vivify the work these men are doing that it will attract larger attention."

It seems almost unbelievable, even in view of the few facts already narrated, that anyone could have the temerity to underrate the achievements of organizers. So much testifies to their zeal, their grasp of duty, their unflinching courage, their persistency and their dynamicity, that the accusations of inactivity are absurd. And, further, it must be admitted by the scoffers that organization work antedates almost every other known form of human endeavor with the possible exception of that grand old chore of bringing home the short ribs for mamma and a kidney for the cat. Those who would belittle and slanderize because there is no Society of Affiants and Deponents Who Sayeth Not nor a juvenile League for the Augmentation of the Lollipop might do well to pause for a fleeting moment and ponder on the constructive achievements of other years.

Unfortunately, there are no records of activities during the life of prehistoric dwellers of the untrammeled glebe, but it is fairly safe to presume that Neanderthal men banded together in some sort of mutual

(Continued on Page 140)

"Throw away your scrub-bucket"

says the experience of building managers

THE mop and bucket brigade has deserted many a business and public building. The nightly odor of suds and steam has become only an unsavory memory. Water is not allowed to touch the floors now, not permitted to rot and warp and dull them, to leave germ-breeding dampness in every pore and crevice.

Yet these floors are kept cleaner than ever. With a new and glowing brightness that never shows scuffs or wear. At 30 to 50% less than the expense of scrubbing, as the building managers proudly prove with their cost sheets.

What has brought about this great advance? *Wax!* Wax that loosens dirt as it is applied, so thoroughly that hospitals acclaim it the only sanitary floor cleaner. *Wax* that spreads an invisible armour so tough that even the grime and grind of unnumbered feet in public places do not penetrate it. *Wax* that enlivens and enriches the linoleum, wood, and tile in smart shops where good floors are essential to good business . . .

Makes wax-polishing as easy as walking. No stooping or bending. Speedy! With applying mop and ½ gal. wax, the Johnson DeLuxe Electric Polisher,

$68.50

Household size $29.50, or rented by your neighborhood dealer.

Unequaled as a furniture polish, too

Johnson's Wax and the Johnson DeLuxe Electric Floor Polisher that, with a single operator, outspeeds ten scrub women; *these* have revolutionized floor maintenance.

Building managers are invited to write for full information concisely given in *Cutting Floor Upkeep 30 to 50%*. Housewives, who would like to throw away their scrub-buckets, send for the *Vogue of Wax*, a handsome booklet, and a generous sample to try. Just fill in and mail this coupon.

Johnson's Wax Polish

FOR FLOORS · FURNITURE · WOODWORK · LINOLEUM · AUTOMOBILES

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.

"The Interior Finishing Authorities"

Canadian factory: Brantford, Ontario. *Factories also at* West Drayton, Middlesex, England; Rosebery, Australia

Wax, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes, Fillers, Wall Finishes

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. P-1, Racine, Wis.

☐ Building Manager: Send me *Cutting Floor Upkeep 30 to 50%*, without obligation.

☐ Housewife: Send me *The Vogue of Wax* and a liberal sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax. I enclose 10c in stamps for mailing.

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FIRM .....

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(Continued from Page 138)

protective nonprofit association, if for no other reason than to advance, in echelon, under the slogan: "Get The Plesiosaurus." It is definitely known, however, that the primitive savages were organized, as witness the Duk-Duk of Polynesia, with a demand for tooth extraction as evidence of fealty and allegiance. Likewise, the Purrah of Sierra Leone, formed principally to keep women in subjection. Little did the Purrah realize, perhaps, that such a nearsighted policy would some day lead to a riotous demand for emancipation and establishment of ladies' auxiliaries.

In the early day organization work depended not only on the absorptive powers of the public but its adequacy as well. Naturally, it was slow in starting, although the pioneers, laboring under the handicap of insufficient population, acquitted themselves with distinct credit. The Eleusinians of Greece, flourishing in 1800 B.C., were numbered in thousands. The Pythagoreans of Crotona were developed by capitalizing the mystical power of numbers in 586 B.C. Regeneration through death under the guidance of Isis, Osiris and Serapis caused considerable comment in Egypt while the Ptolemies ruled. The Bible mentions a sect known as Essenes which disappeared as early as 400 B.C. And surely some veterans' organization must have flowered out of the battle of the Granicus!

It cannot be said that the leaders of those days didn't make the best of the material they had on hand. Maybe their work wasn't startling or scintillating; perhaps they were not overly aggressive. But certainly they were on the job. And if they didn't do anything else, they established the fact, beyond all question, that every male and female person harbors the instinct of the joiner and can be persunded to don the robes of the neophyte if properly canvassed. On this truism all other work has been successfully based.

From the dawn of the Christian Era progress was more noticeable. But the first really commendable moves involved the guilds of England and the Continent during the Middle Ages. These organizations represented the original attempts at mass production. Some idea of the vision of the founders may be gained from the fact that Lord Kitchener, after his victory over the dervishes at Omdurman, was tendered honorary membership in the Fishmongers, the Costermongers, the Drapers, the Drovers, the Mercers and the Goldsmiths.

Are You a Z. Z. Z. R. R. Z. Z.?

As the Old World nations became colonization-conscious things began to pick up. The first society formed in America was the Sons of Liberty, growing out of the Stamp Act. The Red Men later grew out of the Sons of Liberty, which was fair enough. Miscellaneous small societies took root, and after the Civil War, which provided the first sizable clientele for organizers to fiddle with, many sparkling gems were ground out that testified to the talent of founders faithful to their craft. In 1890 the Daughters of Hope was started at Olneyville, Rhode Island; and Harrisonburg, Virginia, witnessed the formation of the Grand and Limited Order of the Sons and Daughters of Purity in 1900. At the same time the Order of the S. S. S. and the Brotherhood of the Z. Z. Z. R. R. Z. Z., which averred that "The Torch Of Life Is Fed By The Oil Of Love," sprang up in Boston. A request of recent date for elucidation of initials, with special attention to the Z's, was returned as undeliverable by the Bay State postal authorities.

Another society to have a vigorous run in the 90's was the Fifth Order of Melchizedek and the Egyptian Sphinx. The Genii of the Nation's Knowledge and Religion—G. N. K. R.—which escorted members safely from the Seen to the Unseen in Boston in 1888, operated under the laws of Ens, Movens and Om, and was ruled by a Hierophant who resided in Applegate, California. These data on the G. N. K. R. might be in error, as it seems that a Hierophant should select a more romantic village in which to dwell. The Tall Cedars of Lebanon was another achievement and the Independent Order of Old Men used to meet frequently at banquets in Burnet, Texas. Chicago alone has contributed, exclusive of its Common Council and its League of Dry Pickers of Dry-Cleaners, a 40 Club, 13 Club, 101 Club, 2,000,000 Club, numerous pants-pressing clubs and the now *passé* Whitechapel Club. This latter body was composed of newspapermen. They climaxed their career by burning on a funeral pyre at night on the shores of Lake Michigan, the willed remains of a discontented member of a Waco, Texas, Suicide Club, who came to the Midwest metropolis to carry out his oaths because he thought his technic wouldn't be appreciated in a smaller city.

A Journeyman Joiner

New York City, of course, has led the field. This city was the seat of the Society for the Appreciation of Late Autumn Sunsets, the League for Spiritual Relaxation, and Karna, the Self-Absorption Society. A murder jury, discharged after being hung for a few weeks, formed a club and met annually for years. Then a burst of genuine genius in 1911 produced the Society for the Prevention of Useless Organizations. The members believed that emotion was not expressed in a minority vote nor an idea in a quorum. The shield of the lodge bore a miniature of John Hampton, the first man to refuse to pay his dues. Too many obstacles were in the path of the S. P. U. O. It had no popular appeal and it wasted away from its utter uselessness.

Everyone, certainly, is cognizant of the splendid showing that has been made by alert organizers with the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. Still, well-covered as this department has been, only lately the order of Elephants was started in New York with the slogan: "If You Want to do Something Big be an Elephant." Its aims are to allay suffering and combat poverty, though the beneficiaries of this policy are not designated in the prospectus. Too, there are the luncheon clubs, a gorgeous collection; the college fraternities, a staggering array; the Daughters of the Cincinnati; the Military Order of the Cootie; the American Roentgen Ray Society. The descendants of a Dutchman named Ton who migrated to this country in 1849 reuned a few months ago in Illinois and a headline writer announced: "Nine Hundred Tons at Single Meeting." The descendants of Annetke Jans Bogardus assemble periodically to try to wrest some well-settled landscape from the city of Chicago. The Hot Dog Venders were put on a dues-paying basis this year. And who can forget the Lake Shore Gang, the Boodle gang and the Republican and Democratic parties?

In all, in the United States alone, exclusive of possessions, there are today 127,200 lodges. This figure was released by H. M. Leydenberg of the New York Public Library as of October 1, 1928, but is subject to upward revision and change without notice. Is this figure significant? Does it mean anything? To reply snappily: It is—it does. It means that if one lone individual of the rugged go-getter type should commence on this total at 5:30 o'clock on the morning he had reached the eligibility age of 21 years, it would take him 348 years, 5 months and 12 days to complete his conquest to join them all, allowing no recesses for memorizing oaths and taking degrees. It is reasonable to suppose that before he attained his mark he would be doddering a little, if he wasn't actually making application for the Old Residents' Association of Beulah Land. Should he be able to fight off natural depreciation he would have created, when he concluded his campaign, an estate of 8785 pounds of metal lapel buttons and charms with a market value, based on present quotations and not considering logical enhancements, of $1865.17—a neat bequest. If he should beat his swords into plowshares, he or his descendants, if organized, could glut the Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska hardware markets and force the regular dealers to affiliate one with another and declare there ought to be a law against it.

Seven years of the total time spent by this peerless joiner would be required to indorse the pocket credential cards, invalid unless indorsed by the licensee, and this figure would not permit time out to wiggle the cramps out of his thumb or snap the cricks out of his neck. The annual expense of dry-cleaning his uniforms after parades would be $567.12 and he would lose a yearly average of $26.67 in small change left in his pockets.

By forming a subsidiary corporation to do this work and to frame his diplomas and certificates, he would receive dividends, payable quarterly, representing a yield of 14.2 per cent on his original investment. The energy he would expend in grips and hailing signs would be sufficient to kick a steam roller eighteen times around the world by way of Milpitas, California, and La Roche Posay, France, though he would have to delegate this delightful chore to an alternate, owing to a press of personal business. And furthermore, when he had finished, he could go out and do the same job all over again, only on a much larger and more satisfactory scale, provided, obviously, that he had sufficient stamina left and some liquid assets that he could convert into ready cash for initiation fees and luncheon money.

Proof Beyond Question

The foregoing facts and statistics, bristling with proof, are not introduced here in conceit nor as a signal that overconfidence reigns in the camp of those persons responsible, as founders, for the modest results already booked along organization lines. It should be readily apparent that organizers as a class, and with but few individual exceptions, are a shy, unobtrusive lot, content to sit back and let the stream of life take its own course, so long, at least, as dues are not delinquent. But the challenge of inefficiency has been hurled. The imputation has been made that they are wanting in energy, initiative, imagination, power. Hence they have produced a partial record of their accomplishments. And though they point to it, as becomes them, without vainglory, they do feel privileged to evince a certain pride.

These organizers stand now, exhibiting a noble spirit of self-effacement, ready and willing to close the incident with the presentation of their side of the case. They are not overbearing. Nor do they demand ceaseless recognition. And they will admit their shortcomings. They cheerfully concede that much work can be done in the future, particularly in the fields of nonessentialism, lush with possibilities. They agree that no steps have been taken to assemble the Keynote Sounders or the Heart-Balm Grantees under one leader. They do not question the probable fertility of a League of Residuary Legatees or a Society of Sons and Daughters Whose Luckless Forbears Have Encountered a Felon's Doom. But they do insist that their efforts to date have not been negligible. They are convinced that they can say, without fear of successful contradiction, that, like Bill Nye's editor of the Jack Creek Pizenweed, who contended that he could either drink or leave it alone and then shot himself to prove the contention, they have done what they could.

Those who have scoffed and maligned have made no bold frontal attacks. Theirs has been a whispering campaign. Perhaps they intended no harm. But the organizer have taken the matter to heart. Whether the criticisms were made in a spirit of playfulness, or viciously, matters little. Whatever the motive, a situation has been precipitated that bodes ill, and a precipitated situation is bad enough, to say nothing of one that bodes ill. A rightful effort has been made to still the tongues of disparagement. Perhaps the incident, with the presentation of the defense, will be closed. But it is more than likely that the destructionists will not rest without the last fling of syntax. They will doubtless continue to scoff and may even go so far as to adopt that pernicious practice—to cavil and rant. They may elect to do this openly, in Times Square, using a B-flat oboe to draw a crowd!

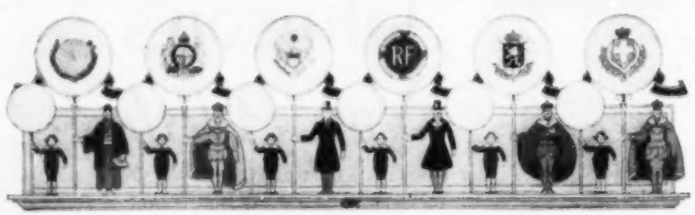
To the Last Man

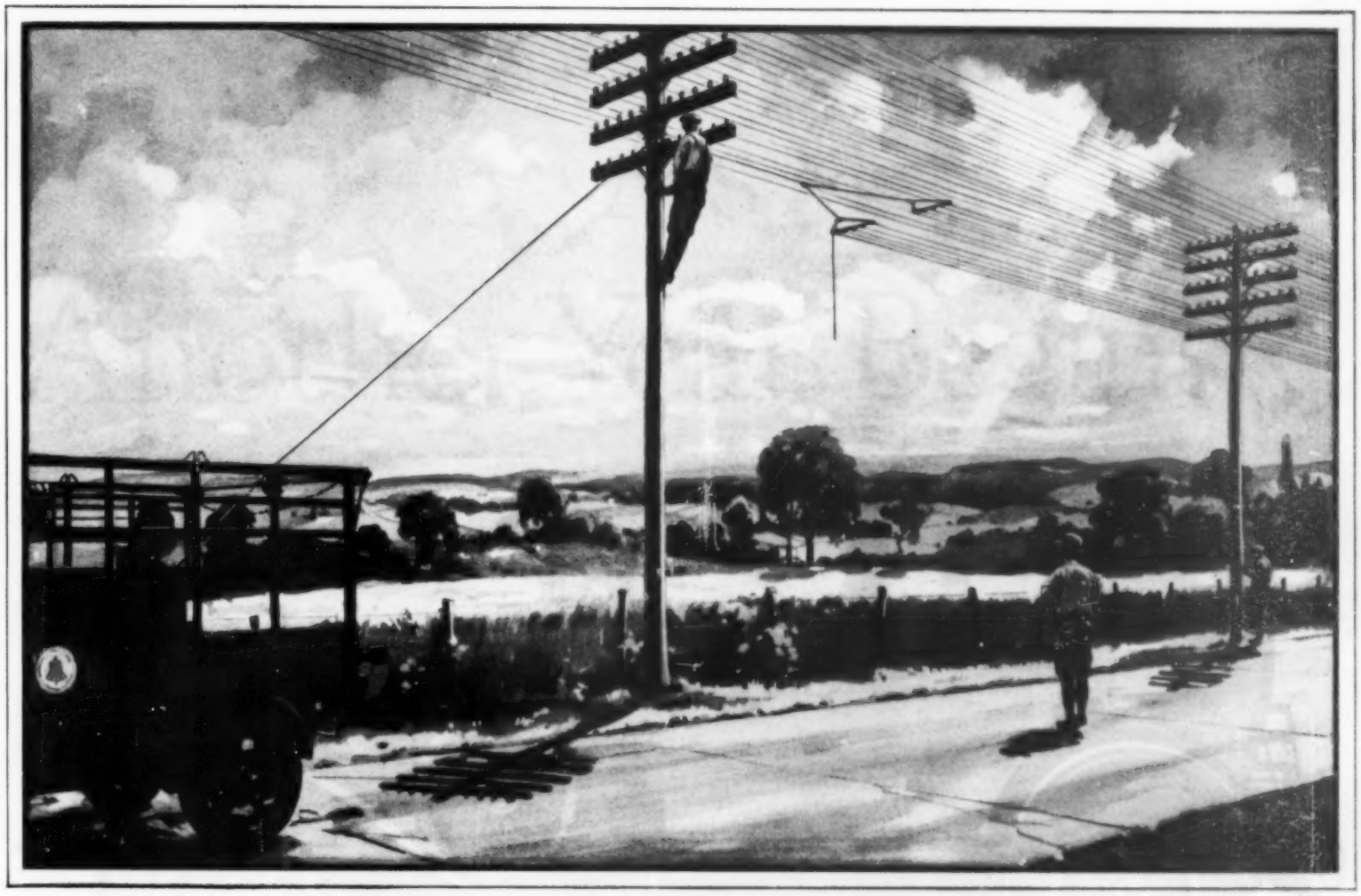
But should they determine to take this course instead of subsiding, they may be sure that the already aroused organizers will fight back. Nor will the organizers be content merely to point to their record. Not by a jugful! If there is no cessation of jeers, the Grand Chef de Gare of La Société des Quarante Hommes et Huit Chevaux will, in all probability, say to the Most Dilapidated Dip of the Society of Men Who Wear Funny Hats: "Let's Get Together."

They will contact and call into conference the Hibernating Governor of the Slumbering Ground Hog Lodge of Quarryville, the Subreme Gumander of the Hay-Fever Association, the Grand Diapason of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, the Lord High Queller of the When, As, And If, Veterans of Sandino's Uprising and the All-Wise and Potent Caliph of the Brotherhood of Flagpole Sitters and Marathon Dancers. And when they get together, the inevitable will happen—they will immediately vote to organize the International and Benevolent Organization of Organizers of Organizations.

Then, beware! For, as delicious balm to wounded feelings, they will accept the extended challenge. Not only will they launch a defense campaign to protect their reputations but they will concentrate their wiles and cunning, perhaps by means of an interlocking directorate, to create a high-water mark in organization work which will exceed the most fantastic speculation of the most overtrained chamber-of-commerce prophet on future constructive effort. They will endow a chair in leading universities, where fundamentals of their art may be taught to those who will inherit their shoes, robes and passwords. They will have a lapel button with a siren attachment and a hailing sign for brothers temporarily out of funds or wanting to sell something. Their program of expansion will make a recapitulation of past figures look like the moth-eaten product of a dwarfed and burned-out machine.

When they have finished, there will be not a single malcontent who can raise a voice in belittlement; not one but who will be obliged to admit, unqualifiedly, that all possible has been done. And if, by the merest chance, some braggart should emerge from the haze of an October day with a cobweb itching his nose, to assert that he had never joined an organization, they will establish the League of Organization Holdouts. And that highly hypothetical individual can then pay his annual dues and initiation fee in one lump sum to himself and assume the title of Grand Garde Champêtre and Loyal Keeper of the Sacred Ice Pick when he calls himself to order at his first meeting.





The U. S. A. is only a few minutes wide

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IN THE gold rush year of '49 a stage-coach succeeded in crossing the continent in about three months. Two decades later, for the first time, an unbroken stretch of railroad lay from New York Harbor to San Francisco Bay, and America was seven days wide. Today, by telephone, that entire width is only a matter of minutes. And these few minutes represent a round trip, taken in the ease of office or home.

The Bell System is ever busy reducing the width of America and the distance between cities. For example, during 1929 it will add to its lines nearly 2,000,000 of the new permalloy loading coils for correcting and maintaining the speeding voice currents.

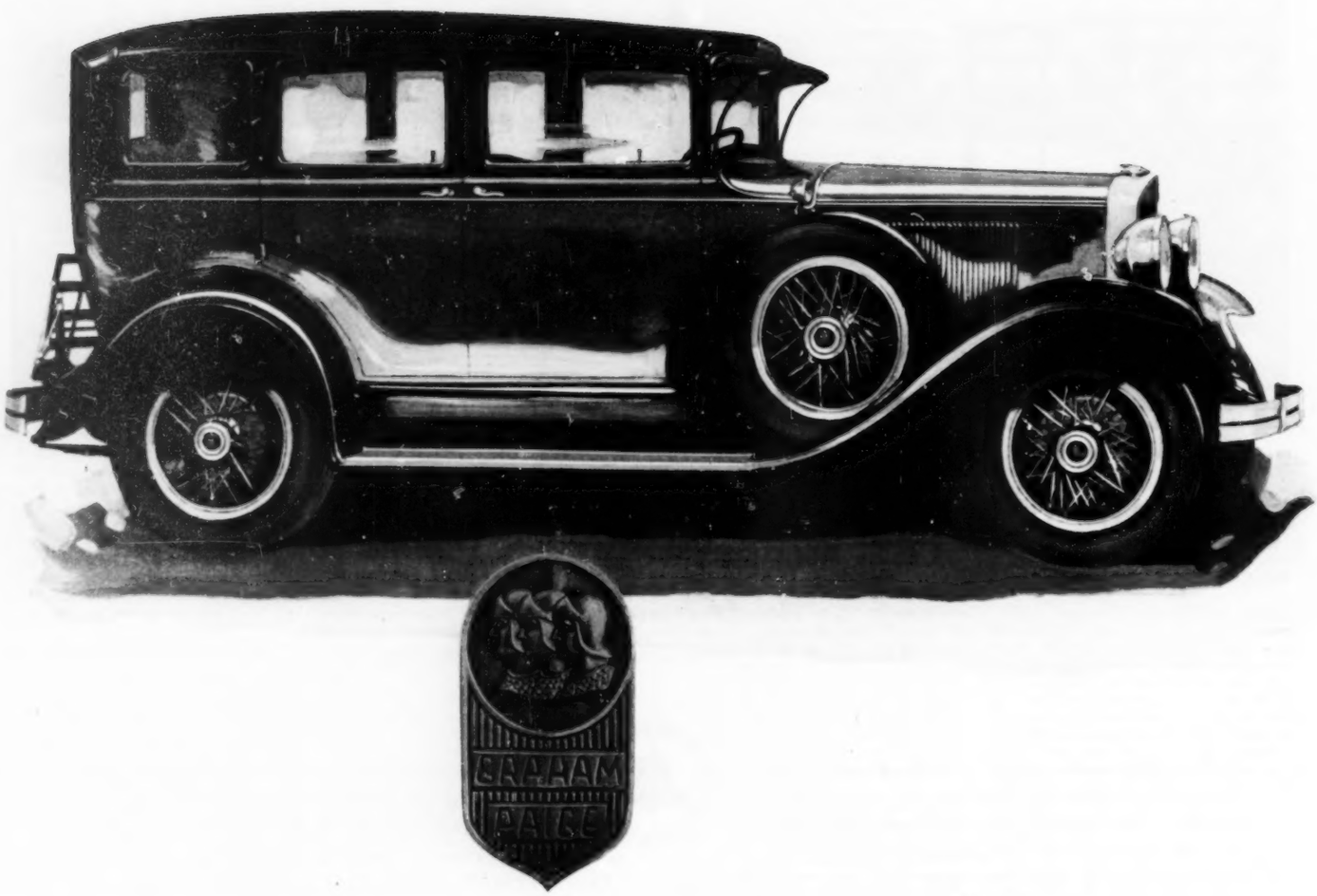
Seven thousand miles of new inter-city cable, $40,000,000 worth, will be added to the System to protect against storms and other slowing up influences.

In the last five years 350 major improvements, as well as thousands of others whose aggregate importance mounts high, have been made in telephone central office equipment.

Improved operating practices have eliminated the necessity of your "hanging up" and being called back in 95 per cent of toll and long distance calls, adding new speed and ease to out of town calling. You hold the wire and the operator does the rest. Since New Year's Day, 1927, the average time for completing all out of town calls has been cut 35 per cent and at the same time the per cent of error has been further materially reduced.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the future's greater service.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"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As Another Year Begins...

The public and the automobile trade are cordially invited to inspect the complete line of Graham-Paige sixes and eights, with refinements and improvements which represent our earnest endeavor to keep abreast of the times and to make our product constantly better.

Joseph B. Graham
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Ray A. Graham

NEW YORK AUTOMOBILE SHOW
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
AND THE BILTMORE

Also at your local
Graham-Paige Showroom

Graham-Paige offers a wide variety of body types, including roadsters, cabriolets, coupes and sport phaetons, on five chassis.

GRAHAM-PAIGE

MACHINERY IN BUSINESS

soon will make pen and ink methods as obsolete as the Automobile has made the horse and buggy

WHEREVER the saving of time, effort and money is necessary, machine methods are replacing hand work.

Business offices are looking for easier, quicker, *surer* ways of doing things.

They want better systems for the handling of money. Better methods of accounting and analysis.

They want permanent, printed records that render information not based on human calculation.

They want information quickly—on any phase or department for any period of time.

National Cash Register products are doing these things wherever records are kept and money handled.

A New Orleans department store "handles 150 per cent increase in business with an actual decrease in selling costs" through use of National Cash Registers.

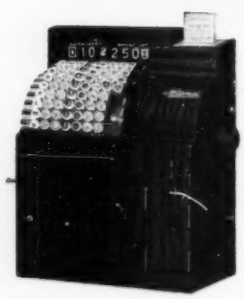
A San Antonio furniture house saves $12,000 a year with National Accounting Machines.

A Newark retail store saves $262 a month in office expense with one National Accounting Machine.

The machine age of business has come. But for almost half a century before its arrival, The National Cash Register Company was preparing by invention, research and study to supply its equipment.

Would such economies be worth while in *your* business?

One of the many National Cash Registers for the retail store. Adds items, prints 14 different totals and gives printed receipt.



A National Posting Machine. Made in many forms for banks, hotels and business offices where many transactions are handled.

A National Service Station Register. Prints a classified permanent record of each transaction and gives a printed receipt.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

DAYTON, OHIO, AND PRINCIPAL CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Modern machine systems for business, priced from $60 up in the U. S. A.

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

(Continued from Page 47)

in 1876, Cornell taking the boat race. For the first time the track-and-field athletes competed as teams, Princeton winning the meet.

More damaging to the prestige of Saratoga than the loss of the college athletes was the withdrawal of society folk in 1876 on the completion by the New York gambler, John Chamberlin, of the Monmouth race track at Long Branch, New Jersey. The elder Pierre Lorillard was one of the backers of the new venture. As was pointed out in another chapter, Richard Canfield was to attend the meetings at the Monmouth track a couple of years later while he was managing two hotels at near-by summer resorts. Though the racing continued at Saratoga, that resort's turf and society leadership did not return until 1901, when a syndicate headed by William C. Whitney obtained control of the race course.

Spencer had but little to complain of in his management of the old Morrissey place. As owner of the race track, he held a club over the village authorities, who recognized that summer visitors demanded roulette and faro as well as the chance to lay a bet on a horse. To get racing, the village authorities were willing to countenance the other forms of gambling. In the latter years of Spencer's management of the clubhouse the people even elected a gambler named Caleb W. Mitchell to the village presidency, and it was only through legislation at Albany that he was thrust out after two years in office.

Spencer's first serious trouble came in 1886, when Anthony Comstock and his subordinates in the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice decided that wide-open gambling at Saratoga offered a fair field for their endeavors. Comstock had been busy for some ten years in fighting the lotteries and drying up the sources of the traffic in obscene pictures through the mail. The famous walrus mustache having become familiar to the lawbreakers, Comstock shaved it off. For three days in the first week of August he and his assistants visited Saratoga gambling places, collecting evidence on which they almost immediately made raids. Spencer's place was one of those raided; but someone must have tipped off the proprietor of the clubhouse, for the raiders got only a few chips, while in other places they secured more substantial gambling paraphernalia. At the end of a week, during which Comstock had been several times threatened with violence, the raiders went back to New York.

Three years later Spencer Trask, a New York banker and broker who had a magnificent summer home at the Spa and controlled a newspaper there—the Union—decided that gambling had become so open and notorious that something would have to be done to curb it. He found the village authorities and citizens for the most part antagonistic to his ideas.

But opposition to his plans only spurred on Trask the more. He got several New York detectives up to Saratoga, supplied them with money to spend in the various gaming places and hired an Albany lawyer to make out the forms on which warrants for the arrest of the offending gamblers were secured. Then when arrests were made, his newspaper, with truly metropolitan enterprise, printed a map of the village with black spots indicating the location of the gambling houses.

The news dealers of Saratoga boycotted his paper and Trask organized a special corps of uniformed boys to peddle it. Meantime his detectives continued to patronize other gambling places. Trask's paper sold fewer copies than ever, but the proprietor, in a letter to the New York Times, declared that he was in the fight to stay. The solid citizens of Saratoga, his letter set forth, were disgusted with conditions in the village. There were even places, he said, in which small boys were encouraged to put up five-cent pieces on the red or the black.

A few days later Trask's detectives succeeded in haling Spencer, Caleb Mitchell and five other gambling-house keepers into court. Bail was immediately furnished when they were held for the county grand jury and the proprietors resumed the interrupted games—but not continuously. One afternoon the owner of one house industriously noised it abroad that that very evening there were to be new raids. All the other places closed down and the shrewd Yankee trick gave its perpetrator a monopoly of play on that particular night. For the most part, that August was rainy, and while the women beguiled themselves listening to the new electric-driven talking machine in the parlors of the Grand Union, the men sought solace in cards and roulette at the more or less open houses.

That fall the grand jury refused to indict the gamblers, and the following year the houses were going full tilt. Trask was said to have spent nearly $50,000 in this vain attempt to purge the village of the gamblers.

But Spencer, growing old and deaf, was beginning to weary of the gambling business now, and in August of 1890 he sold out his 90 per cent interest in the race track to Gottfried Walbaum, who had been the owner of the notorious race track at Guttenberg, New Jersey. The details of the transaction were not given to the public at first and a rumor rose that the new owners were a syndicate. Walbaum paid $375,000 for Spencer's 90 per cent share.

The newspapers quoted a man said to represent the syndicate. The new Saratoga Jockey Club, this pseudo spokesman said, would have no connection with gamblers, who had "blackened the fair name of America's greatest watering place." He went on:

"Mr. Spencer may continue running the clubhouse. But the complete separation of the race course from that enterprise, it seems to me, will not leave him a leg to stand on as regards the support of local public opinion."

Prophetic words, those. Canfield's friends always maintained that had he controlled the race track he could have continued to operate his gambling place as long as he pleased. It is perhaps a debatable point.

Less than two weeks after the announcement of the sale of the track, though, Spencer's establishment, with a number of others, was entered by the local police. But once more the grapevine telegraph had done its work and only a few poker chips were secured by the raiders. As usual, nothing came of the raid. Spencer made his peace with the solid element of Saratoga that fall by buying a dictionary for the village athenæum and subscribing $300 toward a fund to liquidate the debt of a parish house.

But by 1893 Spencer was ready to call quits. He had enough money to support himself in comfort for the rest of his life, and he started looking around for a purchaser who could keep the clubhouse going in the style to which its patrons were accustomed. By this time Canfield had pushed Duff out in the cold in the Twenty-sixth Street place in New York and had even secured some of the choice business that had gone to John Daly when Number 818 Broadway fell upon evil days. During the spring of 1893 Spencer approached Canfield, who had been going up to Saratoga as a visitor for several seasons, with a proposition to go in with him at Saratoga that year. He told Canfield frankly that he wanted to quit the gambling business and go to France to live, but that for the sake of the patrons who couldn't imagine a Saratoga season without him presiding over the clubhouse, the change of management had better be gradual. So Canfield took a part interest in the place. Despite the hard times, the house made money, and in 1894 he took over the entire property.

One of the staff at the clubhouse inherited by Canfield was a middle-aged man named John B. Northrop, who had been connected with the house since the days of Morrissey. Northrop's specialty was determining whether a given player could have credit, and how much, after his cash was gone. He stayed through the entire Canfield régime at Saratoga, making enough in the short summer season to support himself in New York during the rest of the year. His judgment was never questioned by Canfield, who couldn't afford to make many mistakes in I O U's. Bucklin performed similar functions in the New York and Newport houses, but his job carried with it the title of manager, which Northrop never had.

In this season of 1894 the process of cutting down the number of gambling houses at Saratoga was in full swing. Mitchell was serving his second term as village president, having been elected on a platform of allowing gambling houses to keep open so long as they conducted their business in a quiet and orderly manner. Like Canfield, he believed that a gambler whose boxes and wheels were straight was as much entitled to respect as any business man. Besides the Mitchell place on Broadway and Canfield's clubhouse, there were half a dozen places running.

The reform element in the village, balked by Mitchell's success in holding his job, was in despair. But they found their champion in the person of Edgar T. Brackett, who was to be reëlected to the state senate the following fall, where he became a towering figure of New York politics for more than a decade. His fame, curiously enough, lives in the association he formed in later years when he was briefly a lawyer for Canfield, but it is perhaps not so well known that to him belongs a major part of the credit for the fight on the insurance interests that was later to lift Charles E. Hughes into the governor's chair.

But in 1895 Brackett was more concerned with the government of Saratoga than with state-wide problems. He had been born in the county and some twenty years before had returned to it from Iowa, to which he was taken as a child and where he had his collegiate training. He was a Methodist, but he was also something of a politician, and he knew that Mitchell's policy of allowing gambling in a few houses was what the people of the village and the summer visitors wanted. The one bone of contention was Mitchell's place in Broadway. Brackett believed that this principal street of the village should be clear of gambling places, and he told the village president that he ought to move to some other location.

Mitchell laughed at him. That laugh sent Brackett to Albany with fire in his eye. He angrily caused a bill to be introduced amending the village charter so that the president, instead of being chosen by direct vote of the people, was to be named by the village trustees.

The legislature, with the disclosure of the Lexow committee before it, was sympathetic toward the measure, which it was claimed would make it possible for Saratoga to rid itself of the gambling incubus. The senate passed the measure, but the assembly was hesitating, due to Mitchell's strident protest that he was being persecuted. Lafayette B. Gleason, who is now secretary of the New York State Republican Committee, but who at this time was receiver for the gas and electric plant serving Saratoga, appeared before the assembly committee considering the measure and assured its members that the Mitchell statement was untrue. The bill passed the assembly. Mitchell fought the amended charter up through the Court of Appeals, but lost. He and the other sports were now out in the cold. The new village president appeared before the police commissioners before the season of 1895 was fairly under way and announced:

I absolutely command and demand of you, as president of the village, backed by the trustees of this village, to close every gambling place in Saratoga without reserve, and if you fail to obey I shall cite you before the board of trustees and ask for your resignation.

The first place to close was the clubhouse. Canfield appeared at police headquarters and said he would close up for good—that the officials need not trouble to send any officer to his place. Thus he saved his costly gambling paraphernalia. Mitchell, bowing to the inevitable, also closed down, and the other places followed suit. The lid was on tight.

The racing season of twenty-eight days was a fizzle, but Village President Sturges said he had received telegrams of congratulation from all over the country for kicking out the gamblers. There were persistent rumors during the season that the magnificent home of Judge Hilton, executor of A. T. Stewart's estate, was to be leased to a gambling syndicate which would be able to operate it without interference, since it was outside the corporate limits of the village. Another story had it that a petition would be presented to the trustees of the village asking that the clubhouse be allowed to reopen. Judge Hilton denied the first story, and the petition, if it existed, was not presented. But closed gambling houses use no gas or electricity, and Mitchell, in his misfortune, must have got a grim laugh when he thought of Gleason's having sponsored the measure which cut off revenue from his own company.

Nearly everybody in Saratoga who owned a horse and carriage of any sort in those days made money during the season taking people out to the races. That year hardly anyone went out to the races. The most exciting thing in the village was a series of mammoth revival meetings conducted by Dwight L. Moody. The unregenerate had to be satisfied with a performance of Trilby at the Town Hall. Saratoga, at the end of the season, was divided into two armed camps, with party lines smashed to pieces. The reformers said it had been a wonderful season. The sporting element's curses, if not loud, were deep.

So much pressure was brought to bear upon the trustees the following year that there was a new village president, and Canfield's and four or five other places were allowed to keep open. But there was no gambling in Broadway. Mitchell was out, though he was later to come back as part owner of a pool room opposite the race track and become the central figure in one of the most dramatic incidents in Saratoga history.

For Canfield, the open season was a godsend, since the reform administration in New York, with Theodore Roosevelt at the head of the police board, was out to free the Tenderloin of gambling and disorderly houses, and play in the Twenty-sixth Street house that year was spasmodic—and unprofitable.

It was probably with a desire to have an anchor to windward in case the situation in New York City failed to turn out better that in December of that year Canfield made arrangements to take over the gambling casino in Bath Road, off Bellevue Avenue, in Newport, Rhode Island, known variously as Watson's and the Nautilus Club. Ferdinand (Gus) Abell, of Number 818 Broadway notoriety, had invested money in the Brooklyn National League Baseball Club some years before and now had a controlling interest in the enterprise. Baseball teams were a questionable form of investment just then because of the factional wars that were being waged, but Abell's team made money for him by winning the pennant in 1899 under Ned Hanlon in a twelve-team league and repeated the feat a year later in an eight-club organization, the satisfaction being all the greater because the New York team finished last. One of Abell's employes was Charles H. Ebbets, who in later years became the principal owner of the team.

(Continued on Page 149)

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And it is as economical as a Six, too! There was a time when four cylinder cars were the finest millionaires could own. Then came Sixes. Then Eights. Now the recognized superiorities of the Straight Eight are put within the reach of many. The price barrier is removed. This new series Eight, four-door closed car, with 125 inch wheelbase means a widespread change in the buying trend. More horsepower than any other stock car per size. Dual manifold and dual carburetion. Bohnalite steel strut pistons. In size, performance, smoothness, ease of handling, and endurance this car registers the peak in values. And a Straight Eight bought today means a higher resale value later. Remember THAT.

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120 Sport Sedan

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WISE home owners nowadays are insisting on insulation as a standard item of building . . . only the indifferent ones are still willing to live in old-fashioned heat-leaking houses.

Celotex makes it easy for *every* family to enjoy the benefits of insulation . . . it brings greater comfort, health and fuel-saving to old homes as well as new.

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These Sections Are of Equal Insulation Value

Relative heat-stopping values

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete . . . As a heat-stop, Celotex is 3 times as effective as wood; 8 times plaster board; 12 times brick; 25 times concrete. (Data compiled from tests published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers Guide, 1928.)

Millions of tiny sealed air cells give Celotex such a high insulating efficiency that it is used in modern refrigerator cars and household refrigerators, as well as in nearly a quarter of a million American homes!

Celotex also has great structural strength. It comes in big, strong cane-fibre boards that *build* as well as insulate—that *replace* other materials. So your insulation costs little or nothing extra.

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(Continued from Page 145)

Because the most important part of the baseball season coincided with the Newport season, Abell felt that he must give up his gambling house. Canfield was described by the Newport correspondent of one of the New York papers as "a bright young fellow who is personally acquainted with the swells of New York who deem it necessary to have a clubhouse where they can play all the leading games of chance. Mr. Canfield, while a stranger to Newporters, is well known to the men who will be the exclusive members of the Nautilus Club."

The transfer of the property from Abell to Canfield was not recorded in the office of the Newport city clerk until nearly two years later. It appeared that Canfield had paid $65,000 for the property.

The Nautilus Club was never a heavy winner for Canfield. He continued to make his headquarters in Saratoga during the summer, leaving to Bucklin and Billy Coe the management of the Newport house.

The Saratogans and the summer visitors in 1903 were alike enthusiastic about the changes in the Canfield place. The ten acres were in full bloom by the time the Cavanaugh Special brought its trainload of racing officials and followers up from New York to herald the beginning of the season. The hillside of the new park looking down on the Italian garden that had once been a swamp, flamed with color; in the garden, yellow, blue and crimson bloomed amid murmuring fountains, while in nooks sheltered by dark pines were marble benches. It was all very lovely.

Of the new restaurant the reporters wrote almost lyrically. It was furnished "with the exquisite good taste that marks this connoisseur among gamblers."

The little ball rolled and the cards were turned this season of 1903 at Canfield's, but the door from the dining room into the gaming room was kept closed. There were enough regulars on hand to keep things moving, though, and the restaurant, although a white elephant so far as making money was concerned, did attract people because of its magnificence, and many who came to dine remained to play. To the uninitiate it was something to write home about if they got the chance to watch the spin of Canfield's roulette wheel and hazard something on the result.

Men of large affairs, engaged in the humdrum of ordinary business, wanted to see this wicked gambler whose name had been bruited about by Jerome and Parkhurst, and the attachment between Canfield and Whistler, who had died just a few weeks before, was another circumstance that attracted people to the clubhouse. They came, some of them, with the notion that they would find a large, coarse fellow built along the lines of John L. Sullivan, extravagantly attired and given to coarse jest. To such people the sight of Canfield moving among his guests, quiet and unobtrusive, low-voiced and gentle, was a revelation. Most people who patronized the restaurant and gaming house that year felt that they knew as much about Canfield as they did of President Roosevelt. Certainly the New York papers at least had advertised the gambler as extensively as the ex-Roughrider in the preceding ten months.

All in all, the 1903 season was a success; but, of course, Canfield didn't begin to get back the money he had put into the property.

A year later the opposition to gambling had stiffened, and Canfield, angry that the Spa insisted on only semipublic gambling, refused to open his place. The Manhattan, Chicago and United States Clubs were operating, but the clubhouse was closed down tight. The racing officials came to see Canfield and he told them the restaurant would not open unless he got a free hand in gambling. They couldn't give it to him, and when he stonily rejected their plea that in the interests of all he should open up the restaurant, they offered to rent the place and pay whatever he asked. He refused, and they at once started plans for putting up a big casino. That would take months, though, and here they were already in the midst of the season. They decided to keep the clubhouse at the track open evenings and made the best of a bad job. It was a poor season all around.

The great casino never materialized, but August, 1905, found the lid off. The little rubber ball pushed up by the fountain in the garden rose in the air and fell back into its wire net, rose again and fell that season in symbol of the fact that the little ivory ball was spinning and the cards slipping out of the box in the resplendent clubhouse. Through the wide doors between the restaurant and the gaming room, diners in the restaurant saw the wheels in action. There was a modified censorship and eight gambling places in the village were in operation. But the fact that Canfield had surrendered to Jerome the preceding December, and that the Dowling Law was in full effect, caused an air of restraint not only at the clubhouse but throughout all Saratoga. Play was slow and low and not a gambling house in the resort kept open after two o'clock in the morning.

For Canfield the zest of the gambling game had been taken away by the attitude of the authorities in both New York and Saratoga. His children were now growing up and his fortune was to be reckoned in millions. The previous year he had sold out the Newport place, and now Saratoga was the one prop remaining. If anyone could be found to make him a good offer, he was ready to chuck the whole business and go to England, where such a stigma as attached to his name in America would not exist.

When the summer of 1906 came around, the village authorities made it known that they were going back to the 1904 conditions of a few houses operating behind closed doors. Only three places—Canfield's, the Manhattan Club and the ancient United States Club, just around the corner from the hotel of that name—would be allowed to have play.

Canfield threatened to act as he had under similar conditions two years before, but finally yielded and opened the clubhouse.

But among the gamblers frozen out was Joseph Ullman, who was quite sure that if any place in Saratoga was to keep open, his was. Before coming to Saratoga the preceding season with his Bridge Club, Ullman had had places successively in Long Branch, Minneapolis and Chicago, his advent at each of these places being apparently the signal for a moral resurgence that threw out not only him but all the other gamblers as well. Allied with him in determination to keep open if any gambling house were given that privilege was Big Jim Kennedy, whose Chicago Club was straight across the street from the United States Club.

On Monday night, August sixth, the first day of the racing season, Canfield's was in operation behind closed doors. But the next day Governor Higgins ordered Sheriff Kavanaugh to put the lid on tight, and the first place the sheriff visited that night was Canfield's. Three years before, Kavanaugh had been with a party in the very gambling room he now was visiting, and had been good-naturedly warned by Canfield that as sheriff, for which office he was then a candidate, he had best not see too much in Saratoga. As Kavanaugh now walked through the gambling rooms, upstairs and down, and visited the cellar, he could find not the slightest trace of gambling paraphernalia. For the first time since Morrissey's day the place had neither faro box nor roulette wheel nor cards nor chips. The sheriff found the same conditions at the other places.

The lid was on. Canfield never operated the place openly again. He kept the dining room in operation the rest of the season, but though Gates and Drake and other plungers were on hand—and the Chicago playboys lost heavily on the track—they were unable to gamble in the clubhouse. Prophetically the Saratoga directory for 1906 had carried Canfield's name in small letters. It had been in capitals each year since its first appearance in 1895.

In 1907 the restaurant was again open and there was a flurry of gambling in the upstairs rooms, but it was a losing season for Canfield all around. At the end of August a sign was posted near the clubhouse, reading: For Sale, This Entire Block. Yes, Canfield told the reporters, the property was on the market. He had been offered $400,000 for it by New York realestate men acting for persons unknown to him, but the deal had failed to go through.

From time to time during the next three seasons there were rumors that the clubhouse would open its doors wide and that the glory of the old days would return to the now tightly barred and shuttered casino. In 1910, with other places operating openly, the tip was passed that Canfield had made his arrangements for the reopening. While the crowd watched for signs of activity the day the races opened, a workman made the rounds of the building. But all he did was to drive nails in the boards covering the windows.

Well, if not 1910, then certainly the next year, Saratoga hoped. But when spring came it brought the announcement that Canfield had sold the entire property to the village of Saratoga Springs for $150,000—something like one-fifth of what he had put into it, though the Saratoga adventure had been a highly profitable one despite the lean latter years. The price was $50,000 less than he had asked in 1909, when the negotiations for its purchase were begun.

In May the furnishings in the clubhouse were put up at auction and the denizens of Saratoga attended the sale in droves. Most of them had never seen the inside of the place before, and they gazed so raptly and daydreamed so enthusiastically that the furniture went for next to nothing. One citizen, buying a mattress, found $140 in green and yellow backed bills inside it. While he was exhibiting it in his office under the legend, "The only easy money that ever came out of Canfield's," the rest of the buyers were frenziedly going over their purchases in the hope that more yellow-backs would turn up.

Canfield never returned to Saratoga after that. The village opened up the blinds, and the jewel in the midst of the beautiful grounds the king of gamblers had laid out glistened anew. Where gambling history was made, in the rooms of the upper floor, the Saratoga Historical Society maintains a permanent exhibit, none of it dealing with Canfield or his predecessors in the clubhouse. The lower floor, where were the dining room and the main gambling hall, is leased for dances and conventions, with perhaps an occasional card party.

XXXV

OF THE many experiences Canfield had through the years at Saratoga, the one that made him laugh the loudest was the only faintly humorous experience two Hebrews had in the clubhouse. Their wives, seeing the play through the open door from the restaurant, suggested to the men that they gamble. The pair went into the gaming room and each got ten dollars' worth of chips. One put all his chips on the red, the other placed his on the black. For half a dozen turns of the wheel the little ball showed red or black, and the loser each time congratulated the winner, borrowing the chips he had just lost. Then the ball slipped into the zero and both lost. They thereupon howled that the machine was crooked and left the room in a huff, each ten dollars loser.

His pride in the Saratoga house made Canfield extremely finical about the appointments of the place. The napery, the silver, the china were the best obtainable. Woe to the head waiter who failed to throw a demi-tasse cup away if it had the slightest trace of a crack! The restaurant was something like $70,000 in the red each season, but the gaming room usually took care of this quite easily. Canfield was determined to have the Saratoga place the very best that money could make it. He wanted people to talk about it—not only people from all over America but the plungers from Europe, the barons and the dukes and the princes who flocked to Saratoga to help their American fathers-in-law dispose of their fortunes. They talked about the Canfield wonders and the winged words brought more people to the dining room, and some of these found their way into the gaming rooms. So the $70,000 a year was really an appropriation for advertising.

But if the service, appointments and food were of the very best, and the prices not a whit under those charged in the most exclusive hotels of Manhattan, the yokels were not barred. If Hiram and Emma, on a day's excursion to Saratoga, wanted to experience the thrill of breaking the bread of the notorious Canfield, they had only to pay the stiff price and they were welcome. They might see the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys and the Goelets at tables near them, but they would also be sure to see the jockeys and the cheap gamblers who had made a killing on the current day. If Hiram looked at all prosperous he could play the wheel or faro.

One night a jockey whose employer had given him a bonus for winning a race thought he would show a young woman acquaintance a thrill by taking her to Canfield's. He had promised her that he would buy a bottle of the best wine in the place no matter what it cost. Before he had a chance to see the wine list, he gave the order. When he saw what the wine was costing him, he and the girl had cheese sandwiches instead of the elaborate meal they had planned.

The dining supplies at Saratoga were always kept up right through the final day of racing. After the last train had pulled out, the choice foods left in stock were sent to local hospitals. The staff of the establishment had then the not unpleasant task of drinking up the wines and liquors that had been left behind.

If any patrons of the place had missed the train to the city, they were invited to help drain the supply of intoxicants. In the early part of the next morning the crowd, somewhat fuddled, might have been heard singing Sweet Adeline beneath the trees preparatory to seeking such excitement as might be found in the by now comparatively deserted village.

Lafayette B. Gleason recalls that when the new clubhouse dining room was thrown open at the beginning of the 1903 season, no orchestra was engaged, for the reason that Canfield detested music with meals. When William C. Whitney entered the dining room for the first time, Canfield asked him how he liked the new place.

"It's wonderful," said Mr. Whitney, "but you ought to have an orchestra."

Canfield would be delighted to get an orchestra. Did Mr. Whitney know of a good one?

Mr. Whitney did. He had just returned from Paris. There he had heard the most marvelous orchestra in the world. He would be glad to cable to Paris and have it brought right over at his expense.

Canfield thought that would be fine—except for the matter of payment. If the orchestra was going to play at the clubhouse, Canfield would pay the bill for getting the musicians there. He even went so far as to make a special trip to France to bring them over.

When the orchestra arrived, Clarence Luce, Canfield's architect, went with Mr. Gleason to the portion of the room where the players were taking their places, screened behind palms. Luce wondered if there wasn't some way in which he could work out a better solution of the difficulty that had risen because he had made no provision in his plans for the musicians.

Suddenly the leader of the best orchestra in the world spoke to Luce in broken English, saying that he had seen the architect before.

"Oh, you're mistaken," Luce replied. "It must have been somebody else. I've never been outside the United States."

"Oh, but it was in Burns' in Sixth Avenue that I saw you. I played there four years," the leader persisted, referring to an all-night restaurant similar to that run later by Jack Dunstan.

When Canfield heard this he was furious at having been duped. Here he had gone to enormous expense to get the finest orchestra in the world and it was just a Sixth Avenue orchestra. But he said nothing to Mr. Whitney, and the orchestra was retained.

The gambling-house keepers trooped to Jerome's office in the early days of December, 1904, cooled their heels in the outer office while the district attorney interviewed them one by one in the manner of a prison keeper registering a newly arrived inmate. They might as well have given him their fingerprints. The Dowling Law was now, despite an occasional murmur of disapproval from constitutional lawyers, ready to go to work, and the professional gamblers were taking no chances. They told Jerome whatever he wanted to know about them, their staffs, their houses. Running a gambling house had suddenly become as much a sucker game as playing roulette and faro against the house, for the district attorney could subpœna patrons of an establishment, subject them severally to an inquisition before the grand jury or a judge and get all the evidence he needed to send the proprietor to prison.

Jerome imposed only a few conditions when he interviewed the gamblers. First, there must be a promise that so long as Jerome was district attorney the gambler he was interviewing would be very definitely an ex-gambler. Second, anyone presenting Jerome's card at the door of any business establishment or residence owned or operated by the man he was interviewing must be admitted, no matter at what hour he presented himself.

Later, Jerome insisted that these men also furnish him with pass keys to these establishments.

Early in 1905 Dave Johnson told a Herald reporter:

> No matter what they say, you may believe me when I tell you that not a card has turned or a ball spun for weeks in the Tenderloin, old or new. It would be suicide for any of the men who saw Jerome to attempt it. He's got us in the hollow of his hand, and I think that this fact is fully realized.
>
> Of course his strongest weapon is the Dowling Law. Every one of us was afraid of that when it was first passed, but few realized how effective its use would be. As I told the judge when I met him, I had been closed for some time past because I was fearful as to what his inactivity meant. I'm always afraid of a man who stays back from a fight when he's got a big club in his hand. I'm looking to see who he's going to hit with it. We learned that he had not been idle since the passage of the bill, for he has a list of the patrons of each of the houses as long as your arm. He put it up to me either to tell all I knew or stand by and have my customers subpœnaed. That would mean exposure for them and probably worse for me, so there was small choice. And my case was exactly similar to all the others who went before him.

A few months ago Mr. Jerome told me the sequel to this Johnson statement.

Early in January, 1906, when he had barely started on his second four-year term Jerome heard one of his friends tell another man in a club that Dave Johnson was operating the old Farrell place at Number 33 West Thirty-third Street, next to the Waldorf-Astoria. Jerome said nothing, but soon after took a cab to the hotel. Calling a house detective before him, he ordered the man to go over to Number 33 and bring Johnson before him. The man demurred, when Jerome, accusing him of being a runner for Johnson's house, threatened to make a complaint to the proprietor, George C. Boldt. In a few minutes Johnson appeared in evening clothes.

What did Mr. Jerome want?

Mr. Jerome told him in a few crisp words. He was violating his pledge. Oh, but that pledge had reference only to the first Jerome term, Johnson protested. The district attorney thereupon served notice that the prohibition applied to the current term also.

"Have I got to break up the game right away?" Johnson asked. "I've got a lot of men over there and I hate to break it up at once. Can't I run the game the rest of the night?"

"Johnson," said Jerome, "you are not talking to the district attorney. You are speaking to William Travers Jerome. The district attorney knows nothing about your place tonight."

The game ran the rest of that night and then shut down.

XXXVI

CANFIELD later bought a house at Number 9 East Fifty-fifth Street, in the very center of the Four Hundred's hunting grounds. Across the street at the corner of Fifth Avenue was the St. Regis Hotel, center of social activities of New York's upper crust, and a couple of doors away from Canfield lived E. H. Harriman, the railway magnate. Tailers and Fahnestocks and Oelrichses, Robinsons, Rikers and Cochrans—not four out of five, but nineteen out of twenty of them in the Social Register—and Canfield the twentieth.

The building Canfield occupied is still standing in dingy brownstone eminence, its chief architectural feature an ugly bay window that takes up virtually all the frontage not given over to a hallway. Like all its neighbors, made over or new, it is now dedicated to trade. But it is still in the fashionable district, the rise of Park Avenue as a residential street for millionaires insuring the cross streets between it and Fifth Avenue the right to be considered within the purlieus of society.

The announcement of the sale of the Fifty-fifth Street place to Canfield titillated the newspapers into guesses that the gaming glories of Forty-fourth Street were to be revived under the direction of the greatest gambler of the day. The reporters sought out Canfield. They wanted to know if he knew that the neighbors were protesting against this incursion.

"Gentlemen," said Canfield, with a broad smile playing on his face, "I've simply bought a home for my family and myself—that's all there is to it. Gambling? Why, I've quit that for good. If I'd intended to keep it up, I'd have remained in my splendid $200,000 house in East Forty-fourth Street. There would be no sense in moving uptown.

"We are going to live a quiet life—my wife, my children and myself. The clicking of chips and the shuffling of cards are sounds that are going to be forgotten."

The newspapers had just printed stories that in the new Tenderloin, between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth Streets and from Fifth Avenue to Broadway, the gamblers were settling down into new quarters, and that while the police were making spasmodic attempts to run them out, the district attorney's office had suddenly forgotten its zeal for cleaning up the town. So it was natural that one of the reporters should ask Canfield what he thought about the district attorney.

"Jerome?" said Canfield with a wink. "Why, Jerome got through when he got me."

For a year Canfield lived in the Fifty-fifth Street house, shunned by his neighbors. His family did not come on from Providence to stay with him, although his wife came to visit him more frequently than she had when he was actively engaged in gambling, and sometimes she brought the children. To an old friend who banteringly told him that he had better watch out, the neighbors would complain to the police that he was again running a gambling house, he exclaimed "They have!"

The neighbors, it seems, made the mistake of thinking that the people who now came to see Canfield were his old patrons. But these men were the art connoisseurs, collectors of this and that, who valued Canfield's opinions and came to him to get them.

From the early 90's he had been going to Europe almost every year, touring the art galleries, visiting collectors in England and France and occasionally adding to his collection. When he visited London he stopped at the Claridge. The news that he had arrived was the signal for a procession of art dealers to his rooms. Canfield's friendship with Whistler and his discriminating taste and personal charm, his conversational gift flowing out of a close study of art in all ages—these, with his willingness to pay a little more than the going price if necessary, combined to make him a favorite with those who had things to sell. Though most of his purchases were made in England, he was known to the cognoscenti in his own country, and wherever auctions involving his specialties were being held he attended them or had his bids in with dealers if unable to make the journey.

In November, 1904, when the Court of Appeals was affirming the constitutionality of the Dowling Law, Canfield had become a business man in the narrow sense that excludes activities such as keeping a gambling house and speculating in Wall Street. Thomas L. Waters, bon vivant and attorney, introduced him to a man named Charles Brisco, who held a patent on a bottle stopper with a spring arrangement that made opening of bottles exceedingly easy, but which when once opened made the bottle nonrefillable.

Canfield gave Brisco $100,000 to build a factory at Morgantown, West Virginia. The business was incorporated in Delaware as the Union Stopper Company; but when the plant was built, Brisco, with Canfield's consent, made no bottle stoppers, turning out instead lighting fixtures and stationery glass.

After Canfield's death, the business was reorganized as the Beaumont Company, a Delaware corporation, with $250,000 capital, in which the Canfield estate holds a controlling interest. In 1919 a second plant was built in Morgantown. The two establishments employ between 500 and 600 people.

At just about the time he was moving to Fifty-fifth Street, Canfield began the manufacture of the patented bottle stopper in Brooklyn, organizing the Spring Stopper Company as a New York corporation, with a capitalization of $150,000. In 1916, after his death, this concern became the Spring Stopper Company of Delaware, with a capitalization of $1,000,000. During the war, when a shortage of tin and cork threatened to curtail its activities disastrously, the company's officers saved the day by buying up a patent on a machine which turns out bottles with an inside thread in the neck. Up to that time bottles of this sort had been turned out by hand. The Canfield estate holds a controlling interest in both concerns.

While Canfield, in the summer of 1906, was having his Saratoga place closed down by the sheriff of Saratoga County and the apparatus removed, his old enemy, Jerome, was riding the tide of popularity. Returning from a vacation, the district attorney found that Harry Thaw, who was cutting a wide swath in the life of the Great White Way, had shot and killed Stanford White, the brilliant architect who, among a number of achievements, was responsible for the beautiful portico of Doctor Parkhurst's new Madison Square Presbyterian Church, across the street from the old one. While Jerome busied himself with details of the trial of Thaw, the rumblings of the political campaign of the fall spread over the state.

On August eleventh the Sun carried a short editorial in the familiar Sun style on the subject of Mr. Jerome and the governorship:

> We understand that Mr. William Travers Jerome is considering the propriety of offering himself as a candidate for the governorship of this state.
>
> If Mr. Jerome runs, Mr. Jerome will be elected.

Eight days later Jerome announced that he would seek the Democratic nomination. The Democrats had not had a governor for twelve years. Tammany, forced to choose between Jerome, who would certainly make life miserable for the Tiger, and Hearst, who had recently had cartoons showing Boss Murphy in a convict's stripes, chose Hearst as the lesser evil. Jerome came back to do brilliant work in the Thaw case, though the jury disagreed. In a second trial the Pittsburgh millionaire's alienists succeeded in getting him shunted to the Matteawan Hospital for the Criminal Insane.

Hearst was no match for the Republican nominee, Charles E. Hughes, who rode into the governorship on a wave of popularity produced by his masterly work in cleaning up the insurance scandals.

The story of Canfield's spectacular losses in the panic of 1907 has been told in a preceding chapter. Previous to the panic there was a small flurry over the crash of the stock brokerage house of Mills Brothers & Co., which failed on August twenty-second of that year. The Canfield loss of $100,000 in the failure of this house was reduced a year later when the courts awarded him $25,679.

The next few years passed uneventfully enough. The glass business took up a good deal of Canfield's attention, but there was still time enough for an annual European trip, visits to the auctions and exhibitions of his Whistler collection. He had given up the house in Fifty-fifth Street after one year's tenancy, and now lived in a rented house at Number 503 Madison Avenue, with his old housekeeper Virgie and a manservant.

Aside from occasional visits with his associates of the Walpole Society and an occasional dinner out with friends, he went out little in the evening. More and more he took refuge in his books.

The sale of his Whistler collection to M. Knoedler & Son in March, 1914, was made with no more formality than Canfield displayed when matching coins with a friend over a two-dollar luncheon check.

Canfield was dining at Delmonico's when Roland Knoedler came to his table and said, "Dick, how much do you want for your Whistlers?"

"Three hundred thousand dollars," said Canfield.

Said Knoedler, "Excuse me a minute." He went to a telephone and was back two minutes later, "Does that offer hold good, Dick?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll have a van up at your place tomorrow night."

Knoedler had apparently talked on the telephone with Henry C. Frick, for three of the most important oil paintings in the collection, the Rosa Corder, the Count Robert and the Nocturne, were shortly afterward acquired by the steel millionaire.

(Continued on Page 155)

A PERSONAL MESSAGE

BY

WALTER P. CHRYSLER

CONCERNING THE NEW

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

Ever since the first Dodge Brothers car made its notable appearance some 15 years ago, the name of Dodge Brothers has enjoyed commanding prestige.

Hence, in acquiring the Dodge Brothers Corporation, and in undertaking to plan, produce and protect the future products which will bear the Dodge name, we are mindful of our profound personal obligation to the vast Dodge Brothers public and the host of Dodge Brothers dealers throughout the world.

It is our sole aim to add so consistently and conspicuously to the present acclaim of Dodge that every Dodge owner and every Dodge dealer will feel even greater pride and will have cause for even greater satisfaction.

We are utilizing every one of the elements of progressive engineering, scientific manufacturing and outstanding value which have contributed to the success of all other Chrysler-built cars and to the general and rapid progress of the Chrysler Corporation.

In creating these new Dodge Brothers cars, we have striven to make them distinct additions to Dodge prestige and worthy exponents of every fine tradition associated with both Dodge and Chrysler good-will.

We have embodied such evident value, such surpassing performance, such engineering supremacy and so much of originality, beauty and luxury that by every comparison, the intrinsic value of Dodge Brothers cars will remain unchallenged.

The new Dodge Brothers Six furnishes unassailable evidence of the unlimited capabilities of the great, organized forces of the Chrysler Corporation when marshalled to full strength in any enterprise.

From an engineering standpoint, this new Dodge Brothers Six is a supreme achievement by a group of engineers whose scientific accomplishments have revolutionized automobile design.

We believe that in performance, in new measures of comfort, in long-lived excellence, and in persistent and inherent value it surpasses every previous conception of what a car at this price could possibly be.

On succeeding pages you will find the new Dodge Brothers Six pictured and described.

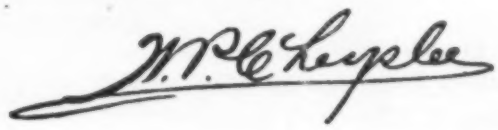
The utmost we would ask is that you actually see, examine and test the car itself—demanding of it more than you ever before have asked of any motor car at or near its price.

In the higher-price field, the new Chrysler-built Dodge Senior has already won preference among the buyers of large, fine cars.

It marks a notable advance in style, in performance, in luxurious comfort and in its wealth of refinements.

We are proud to be the creators and sponsors of these two fine cars—the new Dodge Brothers Six and the new Dodge Senior—and present them in the sincere conviction that they offer the high values, dependability and distinction which a discriminating public expects always of Dodge Brothers.

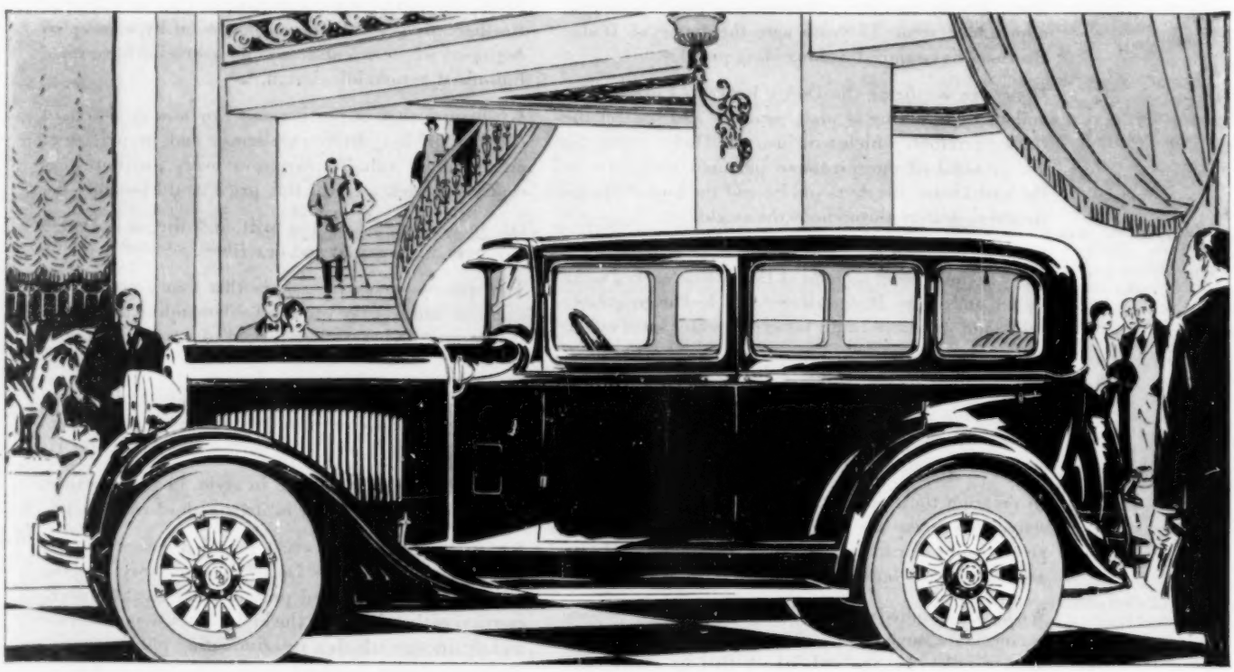
We believe that in these first two products of the new era of Dodge under Chrysler management will be found the strongest pledge it is possible for me and my associates to offer that the future of the Dodge Brothers Corporation is in safe hands.



[SEE NEXT PAGE]

New Dodge Brothers Six

presented by Walter P. Chrysler



Five-Passenger Sedan

The greatest value in Dodge Brothers history—typical of Walter P. Chrysler's genius

Dodge Brothers Six typifies that genius in engineering and craftsmanship which characterizes all Chrysler-built cars. The most remarkable value in Dodge Brothers history, it introduces more than a score of important betterments.

In new beauty, in sparkling performance, in superior comfort, in safety, and in luxury of detail, the new Dodge Brothers Six is a supreme achievement. The long-time prestige of Dodge Brothers takes on new luster from this remarkable Six. And as befits a car of such pre-eminent quality, value, style and performance, the new Dodge Brothers Six bears on its radiator that same emblem of

integrity, of quality and of good-will which first distinguished the extraordinary products of Dodge Brothers manufacture the whole world over.

Please study the new Dodge Brothers Six carefully. Consider it point for point. Note its many new and original features. It will repay your most exhaustive examination.

Mono-piece Body gives road-riding steadiness; strength and comfort

First—the exclusive ***Mono-piece Body***. Built inflexibly onto the chassis, it has the invariable rigidity which only single piece construction can give. This unification creates an extraordinary riding steadiness. The Mono-piece Body being built onto the frame, the passenger load rides close to the ground—thus promoting comfort, eliminating side-sway and insuring maximum safety through perfect balance under every road condition.

No squeaks; exceptional roominess; new beauty

There are ***no joints to squeak*** in Mono-piece Body construction. Tens of thousands of miles of hardest usage leave the Dodge Brothers Six body as tight, as firm and as noiseless as when new. No space is wasted. Exceptional roominess combines with a new degree of grace in the beautifully proportioned silhouette.

Narrow-profile radiator; one-piece fenders

Sweeping roof lines and sculptured art mouldings—one-piece fenders of exclusive Dodge design—running boards of scientific steel channel section principle for rigidity and strength, having moulded coverings identical with highest priced cars—a radiator with modern narrow profile—cowl bar and lamp tie-rod in matching curves—these and a host of other refinements blend perfectly with the finely fashioned Mono-piece Body to produce an ensemble of appealing style.

Chromium plated metal parts; modish fitments

External metal fittings are of finest chromium plate, insuring a lustrous, non-tarnish finish. Butler finished interior fitments are of exclusive design—beautifully ornamented in laurel leaf pattern and executed with the nicety of fine jewelry. New style inside door handles actuate the remote-controlled door locks.

Dash-button starter control; manifold heater

Note, also, the pleasing instrument panel. Handsome as a piece of rare plate—indirectly lighted—it is the acme of convenience and visibility. Consider, too, that you have only to touch a button on the dash to operate the starter. Think of it! No reaching around with your foot, no stretching—just a touch of the finger and your motor responds. And for easy cold weather starting, the new Dodge Brothers Six has the noted convenient dash-controlled manifold heater.

Finger-thin steering wheel; easy handling

Take the driver's seat. You will appreciate the finger-thin steering wheel with headlight control just a thumb's length away at the top of the steering column. You'll be amazed by the easy operation of the roller bearing steering gear. Note, too, the foot-controlled side ventilators which give perfect air circulation in the driving compartment.

Luxurious upholstery; custom-built dignity

Not alone to experience the joy of its new steadiness and the thrill of its astounding performance, but to sense fully the luxurious comfort of the sumptuously tailored interior, ride in the new Dodge Brothers Six. You will find generous space and genuine repose—wide doors. The upholstery—so beautifully textured, so deep and in such perfect taste—the handsome equipment of vanity cases and smoking sets, have the custom-built dignity and voguishness typical of fine cars.

Powerful engine; finely balanced 7-bearing crankshaft; big bearings

Space here permits only the barest mention of the many scientific innovations in design and construction ushered in by the new Dodge Brothers Six. The chassis is so thoroughly fortified that no strain or shock, however severe or sudden, will overtax it. The engine—a model of accessibility—is powerful, fleet and competent, giving heights of performance almost beyond belief in a car so moderately priced. The massive ***seven-bearing crankshaft***—machined all over and inherently balanced to a feather touch—has large bronzed-backed bearings held immovably in place by positive, self-aligning bearing caps. Full force feed lubrication is used.

Rubber engine mounting; Invar-Strut pistons

Dodge Brothers Six engine is effectively insulated from the frame by a live rubber rear mounting. ***A new front-end exhaust manifold leaves the driving compartment free from engine heat.*** Thermostatic control of water circulation; Invar-Strut aluminum-alloy pistons; the simplicity and accessibility of all engine assemblies, are notable factors of efficiency.

Wide-face transmission gears; sturdy rear axle

Important, also, are the new-type transmission—featured by its especially wide-faced gears—and the staunch rear axle, with its ***double*** thrust-absorbing roller bearings. Both are Chrysler developments and add materially to the performance, dependability and stamina of the new Dodge Brothers Six.

Over-size tires; Chrysler hydraulic 4-wheel brakes

New style wheels with elliptical spokes and large attractive mushroom hub caps give greater strength and beauty. Tires are generously over-size (5.50) and insure that essential mileage economy for which Dodge Brothers cars are noted. Chrysler hydraulic weatherproof 4-wheel brakes of internal expanding type with steel brake shoes are the last word in safety.

Modern design; artistic, clean-cut and trim

Whether Dodge Brothers Six be viewed from front or rear, the design has the same fine modern modishness. From the dainty wing-tipped radiator cap to the clean-cut enameled housing which conceals the gasoline tank, there is the touch of artistic finality about this extraordinary car. The new Dodge Brothers Six is offered in eight distinctive body styles—each unique in its seating arrangement and coloring, including: 5-Passenger Phaeton • Roadster with rumble seat • 5-Passenger Sedan • 5-Passenger DeLuxe Sedan • 5-Passenger Brougham 4-Passenger Victoria • 2-Passenger Business Coupe • DeLuxe Coupe with rumble seat.

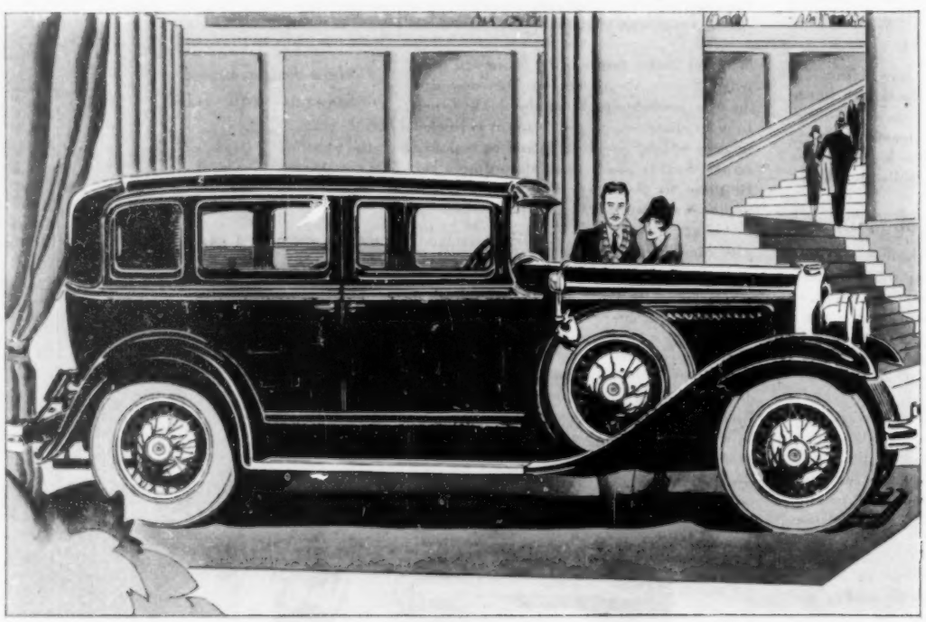
Eight exclusive styles. Now on display by Dodge Dealers

Displays may now be viewed in Dodge Dealers' salesrooms everywhere, at the Automobile Shows and at a special exhibition, during the New York Automobile Show, in the Pennsylvania Hotel, at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. When you have compared these remarkable cars with any other values at or near their prices, we know you too will say the new Dodge Brothers Six is at once the greatest Dodge triumph, and the prophet of an even greater era of Dodge prestige under the leadership of Walter P. Chrysler.

[SEE NEXT PAGE]

. . . NEW DODGE SENIOR . . .

the largest, handsomest and finest product of Dodge Brothers craftsmanship



Five-Passenger Sedan—(Wire Wheels Extra)

THE NEW Dodge Senior was the first creation of Dodge Brothers under the auspices of Walter P. Chrysler.

It is a fine, large car of most forceful character and attraction—modern in mode, vivid in action.

Built in plants that for years have upheld the Dodge Brothers tradition of quality motor car manufacture—under the guiding genius of an outstanding master of modern engineering and craftsmanship—it is well worthy of so eminently fine a heritage.

Dodge Senior coachwork is smart car style in its most alluring mood. Its refreshing lines and distinctive interiors cannot be seen without a feeling of intense admiration. Here are sparkling new color harmonies which good taste invariably acclaims; the latest artistic treatment of mouldings and paneling; seats luxuriously wide and deeply cushioned—as well as custom-body fitments of exclusive and fashionable design.

No one can *drive* this large new Dodge Senior even the fraction of a mile without responding enthusiastically to the thrill of its performance, and the charm of its riding and driving comfort.

It is quick on the pick-up—an incredibly fast road traveler—sound of structure and possessing engineering advancements which make all speeds smooth and safe and certain.

Dodge Senior commands power far beyond need—more than most drivers will ever ask—and with roller-bearing steering and Chrysler hydraulic 4-wheel braking, it is admirably keyed to all the many complexities of present-day traffic.

In the whole world of great motor cars there is none quite like the spacious new Dodge Senior—no car which will inspire more pride and confidence.

The new Dodge Senior is the largest, handsomest and finest product of Dodge Brothers craftsmanship.

It has the enthusiastic spirit of all Chrysler achievement and that sterling dependability which never fails to characterize Dodge Brothers cars.

[SEE PRECEDING PAGES]

(Continued from Page 150)

On the night of December 10, 1914, Canfield dined at home. He had a few cocktails, which, as usual, did not agree with him, and the next morning he was out of sorts. The corned-beef hash didn't seem quite so satisfying to him as usual. Perhaps he was getting old, he reflected. Still, at fifty-nine, with a good head of hair that showed only little patches of gray along the temples, he ought to be good for a few more years.

He remembered that he had promised McKenly to look over a new six-story building in Duffield Street, Brooklyn, the top floor of which his secretary felt was an ideal place for the quarters of the plant of the stopper company. So he took the Subway across the river and with his secretary went to the building.

The elevator was not running, but though he was not in the best of shape, Canfield decided to walk the five flights of stairs. It was a long hard pull and he arrived badly blown and wasting the little breath he had left in a plague on people who didn't know enough to have their elevators running.

The arrangements of the shop soon made him forget this. On three sides of the big room, as yet bare of partitions, they could look out on New York Bay, Manhattan, Brooklyn Heights and the borough of Queens. McKenly had drawn up plans for the utilization of the space—the office here, the machinery here, the laboratory window over by that window. It was all very admirable and Canfield's enthusiasm took a bound.

"Mac, you've got something here!" he exclaimed, and was for signing up for the place right away.

The agent of the building was not to be found, however, when they had walked downstairs, and so they had to put the matter off until the next day. They went to the Clarendon Hotel for luncheon. Canfield, by now feeling in fine fettle, suggested that a cocktail would go nicely, but when his companion demurred, he decided that he, too, would go without liquor.

They went to a Subway station. Canfield again spoke of his pleasure at the arrangements McKenly had made. He promised to go over to Brooklyn the next morning at eleven o'clock to sign the lease. He would make it earlier, he said, only he wanted to turn in a life-insurance policy he held in the New York Life. It had a surrender value of $10,000 and he was in need of a little ready money. That would take some time in the morning. He bade McKenly good-by.

Thirty minutes later McKenly got a telephone call. It was from a man who identified himself as the station master in the Interborough Subway station at Fourteenth Street, Manhattan. His friend Mr. Canfield had been badly hurt and wished him to come over at once. . . . No, Mr. Canfield would not be taken to a hospital until McKenly arrived.

So McKenly boarded a Subway train for Fourteenth Street. The train went slowly, being held up several times on its journey by red signals which indicated that somewhere there had been a jam. There was no use in fuming and fretting. The elevated, plus a taxicab, would probably take longer. The journey, ordinarily accomplished in eighteen minutes, took thirty-five.

Rushing into the station, expecting to find Canfield lying unconscious, the secretary was surprised to find his employer rapidly walking up and down the room, smoking a cigar and, when he saw McKenly, exploding with profanity. Yes, he was all right, he explained, but why had McKenly taken so long.

McKenly, wondering at the message he had received over the telephone, wanted to see if Canfield had any marks on his body. It seemed that Canfield had got out of the train, thinking that he had reached the Grand Central, and was halfway up the stairs before he realized that it was Fourteenth Street. Turning quickly to get back into the train before the doors should close, he had tripped and fallen down the stairs, striking on his chin. But, he insisted, he was all right and was going right home.

His actions were certainly those of a well man. But McKenly knew that a fall of that sort might do something serious to anyone, and to a man of fifty-nine. . . . So he insisted that they complete the journey in a taxicab. Canfield grudgingly gave in, but wouldn't accept any assistance in getting out of the station.

When he got home he sat down for a time in the library, brusquely pushing aside all suggestions that he had better have a doctor look him over. Beyond a bruised chin, he seemed none the worse for his fall, and he assured McKenly and Virgie that he was feeling all right—only a little tired. He would be ready to go back to Brooklyn in the morning.

But he didn't take any dinner, going to bed early and sitting up reading. When Virgie was ready for bed at midnight, she asked if he didn't care to have something to eat or drink and he irritably asked if he hadn't made it clear that he wished nothing.

"You just go on to bed, and don't forget to call me at seven in the morning," he added in a less truculent tone.

They were the last words he spoke. When the housekeeper tried to waken him at seven o'clock she got no response. He was breathing heavily, she told McKenly a few minutes later over the telephone, and he at once told her to call Dr. J. Clarence Sharp, Canfield's physician. Doctor Sharp, trying in vain to arouse his patient, summoned two brain specialists, Dr. R. Foster Kennedy and Dr. Isidore Freisner. The physicians found that the blow Canfield received on his chin had fractured his skull at the base of the brain. An operation was necessary if his life was to be saved, but even if it proved successful—and all the chances were against it—Canfield would be hopelessly insane.

The patient died before they could operate.

(THE END)

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 84)

completion of the agreement, you would not be legally bound until your acceptance was actually received.

A letter extending the time for the payment of a debt is, legally speaking, not worth the postage it cost to mail it. The man who writes today that he will give you another month in which to pay can sue you tomorrow if he wishes. Unless you have paid something or performed some service not contemplated by the obligation of the debt itself to induce your creditor's extension promise, you cannot hold him to it. Even if you make a payment on account in order to get an extension for the balance, he cannot be made to give you the promised time, for in making the payment on account, you did only what you were already obligated to do—namely, pay the debt.

Another application of this principle is often made in cases where a contract is given out at a specified price. After the man who has the job gets the work under way, he finds himself confronted with a great many unexpected difficulties and expenses, brought about, perhaps, by the peculiarities of his customer's specifications. He writes to the customer and says that it is impossible for him to complete the job and make delivery at the contract price. He names the additional amount he will need in order to see the thing through and states that he positively will not complete the job unless he is allowed the extra amount. The customer replies that he will pay him the extra money and urges him to complete the contract. On the strength of this the job is completed and delivery made. The customer pays the contract price and refuses to pay any more. In most states today the customer will be upheld in his attitude by the courts on the ground that the contractor was already under legal obligation to complete the job at the contract price and that he did nothing extra to get the extra money promised in the customer's letter. Some courts have taken a more liberal view of this question, but they are probably the exceptions, and any letter that offers to pay you extra money, over and above the contract price, for doing something which you are already legally obligated to do for the specified price, is to be viewed with profound distrust and suspicion.

Yes, there's dynamite in letters, and words are swift and effective detonators, especially when they happen to be the wrong words. As with other explosives, the watchword is Handle With Care!

—CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

Goodwill Pays

SOME TIME ago I was in the office of a lawyer friend who happened to mention the difficulties he had encountered in clearing up a matter for a client. Although a very busy man, he had spent almost the entire morning finding sufficient money and devising means of completing a real-estate transaction. I knew that his fee at the very utmost could not amount to more than a few dollars, and I asked how he could afford to spend so much time upon comparatively so picayune a matter.

His answer was significant and enlightening. "Though I fully realize," said he, "that I might make four or five times as much money attending to my more important affairs, I believe that it is very good business sometimes to perform unusual and time-consuming things for little money, particularly when you feel—as I do in this instance—that the man for whom you are doing a favor is particularly worthy. It is good advertising and a lawyer's only means of creating goodwill. Incidents of generosity and fair play go freely from mouth to mouth and make people say: 'That's the man I'm going to retain if I ever need a lawyer.' Greedy fee grasping is just another way of overreaching yourself."

DRAWN BY CARL ANDERSON

The Double-Jointed Man's Muscular Wife Fixed Things So That He Would Remember to Bring Home Some Pretzels

Since this encounter with my lawyer friend I have taken special pains to notice the importance placed upon goodwill by those whose activities demand intimate contacts with a large number of people. And this is true not only of the professional but of the business world as well. It is beginning to be more and more realized that attention to what was formerly considered an insignificant matter may well mean the difference between ordinary and unusual success.

A sounder appreciation of this fact was, in my case, brought about by a conversation which I had with the owner of a woman's specialty shop located in an important suburban shopping district of a large city

"I am entirely convinced," said he, "that a store's service must be increasingly personal if it expects to be successful and keep on being so. Otherwise it is likely to get just about as much business as everyone else and miss that ultimate and extra volume that makes things preëminently worth while.

"Conditions, however, have changed. No longer is it possible for the proprietor to greet the customers as they arrive and make those little assurances that created so great a stock of goodwill and led people to say: 'I wouldn't think of going anywhere else.' One, however, can recreate in other ways something of this personal attention and regard.

"For example, we instruct our sales persons to keep their ears open for those little remarks that almost every woman makes in the course of her purchases. Perhaps she will say, 'I am making a trip to Europe.' This information is immediately reported at a designated desk, and the customer very shortly thereafter receives a present that fits in with the spirit of the occasion and which fills certain requirements of the trip. There is similar procedure if she remarks that she is going to Palm Beach or is getting married or ——

"This method is fairly costly, but I feel there can be no better sort of advertising. The gifts are so unexpected and such a departure from usual practice that the recipients are delighted. How often do they come to the store to thank me personally for them! So satisfied am I with results that I am studying methods of further amplifying the personal contacts with our customers."

The owner of this specialty shop is by no means the only individual who is permitting goodwill to create his success. People respond so readily to really sympathetic methods that everyone wonders why he never thought of employing them before.

That at least was the reaction of a jeweler whose three stores have grown into prosperous institutions simply because he has sufficient originality to employ rather unconventional methods of creating goodwill. For instance, he mails a present to every baby born within the territory served by his retail establishments. As soon as records of birth are received from the near-by hospitals or in other ways, he sends to each newcomer a silver spoon mounted upon an appropriately inscribed card. It is interesting to know that dozens of new customers are continually being traced to this and similar methods.

The jeweler is simply one of the many who have learned that success is easier if you are human and use human methods; it matters little in what field you are striving.

That is why goodwill is being regarded at its true value in so many different quarters.

—J. LEROY MILLER.

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Kleiber
K-Z
Lange
Larrabee
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ROSS Cam AND Lever STEERING

"YES, SIR; THANK YOU, SIR"

(Continued from Page 5)

be so happy. I can't wait to see myself without those horrible marks. I can't really. Sometimes it seems it must be nothing but a dream like. I woke up last night all of a cold sweat for fear it wasn't so, and then I felt of the bandages and I laughed out loud."

She paused, got on her knees before the grate and swept the hearth with care.

"Mr. Prindall, sir," she said, "I'd like to pay back the money you spent for me. It seems so much to take from a stranger. I feel you've done me the great kindness in telling me about the doctor and sending me there, and I hate to have you paying ——"

"Now, look here," said Archer; "I told you this was a wedding present, and it is a wedding present. People can't pay for their own wedding presents. Don't you let me hear another word out of you about paying back."

"No offense, sir, but I've my own pride, you know."

"So have I my own pride. Lay off this stuff about paying me back, unless you want to make me sore."

Millie giggled. "You do talk, sir, in such a funny American way! But I know what you mean, and I'll not speak about it again. But if there was ever anything I could do for you, sir, in return, I'd do it, if it was to go through the fire. That's the way I feel."

"All I want you to do for me is to tell me what your friends say when they see you. I'm interested in that."

Millie was ready to go. "If only my mother was alive to know, sir. She used to fair cry about how I looked, and many a young one on our road got his face smacked for pointing at me when I was out with her. She'd be as happy as I am. I know it."

"Well, I'll be waiting to see you tomorrow morning," Archer reminded her as she disappeared. He lay down on the chaise longue in his room to rest. His cold had made him languid, depleted in vitality, and he still had a rough little cough. He needed to get away from London. He thought of going to Brighton for a long week-end. The sea air would clear his lungs and throat. Or he might try Bath; he had a special fondness for the sunny trim little city, with its tier on tier of curving crescents. He took the telephone and called his friend, Clarence Dakin. Clarence was a good egg who seldom had anything to do which couldn't be dropped to do something else.

As he had hoped, Clarence was quite willing to go to Bath or to Brighton, but he had dinner on for the next night. Could Archer put off going until day after tomorrow? Yes, Archer could do that. In the meantime they would lunch together at the Berkeley Grill and talk it over. It made Archer feel better merely to anticipate getting away. He put on his coat and hat, went over to his bank and got a lot of money, took a taxi to his favorite Motor Hire and arranged for a large comfortable car to take himself and Clarence wherever they might decide to go, and then strolled round to the grill, entering by the side door to avoid the nouveau-art hallway on Piccadilly and its lonely cocktail-drinking ladies.

It was good to see Clarence and be reproached for not letting him know about this beastly cold. Clarence was ruddy and husky and refreshingly kind.

"I'd've popped in to see you every day," he protested, "and you've plenty of other friends who'd've done the same. You don't want to be ill in a hotel without a friendly soul in sight. Who took care of you?"

"The management did nothing except to make sure from the doctor that my ailment wasn't contagious or infectious," said Archer, "but the servants were kindness itself."

"Our excellent lower classes," murmured Clarence, his mouth full of succulent Cambridges; "the backbone of the country."

"I don't know about the backbone, but they're certainly the heart. Why, Clarence ——" And he launched enthusiastically into the story of Millie.

Clarence listened and absorbed a second order of Cambridges. "I say, old man, that was jolly good of you. The poor little devil must think you're Santa Claus. Very kind of you, but very brave too."

"What's brave about it?"

"What I mean is, to—it's brave to risk changing another person's whole life, you know. And not knowing how it may come out. I'd never have the courage. Making a plain girl into a pretty one—that's quite a step. Might send her quite off her head. Revolutionary, what? Dangerous."

"You have the damnedest ideas," said Archer indignantly. "This girl's a sane sensible girl who's lived all her life with a comic face. She's been a joke; she's suffered agony." He warmed up to his topic. "She's been crucified by her blemishes, and never hoped to get away from them; expected to endure them as long as she lived. I don't call it dangerous to give her back what is normally hers. I don't call it revolutionary. I certainly don't call it brave. How do you get this way, I'd like to know."

"I dare say I'm wrong," said Clarence amicably. "I don't know her and you do. I can see how she'd jump at the prospect, of course. Any girl might. As I said, jolly kind of you to think of doing it. I never should have. Are we going to have jam tart for the sweet? And how about coffee? And we must decide if we're going to Bath or to Brighton. I rather think Brighton's the best for you, my lad."

In the discussion of where they would stay at Brighton, Millie was pushed aside. And after luncheon Archer decided that he needed some new ties and gloves, and that he ought to order some shirts before he went back to America. As Clarence had nothing to do, they walked around to Bond Street and in various haberdashers whiled away the greater part of two hours in the sort of shopping men pretend to detest but which in reality they adore. Then they had a look at an exhibition of etchings, and at this point Clarence remembered an engagement for tea at the house of Marcia Hennefiel, the actress. He insisted that Archer go with him. So another hour was pleasantly disposed of. By the time Marcia Hennefiel turned them out because she must get ready to go to the theater, Archer had forgotten that he had ever had a cold and proposed to Clarence that they have a late dinner and then go round to the theater after the performance and pick up Marcia and they would all step out to a night club. But Clarence had an uncle from the country in town and must do his duty as a kinsman. So Archer went back alone to his hotel, but in the foyer ran across Timmy and Genevieve Barton from Chicago, who had come over from Paris on the afternoon plane.

The Bartons had been quarreling, therefore were more than glad to see Archer and insisted that he dine with them, which he agreed to do, not realizing, until it was too late, that he was asked as a buffer. He spent a perfectly miserable evening, and escaped as soon as he could on the excuse of his cold, and he was so angry and annoyed about what he'd let himself in for that he didn't remember Millie until just as he was dozing off. Then he recalled that tomorrow morning he would see her in her revised edition, and he went to sleep feeling pleased with himself.

In the morning he found that his exertions of the day before had brought a slight return of cough and feverishness and that nasty swollen feeling of the eyes which so often attends a hard cold. He was glad that he was going away the next day, and he decided that he would not do much; just rest and loaf and read, get the valet in for his packing, take life easily all along the line.

There was a knock at his door, the turn of a key, and then a thrilled exultant voice asking, "May I come in, sir?" and Millie entered. She stood before him, radiant. "Oh, Mr. Prindall, sir," she said, "I hardly know myself!"

She was far, far prettier than Prindall had expected. The latent delicacy, the charm, the subtle outline and color of her now had their full way to the eyes of the beholder. Prindall stared and stared, and as he stared he almost purred. He was the one who'd released this loveliness from bondage; he had had the imagination to see, the generosity to give!

"By golly," he said at last, "Millie, you're the cats! You look like Emma Hamilton—you do indeed."

"Everybody's fair struck dumb at the sight of me, sir," Millie caroled. "The housekeeper didn't recognize me at first, nor the head porter, nor the room waiter. Nor Rosie. They couldn't believe it. Oh, I'm so happy, I am. I can hardly wait until tonight when Joe sees me. Oh, Mr. Prindall, I'll put your name in my prayers as long as I live."

"That'll be fine," said Archer. "Nobody's prayed for me lately. Millie, honestly, you are the prettiest girl I've seen in a blue moon."

Millie blushed and dimpled. "Mrs. Hedgen, where I lodge, sir, said the same. And a young chap gave me the glad eye as I came to work this morning and tried to pick me up. And the head porter was very flowery, as you might say. And the gentleman in 236, sir, when I went to lay his fire, he was actually bold. I had to speak sharp to him, sir."

"Don't let them turn your head," cautioned Archer.

"Oh, no, sir; it don't mean anything to me, as you might say, except that I'm not an object and a mock any longer. Mother always said I was to think of my marks as a cross to bear in patience, and I tried to do it, but sometimes it was very hard for me. Well, I must be getting at my work. You'll have a fire this morning, won't you, sir?"

He watched her as she went through the same deft, quiet process of cleaning the grate and laying a new fire. She wore the same striped uniform, the same apron and cap, she had the same paraphernalia. But what a difference! Then it had seemed perfectly natural that she should be in service. Now it seemed shockingly incongruous that a creature so fair, so alluring, should handle coals and dump ashes. As she worked she talked on:

"I'm to meet Joe tonight as soon as I get off, and I keep wondering and wondering what he'll say. He might not notice at first; he's not a great one for noticing, Joe isn't. I've wore new hats before now, and he didn't know until I told him. But when he does get a good look at me, won't he be surprised! That May can't turn up her nose at me now, or say cruel things. Nobody'll laugh at me now. Oh, Joe'll be just as happy as I am; I know it. I expect he'll be wanting to come and thank you himself, sir, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind. I'd like to get a glimpse of Joe."

"Thank you, sir. Thank you for everything always!" She went out as if she trod the clouds, her head high in an aura of complete joy. "I wish Clarence had heard her and seen her," thought Archer. "Dangerous indeed!"

He did not see Millie again that day, for he decided to go downstairs for luncheon, and before he was through Clarence came breezing in, and they sat long over coffee, and then Clarence felt the need of a new pipe to take with him to Brighton, and Archer must help him choose it. This being accomplished, Archer thought he'd better run in to his favorite dealer's and see if there might be some bit of Chelsea or Bow there that he had not seen. In one idle way and another the afternoon passed. Since they were to make an early start in the morning, Archer decided that he would go to bed early. When he finally went back to his room his well-cared-for fire reminded him of his good deed, and again he felt uncommonly well pleased with himself. He was only sorry that he must wait until after his return from Brighton to hear what Joe had said, but he knew that Millie did not come on duty until eight in the morning, and at that hour he and Clarence would be gone. He accomplished his last packing, left a call for seven, and a breakfast order for 7:30, and went to bed to sleep the sleep of the self-righteous.

He woke to the rare pale gold of London sunshine, a good omen for the trip. He didn't cut himself shaving, his breakfast was served on the tick of 7:30, the car was waiting when he came downstairs at five of eight. So was Clarence, as cheerio as the morning.

Together they stood on the sidewalk, directing the placing of their bags, when Archer heard his name.

"Oh, sir! Oh, Mr. Prindall," said a faint, weeping voice.

It was Millie—a Millie with swollen red eyes and nose from overmany tears. A Millie bowed and broken, almost unrecognizable, from her state of pitiable grief and also from her street clothes, for Archer had never seen her except in uniform.

"Good Lord, what's the matter?" asked Archer. For an awful moment he imagined that the moles had somehow been resurrected on Millie's countenance.

"Everything's the matter, Mr. Prindall," sobbed Millie. "Joe, he's cast me off, he has, and the housekeeper's discharged me ——"

The porter, the chauffeur and Clarence rallied round to listen.

"But why—why?" demanded Archer.

"Joe he says no gentleman would've done so much for me without good reason, he says, and he won't listen to anything I tell him. He says he's a good mind to bash your face in, sir; he says you're nothing but a wicked old roway."

"A what?"

"A wicked old roway."

"He meant roué, I imagine," broke in Clarence, with gusto.

"And he says he won't marry me, sir; that I'm a bad girl." Tears overflowed the narrative here. Over her bent and shaken head Archer looked appealingly at Clarence, but met only a smug justification.

"I was afraid of something like this," said Clarence.

Archer summoned his wits. "Now, Millie, brace up," he ordered crisply. "Stop crying and tell me the rest of it. What did the housekeeper discharge you for?"

"Oh, sir," sniffled Millie, "she's very much taken up with Mr. Albert, the maître d'hôtel, sir, and last night, the story of my operation having reached Mr. Albert, he came himself to get a look at me, and—and he—he—well, sir, he tried to kiss me, and—and the housekeeper was so angry she sent me off that moment, sir, and said I was not to come back, and that she'd give me no character, sir. She said I'd led Mr. Albert on, sir, and indeed—indeed, I never thought of such a thing. I don't like him anyhow, and never did. A stuck-up monkey on a stick I've always called him. First that, and then Joe —— Oh, sir, I haven't slept a wink all night, I haven't."

"I'll take this up with the management," declared Archer. "I'll see you get a square deal." He looked about him distastefully. The doorman had joined their group and a couple of passers-by were lingering on the fringe. The head porter was on his way from the baggage room beyond the entrance. "My Lord!" declaimed Archer. "This is hiring a hall!" The big limousine stood empty, the door open. "Get in here, Millie," ordered Archer. "Get in, Clarence. I don't propose to run a free show for the benefit of all London. Get up in front," he directed the chauffeur, "and drive off."

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur, preparing to obey.

"To Brighton, you big boob! Where do you suppose?" He pushed Millie into the car, and Clarence after her, hopped in himself and slammed the door. The group on the sidewalk gaped after them as they rolled away.

"But I say, Archer, old chap, you don't really propose to take—to take the—the young lady to Brighton, do you?" asked Clarence. "It's a very bad move, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Well," said Archer, reasonably, "she's lost her boy friend and she's lost her job and she's terribly upset, and it seems to me a few days at the seashore would do her good. She'll be calmer there, and we can talk things over and decide what's best to be done. I feel responsible for all this, you know, Clarence."

"Yes, yes, old chap, I see, but—but you know she—she has no luggage and no clothes—I mean, of course, except what she's got on—and anyway, to turn up at Brighton with a—a young lady in this fashion, it's not—it's not correct, if you get what I mean. Personally, I'm your friend and all that, but I'd rather not be a party to it. You know, I'm rather hoping to get engaged to Daphne Hunter, and if she heard of it she'd not like it at all."

"If you're a quitter," said Archer between clenched teeth, "I'll take you and your bags round to your flat and drop you there. But if you are a pal you won't leave me. We'll stop somewhere and buy Millie some baggage. Hi, chauffeur," he directed, "go to Harrod's!"

"But this is so high-handed, so improvised. Perhaps the young lady, when she's not quite so miserable, won't like it at all." He leaned over and applied his mouth to Archer's ear and whispered: "She might make it very hot for you, you know, legally, later on. Blackmail! I knew a case!"

"I'm not afraid of that." Millie was still crying, with faint pathetic sounds, a mere crumpled wisp in the corner of the car. "Look at her," said Archer. "This is terrible!"

"Yes, but ——"

"But what?"

"Give her some money and leave her here in London until we come back. Then see her and find out what can be done to help her. There's nothing to be gained by dragging her about with us."

Archer shook his head.

"I couldn't do it. I'd be worried the whole time. If she had any relatives or close friends—but she hasn't; she told me so." The car was slowing at Harrod's. "You wait here," said Archer. "I'll be back in fifteen minutes."

It was not fifteen minutes but half an hour before he reappeared. Behind him came various persons bearing various objects—a suitcase, a hatbox, a lady's motor coat, an umbrella, and, final touch, a smart hand bag.

"The suitcase is fitted, and I bought a couple of nightgowns, a dressing gown and slippers, and a toothbrush," said Archer in triumph. "They're all in it. There's a new hat in the hatbox; it may not fit her, but then again, it may. I got some silk stockings too. The umbrella's for respectability." He looked at Millie. "Why, she's gone to sleep," he said.

"Yes," said Clarence, "she's perfectly done up, poor little creature. And you know, Archer, I thought you were spoofing me about her being pretty, but looking at her like this, she's very taking, really. There's something about her face—quite an unusual charm."

Millie's shabby hat had tipped off, her hair escaped in soft waves, the color had faded from her eyes and nose, and her little red mouth had taken on its wistfully gentle curve. She was, as Clarence admitted, very taking; she was even more than that, she was lovely, appealing.

"Then you think she might as well go on to Brighton with us?" asked Archer.

"But why not, now you've bought all this stuff? It would be mad to waste it."

"And you don't want me to drop you at your flat?"

"I never deserted a pal in my life," said Clarence firmly. "I'd not begin with you, old chap."

"Much obliged," said Archer dryly. . . . "Very well, chauffeur, go along to Brighton."

He climbed into the car and sat down between Clarence and Millie. Her head fell against his shoulder and she slept on, the deep slumber of complete exhaustion.

It was the first time Archer Prindall had ever been in Brighton, and though he was there a week he was never able to remember anything about the place. There certainly were hotels, a promenade, shops, the sea; day succeeded night and night day, he ate and slept, his cold grew better, disappeared. But all of this dissolved into the endless discussions between himself and Clarence as to the future of Millie. Millie took scant part in them; she did not seem to hear them, though she was usually present. She had been so rudely jolted from her proper orbit that she had lost, seemingly, the power to reason for herself. Her thoughts and emotions were still whirling about her simultaneous loss of a job and loss of a sweetheart. She had nothing left, she could build toward no future without them. Dumbly she looked from Archer to Clarence and from Clarence to Archer, as they marched her up and down the promenade and talked about her. They had put her in a hotel a block from their own, but each day they dutifully took her out. Her new coat and hat, the hand bag and umbrella made her quite presentable; her face did the rest. Not one of the male strollers whose head failed to turn automatically as she passed and so long as she remained in sight. Women looked after her, too, and envied her her two impressive escorts. But then, they sighed, a girl as pretty as that might very well be able to get two, while other girls just as meritorious in every way save in appearance walked alone.

But the rest and the sea air were doing Millie good. Her color brightened charmingly, her hair curled in entrancing ringlets. Archer bought her a couple of dresses and some slippers, good style, but conservative. He and Clarence accompanied her on this shopping expedition and nearly came to blows in the selection of her frocks, Clarence urging something with zip and dash. There was a red ensemble with yellow fox furs which he especially liked.

"You want to make her look like a tart!" snarled Archer. "She's going to have the dark blue with the white collar and cuffs!"

"You want to make her look like my Great-aunt Geraldine!" snarled Clarence in reply. "I'll buy the red outfit for her!"

"Over my dead body." He spoke to Millie, who sat by apathetically. "Do you like the red or the blue?" he asked.

"It's for you to say, Mr. Prindall, sir," she said without a gleam of interest.

"There, Clarence—you see? It's for me to say. I say she'll have the blue. This girl is my protégée and I'm not going to have her dressed in the wrong way."

"You needn't be so stiff about it; you were keen enough that I should come along and help you with her, you remember."

"You were very keen to come when you'd seen how pretty she is."

The approach of the saleswoman put an end to this subterranean bickering for the time being. Millie was accordingly clothed in dark blue, for the street, and when Archer added to this a simple black-lace dinner dress with a pink gardenia on the shoulder, Clarence snorted contemptuously but said nothing. He was afraid, if the truth be known, that Archer would cut him off from Millie's acquaintance if he made himself too officious, and the more Clarence saw of Millie, the more she pleased, interested and baffled him. He used all his wits to suggest something which would help the girl out of her present dilemma, but none of his ideas suited Archer.

"She might easily get a place in a tea shop," said Clarence. "I know a very swanky one; Daphne Hunter's cousin Topsy runs it. Topsy's always looking for pretty waitresses; they draw the crowd, you know. The men come to see the pretty waitresses and the women come to keep an eye on the men, ha-ha-ha! The girls get good tips and they have chances, you know."

"Chances for what?" asked Archer.

"Oh, to get off with some rich chap or ——"

"Millie's a decent girl. I'm ashamed of you." Archer was stern.

"Yes, yes, of course, I didn't mean anything wrong, you know, old chap. But a girl as pretty as Millie—well, chaps would give her presents, you know, and ask her out, and she might even marry someone."

"I don't call it a very rosy future to marry the sort of fellow who hangs around tea shops and gives presents to the waitresses."

Clarence was temporarily quenched but later returned to the attack. Successively and at length he suggested that Millie become a dress-model, a theater usher, a shop assistant, a steno, a manicure, a lady's maid, a milliner, a cloakroom girl—all of which were vetoed by Archer in no uncertain terms, though Clarence argued long and passionately for each.

As the week drew to a close Clarence's patience wore thin. "Why don't you marry her, since you can't fix on anything else for her to do?" he inquired with heavy sarcasm.

"Don't be a bigger ass than you can help," said Archer. "I'm not a marrying man. And don't be grouchy. We've got to do something with her, you know. I must get back home before long, and I can't leave her up in the air like this. I only want to do the best thing, the right thing, Clarence. I think I'll put it up to her."

"But she's so moony she'll have no judgment."

Now Archer Prindall said something he didn't mean, to mislead Clarence: "I'm tired of her being so moony. She must snap out of it. Her sorrows are not unique. She's not the first girl who got jilted or who lost her job unfairly. It's time she sat up and took a little notice and did some worrying for herself, instead of letting us do all of it."

"Oh, but really, old chap, you sound such a stern parent! Aren't you being just a bit harsh on the poor little soul?"

Archer Prindall continued to deceive his friend. "Don't be mushy. I'm not prepared to spend the greater part of my winter at Brighton, walking Millie up and down and trying to console her. She's got to take hold of the situation for herself. I'll see to it that she doesn't starve, but for the rest, she's got to work out her own salvation."

"But go at her gently, won't you? She's such a frail little creature."

"You can come along and see personally that I don't strike her," promised Archer.

They went accordingly to Millie's hotel, and found her waiting for them in the sun room, gazing out at the ocean. She rose respectfully as they entered.

"Did you want me to go to walk, sir?" she asked.

"Presently," said Archer. Millie sat down and again regarded the ocean. The two men sat down and regarded Millie. Heavens, but she was pretty! In the dark blue frock with its scraps of white she was a pearl, a peach, a rose, a bonbon. In the tilt of her head, the line of her profile, Archer saw again, clearly, the incomparable Emma Hamilton. He almost forgot what he had come to say, in wishing that Romney was still alive to paint Millie as he had painted Nelson's goddess.

He drew himself firmly to the business in hand. "I've got to be going home to America soon, Millie," he said, "and I want to make some sort of arrangement for you. Have you any idea of what you want to do? Obviously you can't go back to the hotel, even if I could persuade the management to overrule the housekeeper's discharge. She'd bear you a grudge and would find some other pretext to get rid of you. Mr. Dakin"—he waved a generous hand toward Clarence—"has suggested several other sorts of employment for you, but to me you don't seem specially fitted for any of them. Now have you any idea of your own, any suggestions? I'll arrange to get you started in anything you want to do. I want to see you—er—suitably settled."

"But I am settled," said Millie in a far-away tone. "I'm going on the stage."

"Going on the stage!" exclaimed Archer and Clarence in chorus.

Millie seemed to rouse slightly from her apathy. She looked from one to the other as if she actually perceived them, as though they were no longer phantoms in a world of sad shadows. "Yes," she explained. "There's been a gentleman stopping at this hotel, and he stared and stared at me, ever so, and at last he came up to me very respectful, and gave me his card and said he'd give me a place in the chorus of Pilly-Winktum and a chance to understudy Miss Tootsie Bright, and pay me six pounds a week to start—no, six guineas—and so"—she drew a long tremulous sigh—"I thought I might be doing that as well as anything, so I said I'd do it. There's his card."

She fumbled in the new hand bag and produced it, handed it to Archer.

"James Cuthbert!"

"Not James Cuthbert, the Revue King!" This from Clarence, in awe and wonder.

"Maybe somebody was impersonating him," suggested Archer doubtfully.

"It might very well be a spoof," agreed Clarence.

"It was Mr. Cuthbert all right," affirmed Millie. "I've often seen his picture in the papers. So as soon as you let me go back to London ——"

"As soon as we let you! You're not a prisoner, Millie. You can go back to London this very minute if you wish. Only, I don't see how you can go on the stage in this offhand way, without any training."

"Mr. Cuthbert said I didn't need any special training. He said I walked very nicely and he asked me if I could dance, and of course I can dance; for a girl who's as plain as I was has got to be a good dancer if she's to have any partners, sir. Only I didn't tell him that. I only said, yes, I could dance. And he said my looks and my figger was all that was needed. I'm to be called Millie Morison, not Millie Covings; and I'm not to be in the ballet. I'm to walk on with the Gainsborough beauties, and with the Lido nymphs, and again in the Rose Garden scene, and the Jewel Box. And all the time I'm to be learning Miss Tootsie Bright's part, for Mr. Cuthbert said I looked enough like her to be her own younger sister, and she's given to getting tight now and then, sir, and her present understudy's not very satisfactory; and Mr. Cuthbert said she didn't sing her songs—only talked them—and I could do it as well as she did, once I'd learned how ——"

"It's perfectly plain to me," said Clarence. "The piece is a success and Cuthbert wants to get rid of some of his high-salaried people who don't mean so much, and he's starting in with Tootsie Bright."

Archer disregarded this. "But do you want to go on the stage, Millie?" he asked anxiously. "Does it attract you? Do you feel you'll like it?"

"One thing's about the same as another to me now, sir," said Millie, and her adorable chin quivered. "I've got to do something. I've always heard that stage people were no better than they should be, but any girl that's been maid in a big hotel knows what's what and can take care of herself. And six guineas is more than I ever thought to make in one week, even when tips are heavy."

"But—but a—a play or a musical comedy, even if it's successful, doesn't last forever, Millie. It might run a few months and then stop, and your six guineas would stop too."

"Yes, sir, I know that. But Mr. Cuthbert said there was always shows being put on, and I could always get a place, sir." A gentle but dogged determination began to

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display itself in Millie's voice. The two men became aware of opposing a will, a personality bigger than their own. They did not enjoy it.

"Oh, well," said Archer, "if you've made up your mind, there's nothing more to be said. Let's go back to London this afternoon. Come along, Clarence; we'll have to see to our packing. We'll call for you, Millie, at 2:30; so please be ready."

"Yes, sir," said Millie. "Thank you, sir. I'll be ready, sir."

"This fellow Cuthbert's got none too good a reputation, you know, Archer," began Clarence as they went back to their own hotel. "I don't believe his intentions are honest, though perhaps I shouldn't say so, for I don't know him, and there's plenty of mud slinging in the theater that's unjustified."

"I don't care what his reputation is," said Archer, feeling peeved and bereft. "Millie chooses to do this; she does it without consulting me, after all the time and money I've spent on her, and the responsibility's hers. If she wants to go to the devil I shan't hold up a restraining finger. I'm through. I'm totally, completely, entirely and wholly through. So that's that. I've done everything I could for her, and a damn sight more than any other man would have done. I had those horrible excrescences removed from her face, I clothed and fed her and paid her board when that saphead sweetie of hers chose to throw her down. The most ordinary gratitude would have indicated that she would at least consult me about her future course. But no, a perfect stranger comes up to her, gives her a card and tells her she can go on the stage and understudy Tootsie Bright. And she's all for it. Very well, she's free, white and twenty-one. But the stage! Millie on the stage! Even in the absolutely idiotic suggestions of which you made such numbers, Clarence, you didn't mention the stage."

Clarence was troubled. "I say, Archer, do you think she will make a go of it?"

"Do you?"

"No, I don't. I can't imagine it."

"She hasn't got a Chinaman's chance."

"Yes, but, you know, there was a Chinese fellow who did remarkably well in a play last year—one of those bloodcurdlers." It was beyond Archer's power to make reply, so Clarence rippled on: "Now, don't you worry about her, old chap. After you're gone I'll look after her a bit myself."

"Daphne Hunter will be crazy about that."

"You do open the most unpleasant vistas, you know, seemingly quite without effort."

And a mean nagging silence settled upon them.

They packed and lunched with very little conversation. Each was busy with his own unpleasant thoughts. When 2:30 came they drove round for Millie, and at her appearance they were pushed further into silent gloom. She sat between them, looking so much brighter, so much prettier, so much more alive; and yet this brightness, this prettiness, this renewed vitality seemed to be completely detached from them. She was respectful to them, but uninterested in them. Except for the moles and the uniform, Archer seemed to behold the Millie he had first beheld, serving his grate, self-controlled, impersonal. Though he tried to reason himself out of it, this reversion hurt him. Far, far better when, a week ago, she wept and flung herself upon his bounty.

Clarence, too, was hurt. He was unaccustomed to being overlooked and neglected by any girl whom he honored with his attention. He was quite a ladies' man—Clarence. He was looking forward to the moment when Archer must return to America and he would have a clear field with Millie, and he would have liked to understand subtly, from Millie's eyes and Millie's smile, that she was also looking forward to that time. But Millie's eyes and Millie's smile offered him no such assurance. When the car reached London and his own apartment door, he bade his companions good-by gladly, though he told Millie that he'd be watching out for her in Pilly-Winktum.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," Millie replied distantly.

"You took the right tone with him," said Archer as they drove on to Millie's lodgings. "Clarence is a good scout in many ways, but his ideas about women are not the best. Don't pay any attention to him if he tries to come and see you, Millie."

"Him!" exclaimed Millie. "I've seen dozens like Mr. Clarence, sir. He's a very dull old man indeed. No fear of my noticing him!"

"Oh," said Archer, going quite flat. He didn't, naturally, want her to be enthused about Clarence, but that she should think Clarence old—Clarence was thirty-seven and Archer's junior by a year—was disquieting. It seemed best to leave the subject.

"Now, Millie," he went on, "how are you fixed for money? I want to give you something to go on with until you actually begin drawing your pay at the theater, you know."

"Oh, no, Mr. Prindall, I don't need a penny. I've my savings, and they'll be plenty and more than I need. I'll go this very evening to see Mr. Cuthbert, and I dare say I'll be getting to work at once. I couldn't think of taking anything more from you, sir." She turned her lovely eyes full upon him and he felt his heart give a quick painful wabble. "I've been in such a mess, sir, I've not been able to think anything out, but I'm drawing myself clear now, sir, and after a while maybe I'll be able to thank you for all the things you've done for me."

"But, Millie," cried Archer, "I don't want you to thank me unless you really are thankful! I want you to be glad you've had those horrible blemishes taken off your face. I want you to enjoy your prettiness, you know, as you did that first day. I can't help feeling that what that fool Clarence said was right; I ought not to have meddled in your life and changed it in the way I did. Are you glad you're pretty, Millie, or aren't you? Tell me the truth." He took hold of her little hand, much less work scarred than a week ago.

Millie thought it over. At last she shook her head sadly. "I don't know, sir, yet," she said. "I thought I was glad, but after what Joe said ——" The mention of his name caused her eyes to swim again in tears. But she winked them back and lifted her chin. "I'd ought to say I'm grateful and glad because you meant it all so well, sir, but I can't, yet. Maybe, after a while ——"

Archer could not bear to see her so suffering. The hard-boiled mask he had worn to make Clarence believe he cared nothing about Millie dropped from him.

"My dear girl," he said gently, "I'm sure you'll be glad after a while. I'm perfectly certain you'll be an enormous success on the stage, and from that you can go on to anything. I wouldn't be in the least surprised if you became a great star. Girls not half so pretty as you have done it. Just you stop looking back and grieving—it's all spilt milk, you know—and go on your way getting everything out of your life you can! And in any difficulty, in any trouble, remember I'm standing right behind you, your true friend, forever and ever." He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it; the first caress he had ever offered her.

But Millie drew her hand away. "Yes, sir; thank you, sir," she said. It was the same formula she had used on Clarence. And the narrow, shabby door of her lodgings swallowed her up.

Archer felt oddly sad as he went to his hotel—another hotel; he couldn't face the commissionaire and the head porter, to say nothing of the housekeeper, in the one where Millie had worked—but his sadness had a tremor of elation in it. With his last speech to Millie he had convinced himself that all he said was true; she might indeed be a stage success, she might be a star. It occurred to him that she might even marry a duke. Only she must not marry a duke.

Archer Prindall was not quite ready to admit that he was in love with Millie, but he was more than ready to admit that she must not marry a duke. He put this on the grounds that the sort of duke Millie ought to have, never married out of his class, and the sort of duke who would want to marry her was a poor lot, considered apart from his title. There was, reflected Archer, far too much talk about titles—too much rubbishy talk. So far as he'd observed titles, they were distinctly not so good.

From one point to another he argued himself, until he was convinced that it was his absolute duty to Millie to stay in London as long as possible and be her friend, mentor and guide. To this end, as soon as he had installed himself in his new hotel, he wrote a series of cablegrams designed to arrange the direction of his business in America temporarily from across the ocean. Solemnly he assured himself that he could do no less. He had taken the responsibility of changing Millie's life; he must now see that she suffered no more, or at least as little as possible, from his meddling.

His first step taken, he took the second by trying to buy tickets for Pilly-Winktum. He must see what sort of show it was with his own eyes. But no tickets were to be had.

"It's very popular, sir," he was told. "Booked full for weeks. You wouldn't, I dare say, care to join the queue?"

Archer's devotion to Millie's welfare did not go so far as to make him join the queue, but a generous tip and a few urgent words at last wangled a pair of seats for some nights later, and in a moment of magnanimity Archer asked Clarence to accompany him.

"We ought," he said, "to go. Millie won't be in it yet, but I want to get some idea of the sort of thing it is."

"Oh, rather," declaimed Clarence. "I'm charmed to see it. It's very hot stuff, everyone says."

On the appointed night the two dined together and rather nervously hastened to the theater so early that they and the ushers had the house to themselves for five minutes. Their conversation was desultory and Millie was mentioned only once.

"I've not heard from her since we got back," said Archer carelessly. "Have you?"

"Not a word," said Clarence. "Seems to have dropped into the jolly old void or something."

"I've been very busy—had a lot to do at my London office—or I'd've gone to see how she was getting along. But probably if she'd been in any difficulty she'd have let one of us know it."

"Yes, yes," said Clarence, "no doubt."

This being settled, Millie disappeared, apparently, from their minds. But when the curtain at last rose and a double row of girls in blue pinafores and white caps came swaying down the footlights singing the famous Pilly-willy-willy-willy-winktum song, Clarence and Archer leaned forward and scanned each face as searchingly as though they were detectives hunting for a criminal.

Then, suddenly, they saw her!

In the back row, fourth from the end. A little gauche, a little uncertain, a little inclined to watch what the girl next to her was doing, but, oh, how pretty! How overwhelmingly, deliciously, prettily pretty!

"S-st!" whispered Clarence. "There she is!"

Which, of course, was unnecessary. Archer had seen her before Clarence did. They glued their eyes upon her; they beheld no one else on the stage. They watched her swing and curtsy, smile, and wave first her right arm, then her left arm, in the meaningless gestures common to opening choruses. They watched her trip forward and back and sidewise, catch hands with her mates, twirl and dip and turn. They watched her smile, and smiled back at her anxiously, though she could not possibly see them, and they knew it. And finally they watched her whisk away into the wings, and the whole stage went flat and tuneless in her absence.

"Not bad, is she?" said Archer in a casual tone.

"Ripping," murmured Clarence. "Perfectly ripping."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. But not bad, certainly."

A stiff dowager in front of them turned and glared for silence. They gave it to her gladly, for they did not really want to talk. They sat still, watching, watching. They didn't even dare look at their programs for fear she might reënter. Naturally they gave some attention to Miss Tootsie Bright, and Clarence braved the dowager's wrath sufficiently to whisper, "Cuthbert's an ass to say Millie looks like that horrible creature!" To which sentiment Archer nodded affirmation.

Millie came back in white and pink ribbons as a Gainsborough beauty and in a scant red one-piece slip as a Lido nymph, revealing that her figure was as pretty as her face, slimly round, enticing. Her legs were straight, her knees did not knock or spread, her ankles were trim and slender. Clarence and Archer inwardly gasped and gloated.

When the intermission came, however, they attempted to be calmly judicial.

"I'm surprised that they put her on so quickly," said Archer. "She does very well, considering."

"Oh, rather," said Clarence; "I should say, quite."

"She probably could do that Bright woman's part. It's nothing much, so far."

"Nothing at all; that little patter song's as simple as can be."

"Millie looks quite cheerful again."

"They make them smile, you know, old chap."

With such comment, accompanied by cigarettes and a little light refreshment in the saloon bar, did Archer and Clarence while away the intermission, but got back promptly to their seats for the second half. In this Millie appeared as a Pink Rose in the Rose Garden scene and as Turquoise in the Jewel Box, and she was on in the finale; still in the back row, to be sure, but to her friends more conspicuous than the star.

As the last curtain went down Clarence said hastily, "I'll just pop off, old chap. I've got an early supper engagement. I'm sorry. You'll excuse me?"

"Run along," said Archer. "It's perfectly all right."

And he waited to see Clarence disappear up the aisle before he followed him, but once outside, he turned abruptly to the left and sought the stage door. This was down a gloomy alley, and a knot of waiting johnnies had preceded him. Archer stood back and eyed them with distaste. Never before had he hung about such a place, but he excused himself by regarding it as a duty he owed to his protégée. He kept an anxious glance on the door and paced up and down restlessly. But as he came near

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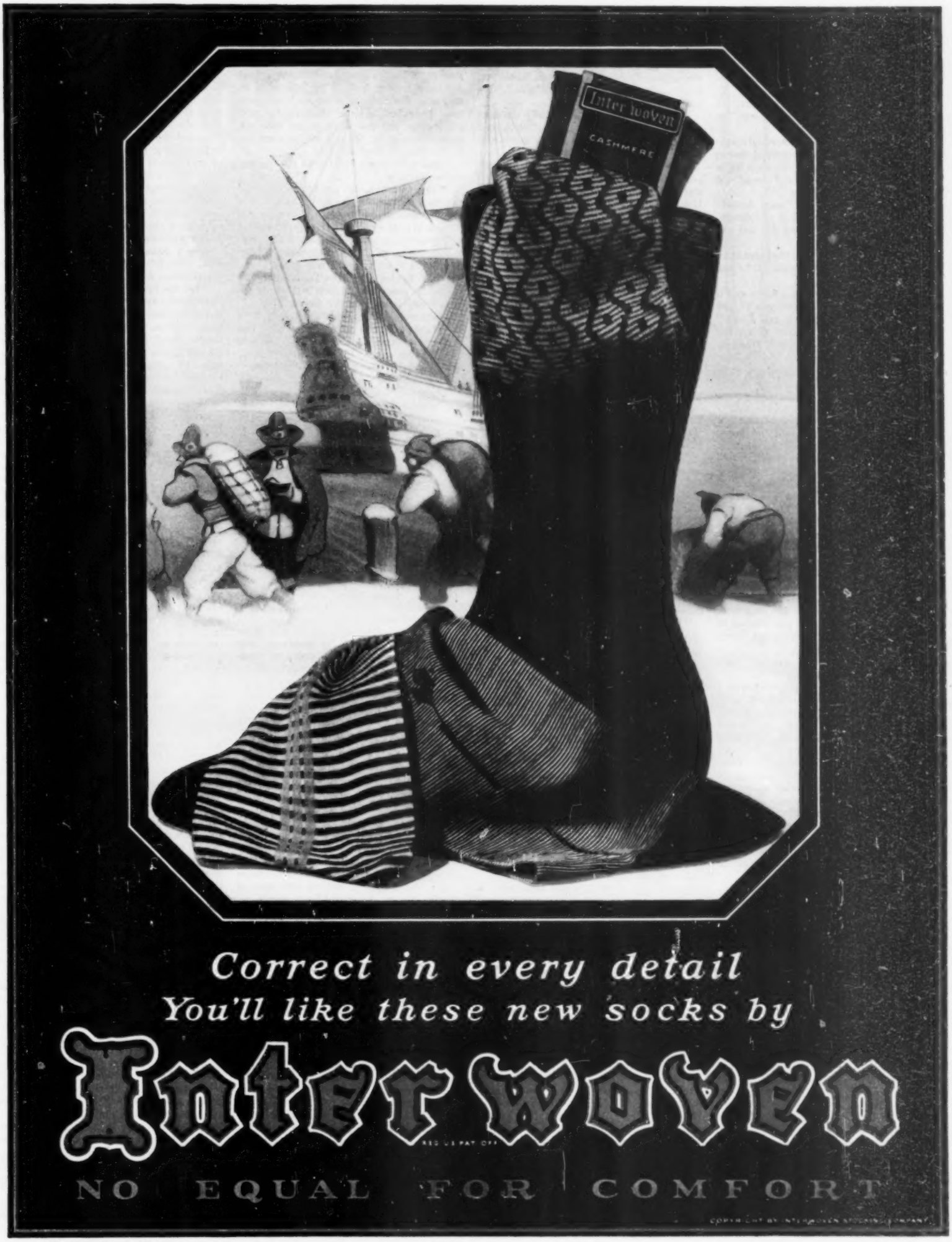

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the group of johnnies he was struck with a certain familiarity in the back of the foremost. Surely—surely it was—yet it could not be—but the line of that overcoat, the tilt of that topper —— He took a step forward. Yes, it was—it was Clarence!

Archer touched him on the shoulder. "I thought you had a supper engagement," he said.

Clarence turned a stricken face and stammered an artless lie: "Yes—yes, of course I have, but I thought I'd just stop for a second and see the little girl and say a word of encouragement, you know."

"Well, you needn't wait," said Archer. "I'll give her all the words of encouragement that are necessary and I'll tell her you were here."

"Oh, but I say, old chap, that wouldn't be quite the same thing, would it? She might be disappointed."

"She'll bear up, I imagine. Anyway I'll be here to console her. And you've got an early supper engagement, you know." They had moved a little way down the alley as they talked. Archer felt strangely angry. He went on sharply: "I don't understand you at all, Clarence. If you wanted to see Millie why didn't you say so like a man, instead of sneaking off from me and deceiving me? Do you suppose it matters to me? I have no engagement, and as I came out I thought I'd like to let her know how well I thought she got along, so I come around, and here you are, obviously ——"

"Obviously what?" snapped Clarence, ruffled in his turn. "I tell you, Archer, you're behaving abominably. The truth is you're jealous of me. You know the girl likes me, and you're so anxious to have her for yourself that I didn't want to stir you all up by saying I meant to see her. I knew she'd be glad enough to see me if we didn't have you hanging over us and acting like a suspicious old hen."

"I may be a suspicious old hen, but I evidently have good grounds for suspicion. If you couldn't tell me that you wanted to see Millie, then you want to see her for no decent reason. Your morals ——"

"Leave my morals alone and don't talk like a canting missionary."

"First," said Archer, "I am a hen, now I am a missionary. But if you don't leave this alley double-quick I'll tell you what I will be. I'll be Gene Tunney and smear your face into your ears so that it'll take you a week in the hospital to get it out again." He stopped, horrified at his fury. Was he really saying such things to good old Clarence Dakin, his friend of twenty years' standing? With an enormous effort he got himself in hand. He lowered his voice: "Now, Clarence, we're both behaving like dumb-bells. We can't go on like this. We'll simply forget this nonsense and we'll both meet Millie and take her out to supper, if she'll go. How about it?"

"Right-o!" agreed Clarence sulkily.

Still a little breathless and inwardly disarranged from his anger, Archer advanced, with Clarence close behind him, and asked the stage-door keeper for Miss Millie Morison. He presently learned that she had left the theater not two minutes before.

"There," said Clarence. "She passed us as we were bickering and we didn't see her. You see what your interference has done. I hope you're pleased."

"If you hadn't lied to me in the first place, there would have been nothing to interfere about," replied Archer nastily.

Whereupon the two friends of twenty years' standing marched stiffly down the alley and went their separate ways without another word.

The next day, bright and early, Archer presented himself at Millie's lodgings and, after a sharp inspection by Mrs. Hedgen, was admitted into a narrow dark hallway, clean with the desperate cleanliness of the respectable poor.

"You cawn't go up to 'er room, you know, sir," said Mrs. Hedgen. "I dawn't allow any girls in my 'ouse to receive gentlemen in their rooms. Not that Miss Covin's would do it," she added hastily.

"But isn't there any sitting room or parlor?" asked Archer. "I'd like to talk to Miss Covings."

"I cawn't afford to 'ave a room that dawn't pye, sir," replied Mrs. Hedgen. She added doubtfully: "If you laike, you might talk in my room dawnstairs." She indicated the basement.

Archer shrank from that stuffy cavelike gloom. "Thank you," he said. "Suppose I wait until Miss Covings comes down and we'll see what she says."

So he waited, and presently Millie appeared in the cheap and worn dress which she had worn the day they had gone to Brighton. Even that could not dim her charm. Looking at her, Archer felt again that queer plop-plop of his heart, that shaking of his nerves.

"Did you want to see me, sir?" she asked.

"Very much," said Archer. "Get your hat and coat, and we'll take a taxi to the park and have a walk."

"I'm rehearsing at eleven," she hesitated.

"I'll take you to the theater," said Archer.

When she came down the second time she had on the dress he had bought her, and the coat and hat. Once in the taxi, Archer began his speech; he had thought it out during the night, but the sight of Millie and her lodgings, and the slum approach to them, had caused many changes and additions.

"I went to see Pilly-Winktum last night," he began, "and I thought you did very well indeed."

He paused to insert some of the changes and additions, and Millie spoke up:

"Mr. Prindall, sir, I'm glad you came. I was going to write you a letter. I want you to tell me how much you paid for my operation and for all the things you bought for me, and for the hotel at Brighton—every penny."

"Why?" asked Archer, forgetting his speech.

"I'm going to pay it back as soon as I can. I want to send you some of it every week. I want to give you five pounds now out of my savings, sir."

"But I don't want it back. I gave you these things, Millie. They weren't a loan. You're not in my debt. It was my own idea—the whole thing. You asked for nothing, and very likely you wouldn't have bought what I did, if you'd had your own choice. That alters everything, you see."

"No, I don't see, sir. I want to pay it back. You gave me the operation, you said, for a wedding present, and now I'm not going to be married, for Joe's ——" Her lips quivered, but she controlled them. "No use going into that. But since I'm not going to be married, you couldn't give me a wedding present, sir."

"Don't be silly. Joe's not the only man in the world. You'll marry someone else—someone ever so much better than Joe."

"There isn't anyone in the world better than Joe! But Joe—Mrs. Hedgen told me—Joe's walking out with that May! He's doing it to spite me, and she's crazy to catch him. But he can't marry her—not for ever so long, anyway. She only makes twelve shillin' a week." Millie brought this out in triumph.

Archer began to remember some of the things he meant to say to Millie. Besides, he did not care for the subject of Joe.

"You ought to take better lodgings, Millie," he began. "That's a wretched place where you are."

"Oh, no, indeed, sir, it's not. I'm very cozy there and Mrs. Hedgen's like a mother to me. I'd never find anything so good for the money I pay. I know that, for I looked and looked before I went there." There was the same determination in her voice that Archer had heard before at Brighton, when she had told the news of her new career to himself and Clarence. And that adorable little chin of hers, he observed, could express genuine obstinacy. So he tried another tack.

"How do you like being on the stage?" he asked.

Millie considered. "It's not so hard as the hotel, sir, in some ways, but the hours are very late. The girls are very free in their talk too—some of them. But then, some of the maids at the hotel was worse. I don't much like going out in front in that red bathing suit, but all the others do it, and after the first night it hasn't bothered me. Everybody's been kind, I must say, helping me put the paint on my face and showing me steps. Steps come very natural to me, though, they all say."

"And what about Mr. Cuthbert?" asked Archer sternly.

"Very pleasant, sir, and quite the gentleman, but I've only seen him once. I get my rehearsing with another gentleman, named Mr. Morris, and though he shouts and swears a good bit, he don't mean anything rude by it. It's just his way. I wonder, sir, if it isn't time I was going to rehearsal? I'm learning Miss Tootsie Bright's songs, sir, now. Mr. Morris is teaching me how to say them, and the dances."

There was nothing in her quiet, even tone to indicate that she got the least thrill out of her new condition. Archer sighed and looked at his watch. He had said nothing—nothing at all—that he had intended to say.

"I suppose we'd better go," he admitted.

"And you will tell me what I owe you sir," pursued Millie as they started for the theater. "I've got to pay it back; I have really."

"Millie, you don't understand," said Archer. "I acted only as your friend. I want to be your friend. You must think of me as—as an elder brother or as ——"

"Or as an uncle," suggested Millie.

"No, not as an uncle! As a cousin or some member of your own family. I want to help you, Millie. I want to see you have what you need!" He stuttered and stammered; he felt like a fool.

"But I can get what I need myself, sir."

"Millie, you have no idea of what you need, you've no idea of what you might have; you don't know the world or its possibilities for you! I want to help you realize those possibilities. Come and have luncheon with me after rehearsal and we'll talk about everything at our leisure."

"I don't know when I'll be through rehearsing, sir. And there's nothing to talk about. But I do want to pay you back, sir."

"Forget that!" urged Archer desperately as they stopped at the theater door. "I simply won't have it. I'll see you again very soon. I must see you. I want to help you, Millie. Don't forget that, please."

Millie stepped out of the taxi and regarded him from the sidewalk. "Yes, sir; thank you, sir," she said.

He drove away in a strained, topsy-turvy state of mind, which grew ever more strained and topsy-turvy as he tried to analyze and bring order into it. He remembered all the things he had left unsaid—he should have warned her against Clarence Dakin, for instance, and all the men of Clarence's sort; he should have, somehow, got her to see that she couldn't live at Mrs. Hedgen's, but must have a jolly little flat accessible to the theater, nearer to Archer's hotel; he should have convinced her that to permit him to pay for this little flat meant nothing more than a kindly gesture; he should have offered her lessons in dancing, in deportment, in music. Most of all, in this recent interview, he should have installed himself firmly as her accepted benefactor, guide and friend.

But where did these acceptances and warnings and convincings lead? That question rose before him accusingly. Was he, Archer Prindall, the world's most cagy bachelor, the hero elusive of a dozen affairs which he had managed to break off just this side of the wedding march and orange blossoms—was he in love at last? And with the—he forced himself to say it—with the floor maid of a hotel, a child of the people, without education, culture, training or experience which fitted her to enter his class? He was no snob, but he could not blink the fact that Millie's class was not his. Was he, could he be, such an utter sap as to fall for nothing more than a young pretty face, a curving figure and a wistful smile? But no, that was unimaginable! Millie had something more than these. Millie—why, Millie had character! He brought it out with a silent shout.

Character! There was excuse and palliation plenty! Nothing strange or shocking in being in love with a girl who had the character of Millie—the honesty, the steadfastness, the self-control, the self-respect, the independence! How tenaciously she clung to the idea of returning to him the money he had spent; how impossible she made it for him to offer her the flat, the training and advantages he desired her to have! Now, he told himself, he knew what had attracted him to her from the beginning, even when she was almost repulsive to see. A girl with such character as Millie's was anyone's equal, worthy to be anyone's wife. The little details of ignorance and inexperience did not matter.

When he had reached this point in his meditation, Archer was immensely relieved and much more calm. He had come by a long, tortuous route, but he had reached a pleasing goal. He had settled everything. He could now go on with dignity, with assurance, and, as he further determined, without too great haste. It would be far better to permit Millie to register herself in the public mind as a stage favorite—provided she did actually succeed Miss Tootsie Bright—before he came forward as her suitor. No one ever asked what preceded a stage career; the genesis of the stars of the theater was as blankly unknown as the genesis of the stars in the sky. Any smart publicity man could provide Millie with a background which would be acceptable to those who run as they read. If the truth was whispered about it would be thought a mere slander, spread by jealousy.

With a serenity born of his new determination, Archer went forth and ordered flowers for Millie, to be sent regularly to the theater and—with a shudder—to Mrs. Hedgen's. He added a tasteful, not too costly but certainly not cheap wrist watch, recalling that she had asked him the time for rehearsal. He also looked at bracelets and a simple string of pearls, for these would inevitably come later. He sent everything without his name, and in plain boxes, because he feared she might refuse to take them if she knew whence they came. Character again!

For the next few weeks he devoted himself to getting better acquainted with Millie, but he found it an uphill task. She seemed to be always at rehearsals, at hours which prevented her from lunching or dining with him. Twice he managed to take her out to tea, but twice only. He chose the Ritz and Claridge for these excursions, on the principle that she might just as well be accustomed to the best from the very first. And it pleased him very much to see how simply and easily she behaved in these surroundings. On the second of these excursions she explained it with a short crisp sentence.

"There's nothing in the hotel that I don't know about," said Millie, looking amazingly pretty, amazingly competent.

"No—er—I suppose not," said Archer, hating the reference, "but this is a different aspect, I suppose. You like having tea here, don't you, and seeing the—er—smart crowd and being part of it?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It's well enough in its way. But the tea's never strong enough, and what they give you to eat—well, it might as well be nothing at all!" She eyed with distaste the delicate sandwiches, the decorative pastry. "A kipper or two, a couple of eggs and some pickles, and some bread and butter and jam, and plum cake after—there's a tea for you! Filling, they are! You might as well be eating air as these snacks."

"But no one orders kippers and eggs here, Millie. It's not done," explained Archer.

"No, sir; I know it. But as I often think, sir, the rich people have the poorest time. They live by such a lot of silly rules."

(Continued on Page 165)

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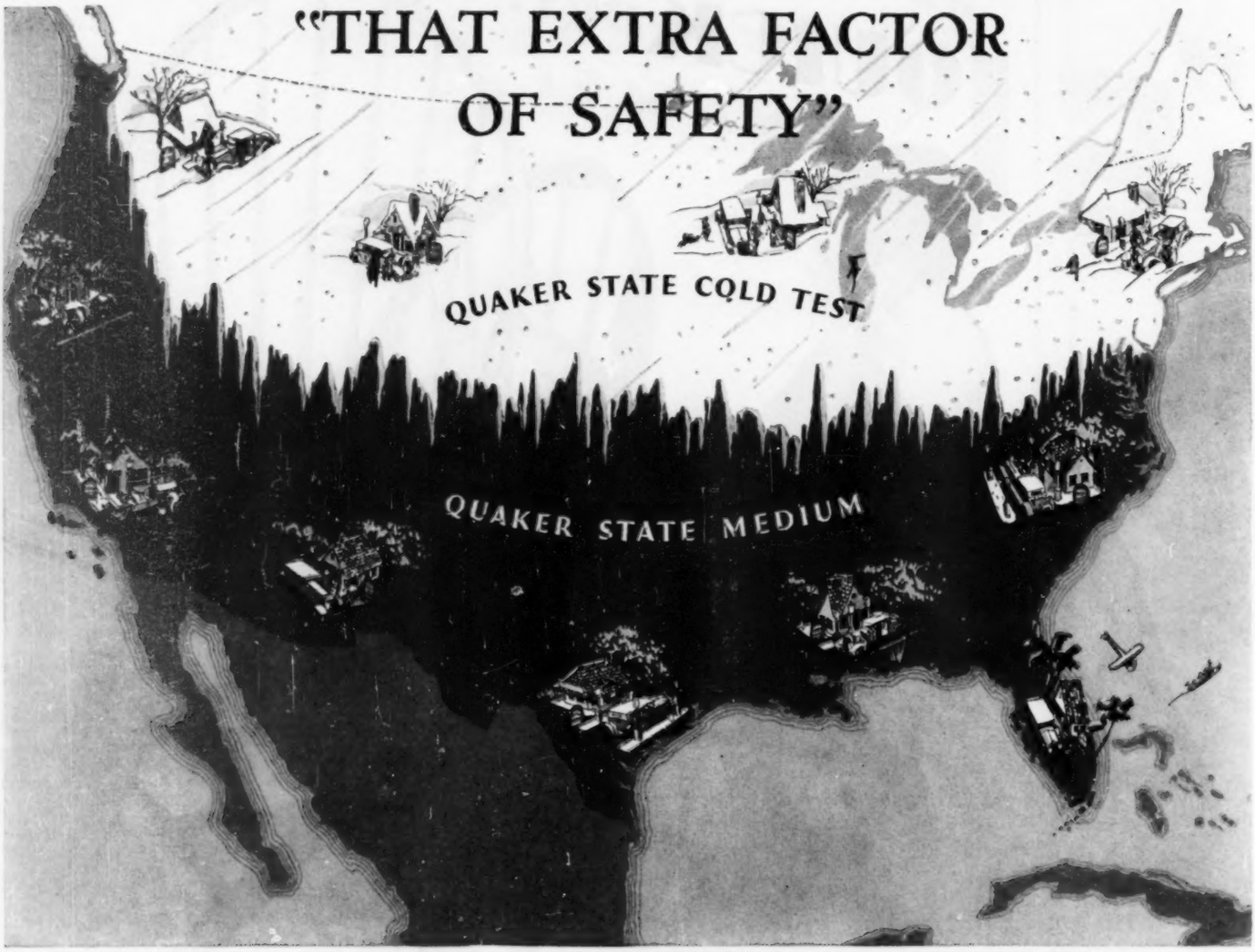

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(Continued from Page 162)

"Have you been seeing anything of Clarence lately?" asked Archer, anxious to change the subject.

"He's been waiting at the stage door several nights, sir, and asking me out to supper. As if the hours weren't late enough, sir, and all the way I have to go on the bus. So I tell him, no, someone's waiting for me; and I go right along past him, sir. I don't know who it can be, but somebody's been sending me the greatest lot of flowers. My room's fair choked with them, sir; they're naught but a nuisance. I thought perhaps it was Mr. Clarence—he's got such silly notions—but then I knew it couldn't be him, because he's not free with his money. And there was something else." She leaned toward Archer confidingly. "Somebody sent me a watch!" she said.

"Really? Do you like it? Have you got it on?" asked Archer.

Millie shook her head. "Presents like that are nothing but a trap, sir. There wasn't any name on it, so I couldn't tell where it came from, or I'd've marched it right back. I wouldn't think of wearing it. Mr. Prindall, you didn't send it to me, did you? I knew you couldn't've sent the flowers, because you've got too much sense, but I've been suspicioning you about the watch."

He evaded the truth. "Now, Millie, after what you said about the other things, the—the doctor, and so on, don't you think I'd have too much sense to send you a watch?"

"Oh, then you didn't, sir. Well, I'm glad. I dare say it was one of the stage-door crowd—a bold lot they are. I've not said a word about the watch to anyone but you, sir, hoping the truth would come out."

"If I were you I'd go ahead and wear the watch and see what happens. If some stage-door johnny sent it to you, he'll speak to you when he sees you with it on, and then you could give it back."

"Why, yes, sir; I hadn't thought of that."

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'sir' every minute," broke out Archer desperately.

"But what would I call you, sir?"

"Call me Archer," he begged.

"Oh, no, sir; it wouldn't be respectful."

"But I don't want you to be respectful, Millie. I want you to—to like me, to speak to me as a friend. Friends aren't formal with each other." She looked unconvinced and he did not want to argue. "You haven't had a chance to go on in Miss Bright's place, have you?" he asked. "She's been there every night, hasn't she?"

Millie's lovely eyes began to sparkle still more brightly.

"I was not to say anything, sir, but I'm sure I might tell you—you're so kind. Miss Bright's to get the bird, sir, next week, and I'm to go on in her place. That's why I'm rehearsing so much. And I'm to have twenty pounds a week, sir. Twenty pounds!" She gloated over the sum. "Nobody knows it yet but Mr. Morris and Mr. Cuthbert and me! I asked Mr. Cuthbert if he thought he was quite fair to Miss Bright, for I'd not be a party to any crowding out without reason; but as he said—and it's quite true—she will get squiffy and forget her lines, and he's talked to her about it, but she won't stop. And that's true, sir, too. I heard him myself—everybody heard what he said, and her too. They sounded all over backstage, for they was both excited and angry. I'd not repeat to you, sir, the words Miss Bright used. They were low. So after that I knew it was all right for me to have her place, sir; and then, the money!" She sighed happily.

"But, Millie, you're not spending any money on yourself; you're not enjoying what you're making now! Of course it's fine that you're getting on, and I'm sure you'll do Miss Bright's part much better than she does, but ——" No, he could not ask her what she was doing with her money. A dark quick suspicion came to him. "Have you and Joe made it up?" he asked.

Millie's radiance dimmed instantly, her lips took their sad wistful curve. She shook her head. "No, sir," she confessed. "I've seen Joe now and then on a Sunday, but—but he was walking out with that May!"

"If Joe is that sort, you're well rid of him," said Archer severely. "He's evidently fickle."

"He's not fickle," maintained Millie, "but he will have it that I'm a bad girl now; and that May keeps him stirred up against me. She's crazy after him, sir, and always was. Oh, well!" she sighed. Then she sat up. "I must go, sir; it's late. You've been very kind, sir; you're always kind."

Archer snatched at this straw. "Why won't you come out with me oftener then, Millie? Why won't you come to luncheon, say, tomorrow or the day after? Or dinner, any day? Any day, any time you set will be all right with me."

Millie was rapidly withdrawing. "Thank you, sir, but what with the rehearsing and getting ready to do Miss Bright's part, sir, I haven't any time to rightly call my own; and I might be stopped from coming at the very last minute and put you about, sir, and I'd not like to do that."

"Well, look! If you should be free, telephone me. I'll break any engagement, come any distance. Do that, Millie, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; thank you, sir."

"And I'll be there the first night you do Miss Bright's part, Millie."

"Oh, yes, sir; thank you, sir."

She was gone. It had not been entirely satisfactory, that tea, though he still had a great appreciation of Millie's character—no other girl in the world would have sized old Clarence up so perfectly or been so careful of fairness toward a rotter like Tootsie Bright. Of course he was disappointed about the flowers, but he could understand that in the cramped room at Mrs. Hedgen's—why, oh, why, did she persist in staying in that dump?—long-stemmed roses and mighty clusters of orchids and violets might very well be in the way. If only she would come to a better appreciation of his friendship, his noble desire to help her! He comforted himself by deciding that this would assuredly come in time; and he thrust away from him firmly a sneaking wonder as to why she wouldn't spend any of her money on herself, explaining it that she was doubtless trying to save something for fear of being out of an engagement. That was plausible, and soon he was convinced that her caution and her thrift were just two more splendid adjuncts to her already sterling character.

His business worried him; he was overstaying his time in England, with disastrous results. He knew that he must go back to America soon or he might have no business to go back to. Cables and letters produced no results, straightened no tangles. His firm hand and incisive judgment were needed. It might be possible to make a flying trip, lick everything into shape smartly and be back in England in, say, three or four weeks. But anything can happen in three or four weeks! Clarence—Archer still decidedly mistrusted Clarence, even though Millie seemed to see through him—Clarence might be unexpectedly artful. And if not Clarence, there would be others, numbers of others, who would soon mark out Millie's fresh and alluring youth and trail it persistently. Archer almost hoped that Millie would be a flat failure as a substitute for Tootsie Bright and that Cuthbert would discharge her from the cast in fury, and then—then she would have no one but himself for refuge and comfort. He felt very mean in thus wishing Millie bad luck, but surely a girl with her character would soon perceive that her misfortune was all for the best, a cloud with a silver lining, a calamity with a blessing in its train.

So it was evident that he must stay in England until after Millie made her appearance as a principal. Even if his business went completely to pot! If it did he'd start a new business. He felt keen, resourceful, capable as never before, and he gave Millie's influence the credit for it. Wonderful little girl! How piquant, how bewitching she would be as Mrs. Archer Prindall. No piece of old Chelsea in his collection had such delightful color, such complete charm. "You're kind; you're always kind," she had said. And she didn't dream of how much more kind he meant to be.

She didn't telephone to him, and he had but one more glimpse of her before she took over Tootsie Bright's part. This was all too brief. She was, she confessed, a little nervous, now that the time was so near. Archer had insisted she go to supper with him afterward, and she consented misgivingly.

"I may be such a failure you'll be ashamed of me, sir," she said. "But Mr. Morris and Mr. Cuthbert say I'll be very good. And I can't do less than my best for twenty pounds a week. I've learned the songs and the dances so's I could do them in my sleep, but when I think of being right down front, with all the eyes staring at me, I have a horrible creepy feeling."

"Don't think about the staring eyes," advised Archer. "Imagine they're painted on the wall, not real."

"Yes, sir; I'll try, sir. But the girls in the chorus aren't so nice to me now, since I'm to have a part. They've all been very sneery, as good as saying to my face that I've got off with Mr. Cuthbert; but it's not true, sir. Mr. Cuthbert's always been a perfect gentleman, and so has Mr. Morris, outside of swearing and bad language, sir, which he can't help. He keeps his hands to himself—not so much as a slap or a pinch—and he says nothing to me that I haven't heard him say to everybody, right out before us all. It seems like in the theater they're that way. And certainly no worse than what a girl hears in a hotel, backstairs."

"Oh, Millie," said Archer, "I hate to think of the hard life you've had. We must find a way for you to get out of it all. Don't you want to get out of it, Millie, and have a life of peace and comfort and happiness, and be surrounded with beautiful things and pleasant people?"

"Oh, sir," cried Millie, "that's my heart's fond dream! And I say to myself how it might sometime come true. I used to dream that the marks was off my face, sir, and I looked like other girls. And that came true. So why not maybe the other? It might, sir, mightn't it?"

"Millie," said Archer solemnly, "I promise you it will come true. Yes, my dear little girl, it will. I know it."

He thought of what she had said as he filled the last nervous hours before the evening of her debut. It was he who had made her first fond dream come true, and who but he could make this one come true also? He ordered flowers to be sent to the theater—to be handed over the footlights—baskets, bouquets, wreaths; he looked at square-cut diamond rings; and at last he fidgeted himself into his dress clothes, with his pearl studs, adorned this outfit with his shiny topper, his monogrammed scarf, his super-smart cape, a gardenia for his buttonhole, a new pair of white kid gloves, and an ebony stick with ivory head which heretofore he had been ashamed to carry. His mirror told him that he was indeed elegant, but careworn and pale. But no matter for that. He flung himself into a taxi and sought the theater where Pilly-Winktum held sway.

There was her name on the program, where Tootsie Bright's had been—Millie Morison, as the Princess Pelleta, second daughter of the Monarch of Winktum. And in the lobby there were photographs of her, his Millie, whose fond dream of peace and comfort and happiness he was to make come true. And there, only four seats away and one row back from him, sat that poisonous Clarence, dressed in the utmost gala, and looking, even as Archer, slightly careworn and pale. An outrageous nerve on Clarence's part to look careworn and pale! The fellow had no shame, no decency. But there! Archer stilled his anger. The curtain was rising.

It was all a stupid blank until Millie came on as the Princess Pelleta. With her first word Archer knew she was a hit. She did not play the part as Tootsie Bright had done, with winks and broadly inviting smiles and naughty little leers and nods. Millie was herself—clear, gentle, distinct and competent, and always distractingly pretty—so that the contrast between the words she spoke and the way she spoke them was far more subtly droll and enticing than Tootsie's broad comedy. When she came down front for her first song, Archer almost suffocated with excitement. She put it over with the same delicate touch, the quiet sureness of her spoken phrases. All through the audience chuckles of appreciation broke out, and at the end she got a tremendous hand and many recalls. And Archer's flowers began to be handed over the footlights. With a wreath in one hand, a bunch of roses in her arms and a huge basket beside her, Millie bowed and bowed. She had, as Archer proudly realized, stopped the show. He clapped violently for another recall, and observed that Clarence was doing the same. Ah, well, even Clarence had his uses. His hands were large and firm and made a tremendous racket.

All about Archer rose murmured comments as to Millie's face, her figure, her cleverness, her future. It was conceded that James Cuthbert knew how to pick 'em. Also that Tootsie Bright must be gnawing her nails in horrid rage and jealousy. One grand old relic of the peerage told another that the little gal reminded him of Connie Gilchrist. And Archer was outraged to hear the two old scalawags plotting to let Cuthbert know that they would fain make Millie's acquaintance.

During the intermission Archer prowled around the smoke room and bar, and heard more compliments for Millie. He saw Clarence at a distance taking a Scotch and soda, and was tempted to let bygones be bygones and join him, but the bell for the curtain prevented the reconciliation. He almost ran back to his place, intent to miss nothing.

In the second act Millie was better than in the first. She was more assured, more at ease, and did her second song with more finesse, more allure. Archer felt all his good resolutions to be cautious and go slow melting like ice before an equatorial sun. He wanted to rush backstage and fling himself on his knees and kiss her little hand and tell her he adored her. With an effort he refrained from this demonstration, but he couldn't refrain from sending a note around to remind her of their supper engagement and to tell her how marvelous she was.

Her dressing room was filled with his flowers, and in the midst of them stood Millie, answering modestly the congratulations of her fellow actors, who gave them generously. Even the star, the great Bob Timmins, who played the part of Monarch of Winktum, came in to say a kindly word. More important, Cuthbert himself, a little, dry, elderly stick of a man was there, and smiling! When Cuthbert smiled the theatrical firmament beamed. The girls who played the other princesses, the juvenile lead, the specialty dancers, and Millie's late mates of the chorus all were imbued with the desire to tell her—before Cuthbert—how very good she was. Archer admired the unassuming way in which Millie responded.

It was midnight before he got away to the supper he had ordered. She wore the black evening dress he had bought for her at Brighton, but to him she seemed to scintillate as if in cloth of gold sown with diamonds.

"Millie," he told her, over and over, "you were simply wonderful. You knocked 'em cold. You made Tootsie Bright look like a piece of last year's hash."

"Mr. Cuthbert was pleased, too," beamed Millie, "and he's going to give me thirty pounds, instead of twenty. He told me so this evening."

"Does the money mean so much to you? Don't you enjoy the applause, the thrill of making that big audience go off its head?"

"Oh, yes, sir, that was all very well, but what would be the good of it unless I was well paid for it?"

(Continued on Page 168)

The Inside PEER

Less than a year ago, the present management was placed in command at Peerless. From the very first, we realized that certain drastic moves must be made if this honored, old company was to forge ahead.

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We found a vast inventory that would have to be liquidated down to the last part and the last car—and it had to be done quickly and regardless of cost.

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This policy took courage—and these changes took money. This meant a year without profit in 1928. But it had to be done.

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If it meant drastic measures to prepare for such a future, we had to take such measures.

Purchasers of Peerless cars must get the greatest possible value.

Peerless dealers must have the finest of cars to sell. Their discounts must be generous. They must make money. This was written indelibly into this new management's plan of operation.

The work is finished. The decks are cleared. Old inventory has been wiped off the slate. The factory is a model of modern manufacturing. Expenses—heavy as they were—have all been absorbed in 1928. Today, Peerless is ready to go.

This is the beginning of a five year Peerless prosperity program.

We start 1929 in a most enviable position. Not a bank loan . . . . Unlimited credit . . . No mortgages . . . No preferred stock . . . Plenty of cash in the bank . . . And a unified management, working tirelessly for the advancement of Peerless.

Three Advanced New Peerless Lines Now Ready

And we have a complete new line of cars—lines that we proudly announce as the product of the new Peerless management.

You will find each of them a definite advance over anything Peerless has ever produced—smart . . . dashing . . . surprising on the hills . . . quiet . . . comfortable.

And you will find in each, quality far above that indicated by the price.

A Big New Six-61 At a New Low Price

For months Peerless engineers and factory officials labored tirelessly to produce the industry's greatest value in a low priced car.

It has cost us over a million dollars to develop, and it is a brilliant expression of our ideals. The new 1929 Six-61 is a big, roomy, powerful automobile.

Story of LESS by

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PRESIDENT

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION

It will sell at a price never before approached by a car of such beauty—such size—such finished performance.

Its powerful motor has a 7-bearing crankshaft to free it from vibration—to give pick-up like lightning—speed—power.

Ross cam and lever steering and hydraulic internal expanding 4-wheel brakes make driving easy—and safe.

Nickel parts plated in rust-proof, tarnish-proof chromium add sparkle to the soft, satin finish.

Many other advantages make the Six-61 a car such as never before has been sold at a price so low. It is truly an amazing value.

Simultaneously with the initial appearance of this car at the New York Automobile Show, Peerless is announcing two other New Models—

The New Six-81
The New Straight Eight-125

With these two remarkable models in addition to the Six-61 and the famous Six-91 announced last year, we are in a position to reach the goal to which Peerless has long aspired.

We have for dealers and distributors a line of cars unapproached in downright value—with a price range that covers all pocketbooks.

We can offer car buyers their choice of four different cars, varying in size and price—but one in quality and value.

WHEN YOU CONSIDER A NEW CAR

Buy carefully in 1929. Buy from this 30-year old organization that is aggressive and progressive. Buy a car designed and built for 1929 demand.

Peerless cars are built in a modern factory, of finest materials bought on a quantity basis. They are the product of a plant unhampered by old inventory.

This year, buy a Peerless. It will make us friends for life.

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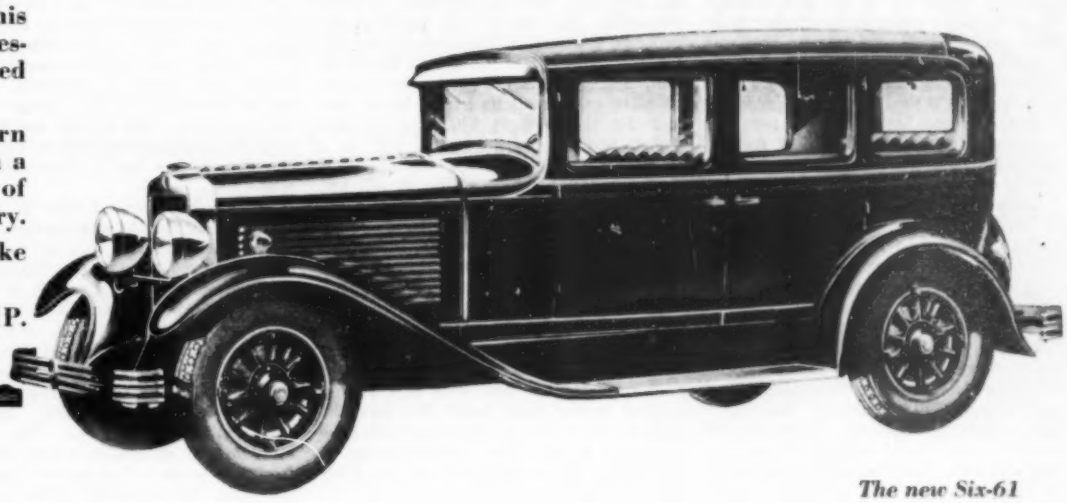

The new Six-61 Sedan

(Continued from Page 165)

Practical little darling! Not mercenary, nor materialistic, but just beautifully, honestly practical. Archer watched her eating chicken *suprême* and doted on her. It seemed a good moment to tell her that which was so terribly on his mind.

"I've simply got to go back to America, Millie. I was only waiting for tonight. I'll be sailing off in a day or so now. I'll be back just as soon as I can. I—I don't want you to forget me, Millie."

"I'll never forget you, sir," said Millie. "You've been more kind to me than any one in the world ever was."

"And don't let your new part spoil you, Millie. The stage-door johnnies and a lot of others will be after you, you know. I wish you'd promise me that before you take any important step of any kind, you'd wait until I come back, and consult with me about it. Would you promise me that, Millie?"

Millie looked at him with her limpid gentle gaze. "How long do you think you'll be away, sir?"

"Oh, a month or six weeks at the longest."

"Then I think I could promise. I'll not be doing anything very much in that time. I'm not one to move hasty, sir."

"And will you write to me sometimes, Millie, or cable me? That will be better. I'll arrange for you to cable at my expense. Send me a cable—a long one—once or twice a week, won't you? I shall be so anxious to hear how you're getting on."

"Cabling costs a great deal, sir, I've heard. I'd not like to have you spending all that money."

"But I want to, Millie. And I assure you I can afford it. Don't worry about the cost; it will be nothing compared to my peace of mind. Send me a cable every day if you will. I'll be glad and thankful to have them."

"But I couldn't think of anything to say, sir, every day."

"But twice a week, Millie, just to say you're well and all right."

She nodded doubtfully. "Once a week ought to be plenty, sir, for that."

Archer swallowed his impatience. "Try it twice a week, anyway, just to please me."

"Well, sir, if you really wish it ——"

"I do, very much. And, Millie, if you see anything of Clarence, ignore him. I've known him for years, and he used to be my friend, but I've been very much surprised at some of the things I've found out about him. A nice girl like you can't be too careful with a man like Clarence. Remember."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. I'll remember."

It seemed that he had done everything he could, but he sailed with a most uneasy mind. He had a rough trip and was violently sick, but he managed to wireless to Millie all during the voyage, messages full of solicitude and kindness. These messages would keep him constantly in her thoughts, make her remember all his wise counsel. Yet at times his pangs of uncertainty were much worse than seasickness. She was so pretty, she was so bewitching! And he was so far away, and going farther with every beat of the ship's engines! There was no one to protect her against the pursuing cave men who would inevitably seek to snatch her. He had only his trust in her sterling character for reassurance.

Arrived upon his native heath, he found his business in worse case than he had expected. Much had been concealed from him. He was obliged to roll up his sleeves and pitch in for a general housecleaning, without fear or favor, and for a time everything indicated that when the cleaning was over there might be no house remaining. One week went by, two, three, four! And still Archer labored, and still he did not dare book passage back to England. The cables from Millie came regularly. To be sure, all they said was "Well. All right"; but that sustained him. His own cables were full of good advice and a great amount of affection neatly expressed not to alarm her by vehemence or chill her by lack of warmth.

Naturally he could not work all the time, and there were many social threads to be recaptured. Old friends rallied round him with cries of joy at his return. He was invited, made much of. But he found it all shallow and dull. None of the girls he knew had the character—no, nor the figure of Millie. None of them had her sweetness, her charm, her eyelashes. He bought many English newspapers and magazines, looking for mention of her, for her picture, and when he found either one or the other he was a joyful man. He cut them all out and filled his pockets with them; he couldn't draw out his cigarette case or his handkerchief without a paragraph or two about Miss Millie Morison, of the London hit, Pilly-Winktum, or a wholly unsatisfactory reproduction of Miss Millie Morison's demure and lovely countenance.

In nothing that he read about her did Archer find anything to cause him any real disquietude beyond a fear that her growing fame and rising popularity might prove a bar between them. All the more reason why he shouldn't let his business go flop; he must have something pretty good to offer her when the time came for him to speak. He set his teeth and went at his task with ruthless energy. But in spite of every effort, it was ten long weeks from the day he had set sail from Southampton before he could board the ship to go back again. When he did at last walk up the gangplank it was with the pleasing knowledge that his business was absolutely sound again, and more than ever profitable, and also that he could leave it for a little while without fear. But he wasn't going to stay away so long again! No, not if he had to commute from London and New York.

He did not tell Millie he was coming; he wanted to surprise her. He even arranged for a cable or two to be sent off after he had sailed, so that she would think him still in America. He put into those cables "Hoping to see you soon," and "Business progressing well; will soon be able to leave," and other little hints and indications, but he didn't say he was on the way. He meant to go to London and unpack comfortably, buy a seat for Pilly-Winktum, enjoy the sight of Millie all unaware of his nearness, and then go round backstage and see her, take her out to supper and, if the moment seemed propitious, put before her frankly and urgently the state of his heart.

All the way over, and even when he was most seasick, he pictured her surprise and pleasure. All the way over he formed sentences, half sentences and single phrases calculated to explain, to win. His steward, who heard him muttering, thought he was mad and told the purser that they'd better keep an eye on him, he might go violent.

His program clicked perfectly. He got a comfortable room; there was time to bathe and shave, to have his clothes pressed and to eat a nice little dinner, though he wasn't hungry. Tense with expectancy, he sat himself in a front-row stall and watched the orchestra come in and tune their instruments. He gave a half crown to the program girl—and did not see her surreptitiously bite it, fearful that it might be bad. And he waited—waited in such a state of naïve excitement he hardly knew himself—for the moment when the Princess Pelleta would appear.

When the Princess Pelleta did appear it was not Millie. Not Millie at all, but a chubby brunette with a square bang. Archer gulped and gazed, gazed and gulped, wondering if his eyes had tricked him. She was nowhere on the stage! Frenziedly he leafed his neglected program—no, her name was not there, not anywhere. The disaster was so unexpected, so overwhelming, that at first he could not move. Then he rose and hustled out to the cloakroom, reclaimed his hat and stick and rushed around to the stage door. She must be sick, she must be—oh, what mightn't have happened to her! His breath fluttered in his throat; he could hardly command his voice to speak.

A more than generous tip brought him but meager information. Miss Morison had left the cast last Saturday. Today was Thursday! She had resigned; the management had not wanted her to go—not at all. Mr. Cuthbert was wild about it. Archer cared nothing for Mr. Cuthbert's wildness. Where was she now? That was what he wanted to know. Where, where? With exasperating slowness the old doorman wrote an address on a slip of paper and handed it to him.

Archer snatched it, held it to the light. Why, it was nothing but Mrs. Hedgen's—Mrs. Hedgen's, the poor, the grubby. She couldn't be there! She simply couldn't! But the doorman stolidly affirmed that was all the address he had.

Archer rushed down the alley and leaped into a passing taxi. It took seemingly hours and hours and hours to arrive at Mrs. Hedgen's, and never had the house seemed so dark and forbidding and dumpish. He rang twice, three times, and after more hours and hours the door was opened an inch and the head of a stupid young girl appeared.

She didn't know anything about any Miss Morison—no, nor about any Miss Millie Covings. She 'ad promised Mrs. 'Edgen she would stay there the night, becos Mrs. 'Edgen 'ad gone to her sister's, who was took sick. No, she didn't know where Mrs. 'Edgen's sister lived. Mrs. 'Edgen wouldn't be back until morning. No, she didn't know any Miss Morison, nor none of the people in the 'ouse. No, there wasn't nobody she could ask. The conversation was abruptly closed by the closing door.

There was nothing to do but wait until morning and come back on a chance that Mrs. Hedgen would be there. Or he might go to the theater and make more inquiries; someone must know something. She couldn't have dropped out of sight without giving a reason. Shaking with apprehension, he retraced his steps.

But he got no satisfaction. The man in the box office knew nothing. Mr. Cuthbert was not in his office, and his secretary looked casually at Archer and answered even more casually. There was no one who could tell him a thing. He even thought of calling up Clarence, but there he balked. Tomorrow he might be driven to that desperate pitch, but tonight, no.

He spent a hideous white night, sleepless, torn with vague fears, racked with trepidation. His estimate of Millie's character did not help him now. He saw the whole world of London as a hideous devouring monster with appetite directed solely and unswervingly on the choice morsel of Millie. What chance would this girl have against the evil machinations of this dragon, this Moloch—she, so weak, so ignorant, so inexperienced? His imagination ranged madly up and down a scale of unspeakable horrors.

At eight o'clock he was back at Mrs. Hedgen's. Thank God, she had returned. And she remembered him. But Millie was no longer there. No, she wasn't sick. She was quite all right.

"She left yesterday," said Mrs. Hedgen, "but I can tell you where she is. There's the address. You'll find her there."

If he had been less distraught, Archer might have noted a secretive, pleased malice flickering over Mrs. Hedgen's hard, worn features. But he saw nothing. He took this address thankfully and urged the chauffeur of his taxi to break the speed laws.

Yet when he arrived there he thought for a moment that he must be the victim of a hoax. It was not very far from Mrs. Hedgen's, and though the neighborhood was somewhat better, it wasn't prosperous or smart. And the number itself was a shop—a little tobacco shop. He got out doubtfully, hesitated, looked about him.

Then through the shop window he caught a glimpse of a pair of soft gray eyes, pink cheeks, waving hair—Millie! He flung himself through the door. Yes, it was Millie herself, dressed in a neat blue print dress, her hands full of boxes of cigarettes which she was disposing on the shelves.

"What—what are you doing here?" gasped Archer.

She dropped the cigarettes, hurried round the counter, beaming. "Oh, Mr. Prindall, sir, this makes it complete!" she cried. "How glad and thankful I am that you've come! Oh, how are you, sir, and when did you get here? Oh, but I am glad to see you!"

"But Millie—Millie!"

"Oh, you're surprised, sir, and no wonder. I'm surprised myself; it all happened so sudden-like. I'm married, Mr. Prindall—married last night—and this is my shop."

"Married—to whom?"

"To Joe, sir; who else should I marry? Oh, sir, I thought it all out that as soon as I'd money enough saved for a shop, Joe would surely come back to me; and that was why I wouldn't spend anything, and that was why I wouldn't leave Mrs. Hedgen's. I saved every sixpence—every one, sir—and it all happened just as I'd thought. I told you I had my heart's fond dream, sir, before you went away. Well, this is it!"

Archer leaned weakly against the counter. Millie went on talking, gayly, volubly:

"I looked about and found this shop, sir, and there's two rooms overhead where we're living; and I even got my polished oak bed and dresser, sir; and there's another room behind, and his mother and sister'll have that by the end of the week. Everything's lovely, sir."

"Where—where is your husband?" asked Archer, trying to take it in.

"Gone to his job, sir, of course. He's on with the telephone company, you know. He couldn't give that up. Oh, I'm that sorry, sir! I'd love to have you meet him! But there'll be plenty of time."

"But your stage career, Millie. You were getting on so well; you could have made ever so much more money; you might have been a star." He could not mention his own hopes.

Millie shook her pretty head. "No, sir, Joe'd never have married a girl on the stage. And I didn't dare lose any more time; with that May after him so, I wasn't sure but she might've got him anyway. But I sent him word to come round, and I had it out with him plain, and—well, he admitted he'd spoke too hasty about my marks being taken off, sir; and when he saw the shop, sir, and I said I'd never care about any other boy than him—well, he was won over. We're very happy, sir. Very, very happy. The stage isn't anything beside how happy we are. I never was the one to be contented on the stage, what with the late hours and the undressing and the queer people all around. I've got back to my own, you might say. And I had money enough to buy the shop and stock it, and our furniture, and I've a nice little lump left for a rainy day."

Archer looked at her, in her blue cotton frock reminiscent of her hotel uniform, her eyes so bright, her color so charming, her little chin so gently obstinate for her own way. He had estimated her correctly; she had, indeed, character. He had not known how much, nor of what compounded. But now he knew. He drew a long, painful sigh. Strangely enough he thought of Clarence, good old Clarence. Why, they need never have quarreled.

"I'm very glad you're happy, Millie," he said dully. "Very glad indeed."

"I owe it all to you, sir. If it hadn't been for you getting my marks off me, I'd've been slaving away at that hotel for years before I'd've had this shop. Oh, you've been so good, sir."

Reluctantly he dropped the rôle of suitor, became once more the superior benefactor. It gave a touch of balm to his raw hurt. Millie contentedly keeping a tobacco shop was—he could not help but see it—unthinkable as Mrs. Archer Prindall.

"I'll leave you," he promised grandly, "a standing order for cigarettes when I'm in London. You can send them to the hotel, of course."

And Millie, smiling and respectful, replied, as always, "Oh, yes, sir; thank you, sir."

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* * *

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Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 23)

the attention he paid to them, and it was his boast that he had dug a new canal called the Abundance of Hammurabi.

"Unto Samsi-Ramman, Patesi of the city of Assur, say: Thus saith Hammurabi: In the matter of the men of Hatti who invaded thy land and with whom I commanded thee to fight, thou hast done well. The booty thou hast taken shalt thou divide into three parts, one part for the goddess Ishtar in the temple of thy city, one part for thyself, and one part shalt thou send to me here in Babylon. The men of my king's company whom I sent unto thee shall remain in thy country until they receive my command."

Of doubtful allegiance was this vassal king of Assyria, and there was more than a suspicion that he had invited the men of Hatti into his country while his suzerain was engaged in the south; not yet would Hammurabi withdraw the corps of occupation which had powerfully hinted at the wisdom of obedience.

Letter after letter such as these—some of them marvelously to be found and deciphered four thousand years later—Nebosum-yunik the scribe wrote rapidly with a copper stylus on a damp clay tablet. Upon each he scattered some powdered dry earth, molded around it another piece of wet clay, thus prevented from adhering to it, inscribed the address upon this outer envelope, handed it to an attendant slave to be taken to the oven and baked. Yet, even while he dictated them in tersely vigorous language, the thoughts of Hammurabi the King wandered, and he frowned ever more darkly at the lengthening shadows in the garden. Surely soon Ibni-Martu must appear to say that Amat-Nina was safely within the House of Women! Though the Elamite princesses had journeyed far back in the long marching column kept perforce to the narrow road between a canal bank and the fields of yellow-ripe grain, yet now surely had the young man had time to have extricated them, to have forced a passage for them through the tumultuous press of eagerly returning soldiers, to have brought them into Babylon.

The sleek voice of old Ea-zir-ibni recalled him to his duties.

"Within the palace, O Mighty One," he said, "are the wise men whom the Beloved of Marduk charged to collect the sentences of his justice that they might be laws to the people forever. Several new articles of the code have they brought for thy divine wisdom to approve ——"

Hammurabi glared at him in exasperation. "Marduk forbid that now I should be wearied with those prating graybeards!" By the power of Marduk, if Ibni-Martu did not soon come, he should be slain upon the spot when at last he did make his dilatory appearance! "Is this a day to make laws? Verily, must I bethink myself of a new vizier! Age has enfeebled thy wits, O Ea-zir-ibni!"

The vizier fidgeted uncomfortably.

"In the Beloved of Marduk is all power and all wisdom, and this old man—though the proverb says 'In years shalt thou find counsel'—is but his slave," he said with unctuous deference. "Within the palace also wait the men of Egypt who come with words of greeting and rich presents from their king. Doubtless, this also is not a day when the Mighty One would turn upon them the light of his countenance?"

Hammurabi's frown relaxed. Flattering, indeed, was this embassy from distant Egypt, significant of the fame of his glory far-spread over the world.

"Why didst thou not tell me, dotard? Is it thus I am served? Is it thus that my brother of Egypt should be dishonored in those he sends unto me?"

Outside in the garden there was a sharp military challenge from the armed guard, alert at its duty. A familiar voice responded. A moment later, even as Hammurabi sprang impatiently to his feet, Ibni-Martu entered, prostrated himself before his master.

"O Mighty One, I heard and I have obeyed!" he said. He held out the carved cylinder of precious stone. "His sign of power now I return unto my lord!"

"Safely hast thou brought Amat-Nina to the House of Women?" demanded Hammurabi, ignoring the proffered seal in that impatience.

"Within thy House of Women is she, together with the other princesses who are thy slaves, O Mighty One," replied the young man, still crouching with his face held down.

Hammurabi's frown vanished from his brow.

"Well hast thou done, O Ibni-Martu, ever faithful!" he said. "Well did I place my love and my trust in thee! I remember now my word. Ask what boon thou wilt of me. By Ishtar, goddess of love and war, it shall be thine! But ask it speedily, for I am in haste!"

The young man turned up a handsome face, now grimed with dust, haggard with strain and fatigue.

"O Mighty One, thy bidding have I done and no reward do I need. Grant that at another time I may ask my boon and be not refused."

Hammurabi smiled at him. "As thou wilt, my son." What mattered such trifles now? "Keep, then, my token in pledge that it shall be granted thee."

He stepped down from his divan, moved toward a door in the wall from which a slave drew back a richly woven drapery.

"And the men from thy brother of Egypt, O Mighty One," cried Ea-zir-ibni—"what shall I say to the men from Egypt?"

But Hammurabi the King stayed not to answer.

At the portal of the House of Women two gigantic negro eunuchs lowered in respect their copper-bladed scimitars, opened the ponderously heavy door for the entrance of Hammurabi the King. He passed into a long hall, flooded, between the shadows of massively brick-built stuccoed piers, with the sunset light from the palm garden along one side of it. Magnificent was that apartment whither no man but him might penetrate. Its main wall was pictured in vivid colors with the mythic deeds of Ishtar, goddess of love and war. The roof was of cedarwood from distant Lebanon, its beams overlaid with cunningly wrought silver plates. The floor was alabaster from Assyria, strewn with precious rugs and sunken with marble-rimmed fountains whence spurting jets of water made a coolness in the air. At his appearance there was a sudden cessation of a many-voiced feminine chatter, an abrupt hushing of giggling laughter, of plaintive little songs crooned to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. In a manifold eager murmur, its inmates rose from the rugs and divans where, in gossiping groups, they had beguiled their seclusion, some in a single loose garment of finely woven wool, all young and all beautiful in every variety of beauty—brown-eyed desert girls; raven-haired handsome Semites; fair-complexioned women from the mountains of the north; negresses from Africa; quaintly diminutive, slant-eyed, saffron-faced women brought from the East by the slave traders of the Southern Sea. They crowded round him in competitive appeal for his notice, smiled boldly or demurely sighed, gazed at him flatteringly with eyes darkened by kohl, touched his garment with finger tips reddened with henna, murmured humbly, "O Mighty One!"—"King of Kings!"—"Lord of Love!" Absolute master of all their lives was he. Solely for his delight, for even his momentary caprice, existed this multitude of women of diversely perfect loveliness; princesses captured in past campaigns and purchased slave girls intermingled in a common dependence on his whim, death the inexorable punishment for any who should look with eyes of love upon another man. He deigned no glance at any of them, passed quickly and purposefully through the hall.

At the farther end of it, clustered in a melancholy little group, sat half a dozen of the Elamite princesses that day brought into the House of Women. Not yet resigned to their fate, they huddled dejectedly in the new garments that had been given them, wept, sunk in their misery. Nevertheless, one of them raised her head, smiled timidly as he passed. He looked neither at her nor at her companions. Amat-Nina was not among them.

He quitted the Hall of Concubines by another door, emerged into another little high-walled garden, turned toward a pavilion guarded by yet two more negro eunuchs with drawn scimitars. They abased themselves, threw open the door for him.

A moment later he stood in a small apartment whose splendor made the magnificence of the Hall of Concubines seem of small account, so richly did it glow with inlaid precious stones heightening the vivid hues of the enameled tiles on roof and walls, so luxuriously was it appointed with furniture of shaped ivory and solid gold, with woven hangings of gorgeous dyes, with priceless rugs upon its marble floor. He accustomed his eyes to the subdued light that came from a narrow window of intricately carved latticework, saw—slim-figured upon a huge divan heaped with cushions—her whose arrival he had so impatiently awaited. An old slave woman arose discreetly from where she had crouched, vanished like a shadow. They were alone.

He took a step toward her, spoke her name softly, "Amat-Nina."

She raised her head, looked at him with long-lashed dark eyes that seemed the eyes of Ishtar herself.

"It is again thou, O King?" she said disdainfully. "Hast thou no affairs of state, no ambassadors from conquered realms, to busy thee in thy palace?"

He came closer, moving stiffly in his heavy royal robe. "For thee did I leave them, Amat-Nina. My feet hastened of themselves toward thee, who art more to me than my kingdom."

Her lips curled. Exquisite was she in that dark-haired loveliness.

"Thou wouldst once more hear me say I hate thee?"

"Even that would I rather hear, than have not thy voice in my ears, O Amat-Nina!"

She mocked at him insultingly.

"Lo, the great Hammurabi! Who would hear a slave girl say she hates him. Hear it then again, graybeard: I hate thee!"

He winced, his hand going involuntarily to his gray-streaked, curled beard. A flush of anger came menacingly into the lined face, strangely transformed from its normal severity.

He compressed his shaven lips to a silence before which the bravest of his warriors would have quailed.

She held him with her large mysterious eyes, smiled in scornful challenge.

"Thou dost not slay me, king?"

He had but to call the negroes at the portal and with a stroke of a scimitar that lovely head would roll at his feet, its bitter mockery forever annihilated. He could not do it. A magic seemed upon him—upon him, Hammurabi, King of Kings, master of the world—a magic that had entered into him at that first sight of her when she had been dragged into his presence from the tumult and the death shrieks in her father's captured city. Now, as then, he craved not merely for that possession of her to which the custom of war entitled him, but—like a foolish Ishtar-smitten youth—for the miracle of her spontaneous love. It was an emotion utterly novel in his life, filled for the last thirty years with the absorbing problems of war and statecraft, with a plethora of beautiful women who were but tamely submissive playthings, never seriously to be considered.

Surely a magic of Ishtar was this irresistible influence which, incongruously, humiliatingly, miserably, had metamorphosed him from his familiar dominant masterfulness, had reduced him—the semidivine Mighty One of Babylon, before whom all men cowered—to a wretched suppliant. All the long march from the south, each new beholding of her from whom he could not keep away, the mere incessantly haunting thought of her, unlike all other women in her elusively glamorous beauty, unlike all other women in her incredible slighting scorn of him, had prisoned him in this madness unworthy of himself. He could not escape from it. Once more he yielded to the spell, made himself humble to her.

"What may I do that thou wilt love me, Amat-Nina?" he said gently. "Even as I, Hammurabi the King, love thee?"

She smiled cruelly. "Though thou wert king of all the world," she answered, "yet couldst thou not command love, even of a captive slave as I am."

He moved closer to her in the stiffness of his heavily embroidered royal robes.

"Listen, O Amat-Nina! Thy freedom will I give thee. This day will I proclaim thee queen in Babylon—chief and first of all my queens!"

Her large dark eyes lit with a flash of triumph. Her beautiful face seemed yet more beautiful as she smiled.

"So would I have thee do, Great King! Not unworthy to be thy queen am I. Proclaim me—daughter of Rim-Sin the King, thy enemy—thy queen in Babylon! Then may I shame thee before thy people in my hate of thee. Already have I chosen my lover."

At last it was too much. He sprang at her fiercely, his hand on the hilt of the dagger at his side.

"Thou hast a lover?"

Unafraid, she still smiled in that baffling, maddening loveliness.

"Even so, Great King. Since this day's dawn have I chosen him!"

A murderous fury surged up in him, was a red mist before his eyes.

"His name!" They should die together, in all that could be imagined of torture. "Speak his name!"

She laughed outright, a silvery little laugh.

"Thou mayst slay me, O King, yet will I not name him. Only this will I say: No gray has he in his beard!"

Maniacally, he seized her by the throat, lifted his dagger, poised it for the thrust. She sat rigidly unmoved, made no effort to struggle. An atrocious thought checked the impulse in him. Should he slay her now, never would he discover the man she loved. He flung her brutally from him, flung the poniard upon the floor.

She laughed again in his face. "Thou canst not even slay me, Great King! Thou canst not, for the power of Ishtar is upon thee—Ishtar, whom I did invoke to punish thee, enemy of my father!—and thou art but a man as other men!"

It was beyond endurance. He wrenched himself away from her, hurried, as though demons were upon him, to the door. As he dropped the curtain behind him she still laughed, mockingly.

The moon was a brilliant disk of silver in a milk-blue sky of faintly golden stars as Hammurabi the King emerged onto the flat roof of his palace, in company with old Ea-zir-ibni, his vizier, and with Zamama-iddin, chief of his astrologers.

The vizier continued the subtle flattery he hoped, nervously, would conjure away the frown from his master's brow. Difficult had been the conversation in the torch-lit hall below.

(Continued on Page 172)

The Most Startling Improvement

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(Continued from Page 170)

"Verily, O Mighty One, since now the Elamite is vanquished and there is none in all the world to withstand thee, shouldst thou in the next spring season chastise the insolence of this King of Mitanni, leading thy army even to the Western Sea in conquest, as did Sargon of Aggade in ancient time ——"

Hammurabi interrupted him exasperatedly: "Cease thy prating, dotard! Not now with war is my spirit filled." He turned to the astrologer. "Read the stars for me, Zamama-iddin, and read them well or thy useless head shall roll from thy shoulders."

Zamama-iddin trembled a little as he answered. Warily walked those around the monarch when he was in one of these fiercely arbitrary moods, unrecognizably transformed from the sternly righteous legislator who enforced the most just of laws upon his kingdom.

"All my skill will I use, O Beloved of Marduk, to do thy bidding. But not easy this night is it to read the stars, for Ishtar—as thou seest, O Mighty One—reigns over the world, calling the husbandman to the harvest on the morrow."

From his robe he extracted his stylus and a tablet of damp clay, began to make calculations as carefully he noted the positions of the stars, faint in the flood of moonlight.

Hammurabi stood in expectant silence, gazed over the great city spread out around him in a glimmering whiteness broken by dark palm trees tufted here and there against the housetops, within the circuit of colossal walls which hid any near view of the Euphrates, tortuously broad and shining in the distance of the limitless plain. Towering into the milky sky, loomed close at hand the huge seven-staged *zikkurat*, whither he must now soon again ascend to "take the hand" of Marduk the God, renewing for another year his divinely royal power, for tonight—as the astrologer had reminded him—Ishtar, reigning magnificently in the heaven, gave the signal for the gathering of the harvest.

Tomorrow in all the Land of the Two Rivers would the slaves and the humble peasants go out, joyously disguised, to cut the golden grain. Tomorrow—soon now to be announced by the clamor of gongs in all the temples—in the city would commence that annual wild masquerade when for five days he, Hammurabi, would be no longer king.

He turned to Ea-zir-ibni, awedly hushed while the astrologer made his intricate calculations.

"Whom have they designated to be Zakmuk in the festival?" he asked. So was called the criminal chosen for that brief reign of tragic termination.

"One taken with the wife of another man, O Mighty One, and condemned to die, as it is written in thy righteous laws."

"It is well." There was no crime which at that moment he felt more worthy of death.

He turned again to gaze over that city which he had made the mightiest in the world, its vast temples heaped with the gold and silver of his victories, the houses of its merchants and great landowners splendid in a luxury not elsewhere to be matched, a monument to the greatness of him in whom was incarnated the prosperity of the land.

The notes of a stringed instrument softly plucked came from the shadowed palm garden immediately under the parapet of the roof. A man's voice began to sing in a melancholy melody:

"If I were king in Babylon,
Ishtar, O Ishtar!
To outshine thy white splendor would I bring,
From dark captivity, her who alone
Makes flowers to blossom and the birds to sing.
In wedding garments should she mount my throne,
If I were king in Babylon,
Ishtar, O Ishtar!"

Zamama-iddin had finished his computations. He came toward his master, tablet in hand.

"O Mighty One, thus do the constellations portend ——"

The king silenced him with an imperious gesture. Who was this who sang in his palm gardens near Amat-Nina's pavilion? Surely not one of the eunuchs! He listened intently, an anguish at his heart, as the improvised song of the serenader passed into another measure:

"There is no night; for I have seen her hair.
There are no stars; for I have seen her eyes.
There is no moon; her radiance is more rare.
There is no sun; nor yet does she arise!
There is no honey; for I know her mouth.
There are no palms; I saw such slenderness.
There is no wine; I dreamed and am in drouth.
There is no fire; I burn—O dreamed caress!

Music, be still! For I have heard her speak.
Breeze, hush thee! I inhaled her perfumed breath.
Rose, droop and die! I know her dark-flushed cheek.
World, take farewell! For me is naught but death!"

Old Ea-zir-ibni nodded his head sapiently.

"A sweet singer, O Mighty One, and a sweet song! So, when I was young, did I send minstrels to sing under the window of my beloved."

"Silence, fool!" whispered the king furiously. "I would listen!" His limbs trembled. Was this the man? Patience—patience, yet for a moment. He peered over the parapet into the garden, could see nothing save the interlaced sharp shadows of the palms.

In the stillness there was the sound of a lattice being opened with precaution. A woman's voice sang in seductive, silvery tones, discreetly soft:

"If I were queen in Babylon,
Ishtar, O Ishtar!
My lover should he be, and he my king,
Who dares to woo me, though the sword of death
Be bright above bold love. I heard him sing,
Hushing the night. Would we not mingle breath
If I were queen in Babylon?
Ishtar, O Ishtar!"

It was the voice of Amat-Nina! He listened and it seemed that his very heart had stopped. Yes. Surely that was a footstep on the path! Surely he heard whispering voices at the door of the pavilion; surely that was someone who passed within! Who? Were the guards not there? Almost he cried out in that atrocious pain of jealousy, in incredulous indignation that the sanctity of his House of Women should thus shamelessly be violated. They should die—all of them should die—in torture! But now might he entrap them. Quickly, quickly, with no warning sound, while that unknown was still with her who had mockingly insulted him with the boast of her lover. Verily was the sword of death bright above bold love! He gloated cruelly, vindictively, in the thought as—leaving Ea-zir-ibni and Zamama-iddin with a peremptory word that bade them watch if any appeared in the garden below—he hastened from the roof.

If only he were yet in time. The anxiety almost suffocated him as he hurried down the narrow stairway where slaves held flaring torches for his august passage, reached the ground level of his palace, hastened—exasperatingly long was the way—to the eunuch-guarded portal—None had passed, O Mighty One!—of the House of Women, hastened through the long Hall of Concubines where startled figures—They should all die! He would annihilate the sex!—half rose from their couches, found himself at last in the little palm garden where the moon shone brilliantly through the fronds and the negro eunuchs stood like statues of ebony before the door of the pavilion. He hurried to the adjacent ward house, called softly for Zakir, the chief of the eunuchs.

The obese old man appeared, prostrated himself at the sight of his dread master.

"What wills my lord, O Mighty One?"

"All thy eunuchs, with their swords—and silently!"

At Zakir's whispered word, they issued—a dozen of them, huge and armed with scimitars—from the ward house, stood awaiting their orders.

Hammurabi the King hurried them to the door of the pavilion.

"What man has passed within?" he asked in a stern low voice of anger, formidable before the negro guardians. "Answer, and make no noise!"

They flung themselves at his feet abjectly.

"It was with thy token, O Mighty One—with the seal that may not be disobeyed!"

Ibni-Martu! Ibni-Martu, to whom he had given his seal in pledge! Ibni-Martu, the ever-faithful, to whom he had intrusted his life in the day of battle! Ibni-Martu, the lover whom Amat-Nina had chosen, had enmeshed with her witcheries as of Ishtar! Ibni-Martu, whom he had loved almost as a son! He could have slain the whole world. He pointed to the wretched, groveling negroes.

"Strike off their heads and follow me!"

He could not wait for the instant of that ruthlessly unquestioning obedience, hurried through the door, tore aside the curtain, stood within the little apartment whose myriad inlaid precious stones gleamed with the radiance of a little hand lamp upon a golden table. There, on the great divan, intertwined in a close embrace from which they sprang apart in the surprise of his entrance, were Amat-Nina and Ibni-Martu. The guards had crowded in behind him.

"Slay them both!" he cried in a voice that choked with the outrage, with the vehemence of his wrath.

Before the sword bearers could complete their rush, Ibni-Martu had leaped to his feet, held aloft the seal of power with which he had obtained entrance.

"Back!" he cried. "The token of the Mighty One protects me! Great King, in pledge for thy boon I hold it—the boon thou hast sworn by Ishtar, goddess of love and war, that may not be denied! Now shalt thou grant that boon or be forsworn of the goddess who forgives not!"

Hammurabi glared at him. True it was. The pledge he had given could not be denied without who knew what of supernatural calamity.

"Only the manner of thy death will I grant!" he said in teeth-clenched fury. "Already art thou condemned!"

"Even that boon do I ask, Great King! The boon that cannot be refused! Condemned am I. Let me therefore be Zakmuk in the festival that begins!"

There was a silence while the guards paused, glanced at their master. It could not be refused to him. For five days must this mad, handsome youth reign in his place. Yet should he not enjoy that stolen love!

He smiled grimly over his grizzled beard.

"By Ishtar did I swear, and Hammurabi breaks not his oath," he said. "Thy boon is granted. Zakmuk shalt thou be—and evil shall be thy death when ends the festival." He turned to the guards. "Chain him in the House of Bondage until the festival begins. And slay now the woman."

Even as the guards ran again upon her with drawn scimitars, there arose a fearful din of violently beaten gongs from all over the city. The festival of Zakmuk had begun.

Ibni-Martu sprang in front of his beloved.

"Back, O slaves! Back!" he shouted exultantly. "The festival has begun! The king am I—the king who must be obeyed! I command ye to sheathe your swords!" A wild tumult broke out suddenly in the palace, a clamor of excited voices in delirious

(Continued on Page 174)

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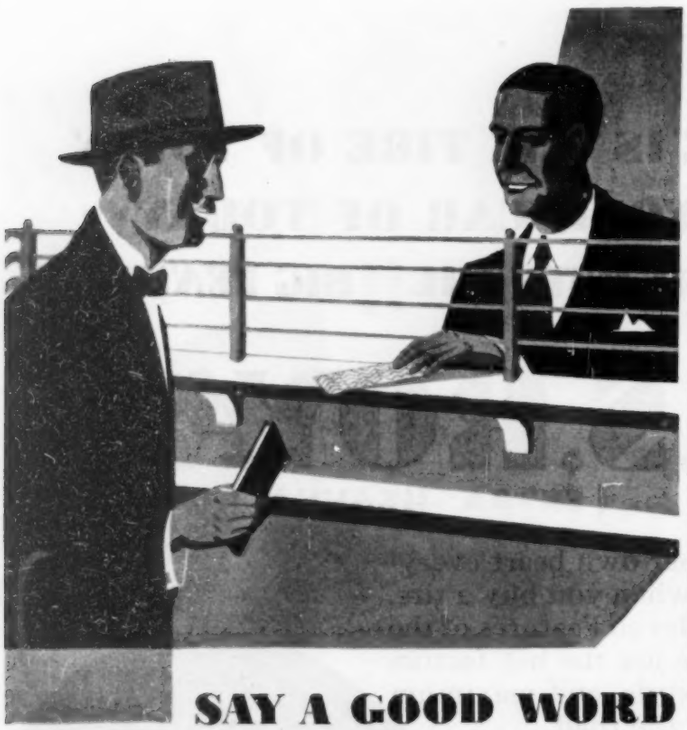


SAY A GOOD WORD TO YOUR BANK CASHIER

Most of the service you get from your bank you probably just take for granted. Still, bank people are human and they like a little appreciative comment as well as anybody.

For instance, on the kind of checks they furnish you. There are any number of papers which your bank *might* use. But if it's an alert, modern, progressive organization it's likely to be using National Safety Paper.

Open up your checkbook—now—and look at one of your blank checks. See if there aren't wavy lines running across it. That's La Monte Safety Paper.

La Monte Safety Paper—the standard in check papers throughout the country—is used by over 60% of the banks in the big metropolitan centers as well as by thousands of the better class banks in other cities.

Compare it with other checks that come through your hands. Isn't there something dignified, substantial—really *distinctive*—about it? And doesn't it by its very look and feel suggest a bank that is drawing its clientele from the top level of business men?

That's the kind of bank that obviously you like to be identified with. For that's the kind of bank that is pretty sure to be giving an up-to-the-minute service right through every department . . . So say a good word to your cashier. George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York.

LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER

(Continued from Page 172)

shouts, loud above the throbbing of the gongs, above the multitudinous shouting in the city. The great fantastic carnival had indeed begun! The eunuchs sheathed their swords, laughed like madmen in that universal madness which commenced. Ibni-Martu ran at the king, tore his robe from his shoulders.

"Give me thy robe, old graybeard!" he shouted. "King am I—King Zakmuk who must be obeyed!" He threw the royal robe upon himself while the eunuchs danced and sang grotesquely around him. "Lead me to my throne—and thou, O Queen"—he turned to Amat-Nina, who gazed at him with strange, wide, ardent eyes—"come reign with me!"

He seized her in his arms, and together in a crazy laughter they went out in a band of vociferous revelers.

Hammurabi stood alone in the suddenly silent room. He gnashed his teeth in the agony of his impotence. For five days he would no longer be king in Babylon.

It was the fifth day of the carnival of Zakmuk. For five days, on the scorching yellow plains where the irrigation canals shimmered through the haze of heat, swarms of face-daubed, unrecognizably travestied slaves and peasants had gone joyously to cut the corn, whose angered spirit would thus be unable to identify its slayers. For five days in every house the slaves had rioted as masters, and the masters and mistresses had served them in the wild hilarity of the ludicrous jest. For five days the narrow streets of the city had reechoed with the laughter and songs of men and women fantastically disguised, intoxicated with the corn wine they poured recklessly from earthen jars, intoxicated with the primitive license thus briefly permitted. For five days every law had been suspended in this annual saturnalia, universal over the ancient world in the vital necessity of thwarting the vengeance of the exploited powers of Nature, and surviving attenuated, with a slight change of seasons, in the modern mid-Lent carnival, where one may with impunity revel in the protection of a presumably impenetrable masquerade.

If for the slayers of the corn it was important that recognition should be impossible, for Hammurabi it was especially so. Only thus could he evade the penalty of that quasi-incarnation of the god Marduk-Asari whose human representative must, by immemorial custom, be sacrificed at the time of harvest. Therefore, during those five days he had been elaborately ignored by all, had concealed himself—as a now ancient practice prescribed—in the unfrequented recesses of his palace. Officially he no longer existed. King Zakmuk had taken his place.

For thirty years he had submitted without resentment to that annual exigency upon which his continued reign was conditional. So had his fathers done before him, so in the seasons of harvest endlessly to come would his successors do—it was part of the business of royalty. But this year his seclusion was intolerable to him as, deprived of his royal robes, he paced up and down the humble apartment remote in the palace where he was no longer king. A vision of Amat-Nina haunted him as all these days of hiding it had haunted him; a vision of Amat-Nina mocking at him, the graybeard; a vision of Amat-Nina beautiful in the youthful arms of Ibni-Martu, king—however briefly—in his stead. If he could but spy upon them, mock—though but in secret—their doomed felicity!

He lusted for the end of the carnival, for the end of these few slow-dragging hours to the sunset when the mummery would finish, when Zakmuk would be led off to his shameful death, when again himself in his plenitude of power, he might avenge himself upon her. He imagined, feverishly, the tortures she should suffer before she died.

The solitude became unendurable. In the suffocating heat of the afternoon the revelers had lapsed into a temporary silence. For him sleep had been impossible. Too painfully vivid were those dreams of Amat-Nina laughing at him in scorn for his gray beard. He shuddered in that oppressive silence where he alone seemed to be awake, felt as though he should go mad in this confinement. Might he not venture forth, discreetly, warily, in this hour when all the world was still? There would be none to see him. He would disguise himself as all were disguised.

He smeared upon his face the ashes of a long extinct fire left in this mean, bare room by the slave who had inhabited it, draped over his head the long coarse woolen robe that was his unobtrusive wear during these days of danger. So surely would he pass unremarked, taken for some humble servitor of the palace, should any meet him. Cautiously, peeping to ascertain that the bare clay-walled corridor was empty, he slipped out of his cell.

Never before during the festival of Zakmuk had he ventured from his hiding until the gongs of the temples had announced that the saturnalia was at an end, the false king seized by the temple slayers, and himself king again in the abrupt restoration of normality. Now, as in his humble disguise he passed through hall after hall of his palace, he raged with impotent wrath at the desecration of its sanctity.

Everywhere the guards were absent. Everywhere the apartments were open. Everywhere men and women lay sprawled in afternoon slumber, the wine cups of their orgies strewn about the floor. Even in the Hall of Concubines there were intruders.

He passed without waking them, passed into the little palm garden. The door of the pavilion of Amat-Nina was open. Through the sultry hush came the notes of a stringed instrument delicately plucked, the voice of a man singing. He crept silently through the door, his heart an agony in his breast, hid behind the curtain drawn over the entrance to that exquisite chamber he had long ago built for a now half-forgotten favorite. The voice—it was the voice of Ibni-Martu—ceased.

A woman's voice spoke, tenderly, caressingly: "Sing again, O my beloved, sing! For I would not sleep in this little time left to us, though it is the hour of sleep and my eyes are heavy with long vigil."

Never had Hammurabi heard that tone in Amat-Nina's voice—a tone that thrilled him through all his being, meant for another though it was. Jealousy a devouring monster in him, he drew the edge of the curtain from the door post, attained to a cautious view into the room. Amat-Nina, beautiful as he had never seen her, her raven hair falling loosely upon a queen's blue robe embroidered with the crescent-moon symbols of Ishtar, sat large-eyed upon the great divan. At her feet was Ibni-Martu, in the splendid garb of royalty, a long-necked lute in his hand, a crown of flowers upon his head.

"Sing to me, O my king!" she said. "Sing of our love that began my life and ends it!"

He smiled up to her who smiled down to him, plucked the strings to plaintive harmony, commenced to sing with that facility of graceful improvisation which was, and in those lands still is, the prized accomplishment of the nobly born.

"Above our love though gleams the scimitar,
Ready to fall; though after sunset, dark
Comes with no star to guide my pallid ghost
To its dark destiny, yet shall the host
Of lovers who are dead crowd on death's bark
To welcome him thou lov'dst where lovers are.

And I shall smile, for what is death when love
Has burned the core of living with its flame?
Long ages have I lived within an hour
Of bliss. It was too much. So fades the flow'r
Upon thy breast. Consumed, so dies the name
Crooned in thy sacred passion, Ishtar's dove!"

(Continued on Page 177)

From the fragrant woods of Maine comes this fine old recipe

Now you can have beans with that same "baked-in-the-ground" flavor

From the deep Maine woods has come a recipe that has brought one staple American food into new enthusiastic favor.

It is the recipe for baking beans as they are baked in the logging camps of the Maine woods—in an oven in the ground called the "bean hole."

Such flavor, such aroma as these Maine woods beans have! And no wonder, for the recipe used and the method of baking are unique.

The great iron bean pot is filled to the brim with layers of beans, sugar-cured prime pork, molasses and brown sugar.

Then the lid is sealed on air-tight with clay and the pot is buried deep in the hot earth oven, the "bean hole," where it slowly cooks all night in a fragrant bed of burning pine wood.

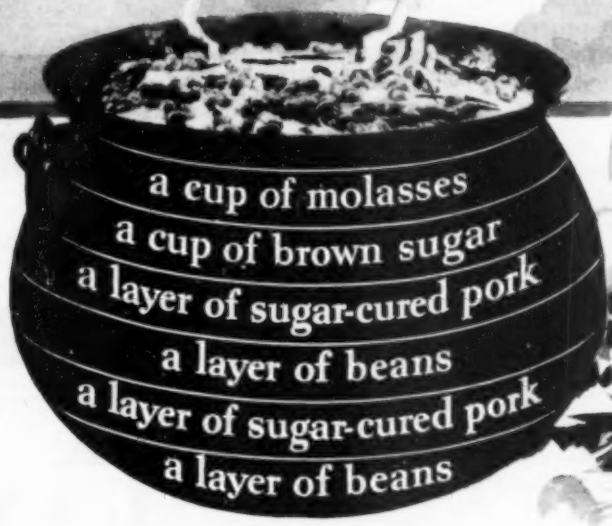
This gives the finest baked-bean flavor known. A blended flavor of delicately rich ingredients, of forest fragrances and pungent wood smoke.

Who wouldn't want such beans? And now everyone can have that same wonderful flavor! In Bean Hole Beans!

No flavor like it!

The very same ingredients are used in Bean Hole Beans that go into those original Maine woods beans. You'll realize they're different from any beans you've ever eaten at the very first taste!

Don't miss them longer! Give your family this new pleasure. Your grocer has them in two sizes, medium, 15c; large, 25c. Van Camp Packing Co., Indianapolis, Ind.


a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

Note the ingredients that go into the outdoor bean pot. This same recipe is used in Bean Hole Beans.

Just like the beans baked in the ground in the Maine woods!

THE WELL-LIGHTED CAR *has this lighting equipment for safety and convenience*

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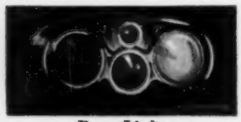
Depressible beam, two-filament Mazda lamps—a General Electric improvement.



Rear Light
With red window, and clear window to illuminate license plate.

Instrument Light
Shielded from driver's eyes. Illuminates panel and front compartment.

Stop Light
A red warning—bright enough to show in full sunlight—with indicator on dash.

Parking Lights
Low candlepower lamps front and rear—to save your battery.

Spot Light
To read road signs, numbers—meet emergencies.

Inside Light
Lights up the interior automatically when car door is opened.

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Automatic lights for safety in backing at night.

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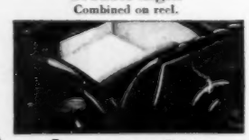
Combined on reel.



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Lights when the cover of the reardeck is opened.

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What's new for 1929? What's new in beauty, power, style and safety? Eager America asks these questions at the show. And America's motor makers reveal their triumphant answers.

These great manufacturers know the full importance of safer, more convenient, more complete car lighting. They have wrought much that is new in light for you.

With infinite pains they have designed lighting equipment which makes night driving as safe and comfortable as driving by day. They have selected, for this equipment, Mazda lamps which are made with incredible accuracy.

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Naturally, Mazda lamps are standard equipment on the vast majority of America's cars. Mazda lamps have been the standard since electricity first lighted automobiles. Their MAZDA mark assures you that these lamps have every improvement ever made in auto lamps. For the important electric lamp developments originated in the world-wide research of General Electric Co., of which MAZDA is the symbol.

Look for the MAZDA mark and the familiar blue carton—whenever and wherever you buy lamps for your car. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS, *of General Electric Co.*, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

MAZDA- the mark of a Research Service . . .

(Continued from Page 174)

His voice died away in the last note of the song. There was a little silence. Hammurabi held his breath, held himself harshly in leash lest he should break madly in upon those sighs. Amat-Nina smiled again to her lover. "Give me the lute, beloved, that I may answer thee!"

He put it into hands he kissed as they came close to him. She pressed them against his lips and then, gently releasing herself, touched the same chords with which he had begun, touched them to an expression subtly different.

"Upon our love though fall the scimitar,
Yet dead we shall recall, 'mid those who moan,
The sleeping and the waking interlaced,
The mouth on mouth. Belpved, we shall haste
Beyond the throng of lovers, be alone—
There is no death where we together are!"

Ibni-Martu drew her hands to him, kissed them again passionately. She bent over him, her loose hair streaming in a black cascade, hiding her face from all but his upturned gaze.

"A tear upon my hand, O Amat-Nina?" he said tenderly. "Nay, smile at me in this little time for smiling! What are tears? Listen, O my beloved ——"

He took the lute again.

"She wept. A tear?
Ishtar has need of pearls!
She sighed. In fear?
Nay, happiness that whirls.
She smiles. 'Tis dawn!
Sun gleam upon the dew!
Not tears,
But crystal drops from Love's own fountain drawn!
Not fears,
But ecstasy twin souls for aye renew!"

She lifted her head, smiled to him through those tears.

"Beloved! Is there any word in the world but 'beloved'? Come sit by me—take me in thy arms. So I know not fear! So shall it all be well, even when they come for us with their swords, and our robes are stripped from us. So shall I be brave who never thought I could be other than brave! See, this I have for myself!" She showed him the jewel-hafted poniard Hammurabi had left lying on the floor.

He raised himself to the divan beside her, took her in a close embrace.

"Beloved, king and queen are we, and not in jest! The world is ours, and more than all the world, for old might we become and find not love. Not with Hammurabi the Mighty One would I change, for never has he known what I have known. What boots it to be tomorrow's king in Babylon, who alone, unloved, at last must wander into the shades where we shall be together?"

He sighed. She smiled at him.

"Thou sighest, O my king, whom among kings I have chosen for the dark world that comes at sunset!"

He also smiled.

"I sigh for Hammurabi," he said.

Hammurabi dropped the curtain, crept away without a sound. Would that he had not looked upon the tragic glory of Zakmuk, this mock king who pitied him. In that still enduring magic of Ishtar, his proximate magnificence had been touched to empty worthlessness. To be young and loved! He envied those about to die.

The fatal gongs had resounded over the city. The carnival was over. Splendid in his regal robes, Hammurabi stood with the high priest at the foot of the great seven-staged zikkurat towering into a sky of stars. All around him were ranged the multitude of priests who with music and psalms would hail him once more king in Babylon when he should descend from "taking the hand" of the god Marduk.

In a strange, awesome silence, the high priest following him, he commenced to climb the long sloping ascent that wound from stage to stage. Higher and higher he mounted, looking over that vast city which was his pride, the city he had brought to primacy among the cities of the world, the city that now lay hushed in a wilderness of white roofs under the star-brilliant blueness of the night. Away upon the horizon was already a yellow glow. Ishtar was rising. The disk appeared. From the great city arose a prolonged and poignant wailing, a feminine lamentation that came even from beyond the walls. With Ishtar, the women wept for Tammuz who was slain.

He thought of Amat-Nina, her lifeless body on the floor of his House of Love, her soul wandering in the land of shades, hand in hand with her lover. Foolish was it to have such thoughts. A new year was commencing. Once more had been completed, according to the immemorial rites, that great annual drama of the sowing and the harvesting of the corn, impossible without such sacrifice. For the benefit of all mankind had Zakmuk died. For the benefit of his people, menaced with anarchy, the real king must survive.

So, of old time, had been found the solution to the problem of organized existence for the swarming human myriads called into being by the divinely taught mystery of agriculture. He would have much to do. There would be steles to erect throughout his dominions, carved in cuneiform inscription with his laws. There would be enemies to vanquish, homages to receive. He must continue on his solitary path through life, for the sake of this land whose prosperity depended upon his divinely imparted power. He must forget that to himself he was a man, an aging man, magnificently sundered from human love. Again he was king in Babylon.

VERY PETTY LARCENY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Please—please!"

President Jennings addressed this partly to the dean for women and partly to some of the younger instructors in the rear of the room, who were giggling and snickering at the dean for women as if they had been a group of high-school boys.

"As to the matter of the pawnbroker's loan," I continued, "it is a matter of common knowledge that worthy students are encouraged to apply for loans that will enable them to continue their education. If this young freshwoman, Miss Jean Bentley Browne, has chosen to pledge her jewelry as security for a loan, instead of signing a deferred promissory note for it, I do not see how such a financial arrangement can come within the province of the General Committee Upon Student Discipline."

There was a smattering of handclapping and applause at my clear-headed although perfectly obvious exposition of the matter. The younger instructors particularly, who are always impatient of red tape, approved of my firm stand.

"Well, well," said President Jennings. "If indeed this is a loan for educational expenses, a contingency which I had not considered, it would, of course, put a different interpretation upon the matter."

"Education, huh!" This from the dean for women. "Her clothes are from the Rue de la Paix or I never saw any."

"She'll be paying extortionate interest," remarked the professor of mathematics. "About 12 per cent in such places."

"Since you seem to be acquainted with Miss Browne," continued President Jennings to me, "suppose that you, as a friendly committee of one, consult with her and offer the advice and assistance of the faculty. If that is your wish"—he glanced about the room—"I will table this communication from the city chief of police, awaiting Doctor Morris' report."

Naturally there were no objections to such a sane proposal, if, indeed, one excepts a muttered "Hel—p" from the dean for women.

The next afternoon I called at North Dormitory. I had not hurried over after faculty meeting the evening before, as I wished to sleep on the matter and determine the most judicious manner of approach, so that I would not offend Miss Jean Bentley Browne's sensibilities by bringing up the subject of her finances.

When I arrived, the resident preceptress said Miss Browne was out. I replied that I would wait, and shortly before the dinner hour she appeared.

"Why, Doctor Morris," she said as she greeted me, "if you'd hung out the distress signal from your study window I would have dropped in and saved your ham bones. Anybody who sits in these chairs"—she pointed about the reception room of the North Dormitory—"can get a martyr's crown without wearing any hair shirts."

I assured her I had been quite comfortable. Then, as delicately as I could, I led up to the subject of the faculty meeting.

"Faculty meeting?" she repeated incredulously. "Over me? Why, I've been mild as a lamb on a stained-glass window. I thought I'd left a slimy trail of good works everywhere I went. Tell me the worst, Doctor Morris, and don't be afraid of my feelings, because kind treatment always leaves me in tears."

"The matter of the pawnshop, Miss Jean Bentley Browne, was called to President Jennings' attention ——"

"Did they rook me?" I must have looked my bewilderment, for she hastened to add: "Was I taken? If so, for how much?"

Feeling my way along, I hinted delicately that it was unusual for a student, particularly for a freshwoman, to pawn so much jewelry.

"Is that all?" Miss Jean Bentley Browne threw back her head and laughed. "You're nice as a coddled egg to come in and tell me about it. I'll tell you just how it was. I'm going down tomorrow and get my junk back."

"But, Miss Jean Bentley Browne, President Jennings asked me, as a committee of one, to interview you and make a report."

"Just tell him the truth, Doctor Morris." It was no small part of her charm that she was always frankness itself. "Just tell him the whole truth and not to worry over me. I've been around nights. I wanted a roadster—a car. You've got to have something to sit in and these chairs in here are frightful. So I wrote home for the money."

I nodded. I began to see that my first impression of Miss Jean Bentley Browne's financial status had been erroneous.

"My father wrote back that I couldn't have a car, on account of something that happened to my roadster last summer. But we won't go into that. You wouldn't be interested. So I took my jewelry down and hung it on Levy's line and bought the roadster. Then I sent father the pawn tickets and told him the pawnbroker would appreciate a check—especially a certified check. The check came today and I'll be wearing rings again."

She was so charmingly disingenuous about it that I hesitated to scold her. After all, there was no real harm done.

"I am honored with your confidence in me," I replied. "Now, since this has occasioned some little talk, I suggest that you say very little to anyone else about the facts. I am not, you will understand, advocating a direct falsehood. But a little harmless evasion would, perhaps, be advisable."

"I'm shushed," she responded, comprehending my point and putting her index finger over her own lips. "I'm shushed. Just tell me what you're going to tell, so I won't say anything different."

After a little thought, I decided to formally report—I split my infinitive deliberately for emphasis; see my brochure on grammar—to President Jennings that Miss Jean Bentley Browne had been in temporary financial embarrassment, due to postal delay in the arrival of a check from her father. We agreed—Miss Browne and I—that this statement covered the matter without going into unessential details, and had the merit of being true, although not perhaps as true as it sounded, if you appreciate my distinction. But at the worst, it could not be considered as anything save a harmless subterfuge.

Some days later I heard Miss Browne's buoyant rap at my study door. I was delighted to see her; I wished to thank her for several charming drives we had had together, in her new roadster, through the autumn-tinted countryside.

"Doctor Morris," she began with her usual disarming candor, "you've got to tell me something I've got to know."

I thought for a minute that she had brought me a problem in trig—mathematics was a constant struggle for her. In this I could sympathize, for mathematics was never my own forte. To be honest, one or two of the problems she brought me, I had to turn over to young Mr. Hopkinson, my junior assistant, for a solution. He, in turn, passed them on to a young assistant in the mathematics department who was Miss Jean Bentley Browne's own instructor. So it happened that, to our secret amusement—Miss Browne's and mine—her own instructor was doing her problems for her at times, and when he marked her "small B" on his own demonstration of a problem, instead of a "large A," we were tempted to tell him, so that he could laugh with us.

However, since few instructors in mathematics have a sense of humor, we really feared for the result and determined to chuckle over it privately. Besides, as Miss Jean Bentley Browne pointed out, we would have killed the goose that laid the passing grades in her own class record.

Again I have digressed from my narrative. I merely did so to demonstrate the gratifyingly cordial relationship which had grown up between us.

"Doctor Morris," repeated Miss Jean Bentley Browne, "I forgot to ask you. Who tipped Prexy off about the pawnshop?"

"You needn't worry about that. It's all settled. I'm positive that President Jennings hasn't given it another thought since he received my note."

"It isn't settled. Not by the difference between the Cairos, Egypt and Illinois. Somebody tried to get me busted out for conduct unbecoming, or some other foul charge."

"My dear Miss Browne, I'm sure you exaggerate the motives of ——"

"Was it the dean for women, Doctor Morris?"

"Well, the dean for women was ——"

"So the petticoats dean wore the gum shoes." She nodded her head emphatically. "Just keep your eye on the campus and see what happens."

I hastened to assure her that the dean for women was not the informer. "I don't believe I am violating any confidence when I tell you that it was the secular and not the scholastic authorities ——"

"Secular—secular," she repeated. "Gimme your desk dictionary. Secular—do you spell it with an *s* or a *c*?"

"Explicitly, I mean the city chief of police."

Miss Jean Bentley Browne was so astonished that she dropped the dictionary.

"He has little to do! What does he think he's hired for? He should be principal of a girls' school or floorwalker in a department

(Continued on Page 179)

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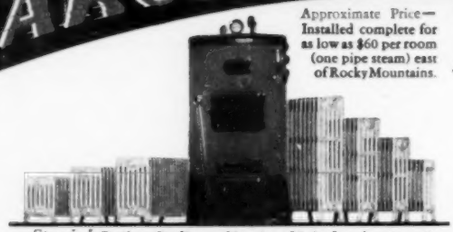

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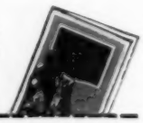

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(Continued from Page 177)

store or get himself a job buttoning dresses up the back. The big stiff! Butting in on my business!"

"I believe—in fact, I am informed—for I inquired about that point myself—the police supervise the pawnshops."

Miss Jean Bentley Browne turned to me, her lips set in a firm and determined line.

"Is this a free country?" she demanded. She was very angry. "Have we been going short on sugar in wars all my life, just so police chiefs can snoop in my business? Haven't we any privacy left? A police chief writing letters about me! I'll give him something to write letters about!"

Before I could prevent her, for I wished to explain and reason with her, she had flown out of my study. As I recall the incident, she slammed the door violently.

This incident took place upon a Thursday afternoon, for I remember that when she came into my study I was assembling my notes for my Friday morning lecture to English Literature IV-A1—a discussion of the minor Elizabethan dramatists. In the excitement incident to her visit, I lost or mislaid the card for Marlowe and consequently omitted mention of him in that lecture, an oversight for which I later suffered twinges of conscience.

I did not see Miss Jean Bentley Browne on Friday or on Saturday morning and, except for attracting gossipy attention, would have called upon her at North Dormitory.

On Saturday afternoon our football team played Colgate University at the stadium. Our boys, and in particular, a Mr. Schulvusky whom I had twice marked "failure" in Rhetoric II-A, played a sterling game, but were, unfortunately, defeated by the close score of 41 points to 7. Our seven points were made, I was interested to note, by Mr. Schulvusky, whose deficiencies in my classroom are more than counterbalanced by his speed, endurance and physical fitness upon the football field.

After the game, while on my way to the dean for men's home, where the dean and I often repair for a small toddy of rye whisky after football games, I chanced to meet Miss Jean Bentley Browne. She was walking with a young man, a student, whom she dismissed with a wave of her hand as she espied me.

"Take a solo flight, Glee Club," I heard her tell him. "And if I'd known your seats were on the goal line, I wouldn't have been seen with you, anyway."

"But next week's game ——" the young man pleaded.

"Seats in the center of the field, or I'll go with a hen party. It takes the best of everything to make me forget you're around. Zoom, now! Zoom away and look for decent tickets. I'll never be a sister to you if I have to sit in the end stands."

To my surprise, the young man seemed partially reconciled if not pleased at this abrupt leave-taking. With young men students she was always quite abrupt, but, strangely enough, she invariably seemed willing to allot me a portion of her time and society.

"See the murder and suicide?" she asked me. "That Colgate crowd ruined my day for me. I'd figured on a win and had some important business to see to after the game. Now, I'll have to wait until next week. I have to have a win."

"Did you wager?" I inquired.

"Well," she hesitated, "I told a man I'd kiss him if we won. So when we lost, he claimed he ought to kiss me. I had to take disciplinary measures, as you so tactfully describe it." She looked at her knuckles. "I thought I'd broken my hand. It's funny how sharp some people's chins are."

"If I can aid you in any way ——"

"You can, Doctor Morris—you can. Take me downtown and buy me some tea."

Forgetting everything about my appointment with the dean for men, with whom I had agreed to drink a small rye-whisky toddy, I got Miss Jean Bentley Browne's car from the University Avenue garage and she drove us down to the Parisienne Restaurant, where we had cinnamon toast and tea. I later regretted breaking my engagement with the dean for men, as I like to be punctilious in little matters.

But I recount our drive downtown for another reason, that has a more direct bearing upon this narrative. At the intersection of University Avenue and Poplar Street, a traffic policeman halted us to allow cross-town traffic to pass. The delay was not unusual, but it seemed to annoy Miss Jean Bentley Browne. She leaned out of the car as we moved past the policeman.

"The first time we win, baby," she said—"the first time we win, watch out."

The policeman did not catch the meaning of her words, but did catch sight of Miss Browne. He waved to her good-naturedly.

"You could win all the time, miss, if I had the say of it."

"Policemen!" sniffed my companion. "Why don't they mind their own business?"

And then, when we were leaving the Parisienne Restaurant and found Miss Jean Bentley Browne's roadster tagged for illegal parking, she asked me for two dollars, which she gave another policeman, along with the tag.

"Tell the chief," she said, as the officer pocketed the bills, "Jean Bentley Browne's car was tagged. And if he says he doesn't know me, you can tell him that I said he will."

It is my impression that her message was never delivered.

One week later we had the satisfaction of seeing our football team come sailing out of its doldrums and bury our opponents beneath a score of 24 to 14 points. I took no little personal satisfaction in the event, for there is something about the barbaric spectacle of an important game which always renders me incapable of anything save the most violent partisanship.

Hardly was the game over when a parade of students formed, the ranks falling in behind the college band. They headed, as is the custom, downtown. I dropped in at the residence of the dean for men, where we celebrated the victory. Then I suggested that we go downtown to view the students' celebration.

The dean for men reluctantly refused to accompany me. He feared that his presence on the downtown streets would lead some of the students to believe he was spying upon them instead of rejoicing with them.

"Go along, Morris," he urged me. "If I weren't dean, or if I had a false beard, I'd be with you. I sincerely hope there's no serious property damage. Although, if the students should remove that atrocious soldiers' monument from the Court House Square, I pray that no participant in the vandalism will be recognized. I consider it a criticism of the æsthetic tastes of our students that that monument has stood so many years."

The parade and the crowd had somewhat dispersed when I left the residence of the dean for men, so I was enabled to get standing room on the platform of a trolley car, in which I rode to Central Avenue. There all traffic had halted, stalled by a snake dance. I left the trolley car because some students had become involved in an argument with the conductor over the etiquette of the trolley rope. Whenever the car started forward to interrupt the snake dance, one of the students would pull off the trolley pole. The conductor would give chase, with the result that the car seemed doomed indefinitely to a stationary position.

I turned down a side street and suddenly noticed a crowd of men students approaching along the sidewalk. They were all arguing with a tall, red-faced policeman. I drew aside to allow them to pass.

Then, to my horror, I saw, in the center of the crowd, Miss Browne. The policeman had hold of her arm. And in her arms she was carrying a weather-beaten barber pole. I thrust my way into the center of the group.

"Miss Jean Bentley Browne!" I gasped.

"Git away!" snarled the policeman. "Snarled" is the only word that expresses his tone. "Git away from her! She's under arrest!"

"Arrested for what, officer?"

"Petit larceny; to wit, wan barber pole."

There was no denying that Miss Browne was carrying a barber pole.

"I was merely taking it to the bonfire," said Miss Browne, looking up at the policeman with an expression which would have melted a heart of adamant. "There's nothing wrong in that."

"Nothin' but petit larceny," returned the policeman.

"It seems very petty larceny to me," I began.

"Shut up, if you don't want to go along, too," snapped the policeman.

"I intend to go along," was my response.

My reply provoked an instantaneous cheer among the young men students who surrounded us.

"Spell it out for old Morris," said a class cheer leader. And I had the pleasure of hearing my name at the conclusion of the long college cheer, as if I had been a football player. This, however, infuriated the policeman. He blew his whistle for assistance.

"He tried to put her in a patrol wagon," one of the students informed me in an aside. "But we let all the wind out of the patrol-wagon tires and drained the gasoline tank, so the other two cops are trying to get a tow wagon for the patrol wagon. If you go down there two blocks you can see them."

"I will not permit her to be taken to the police station," I said firmly.

"Go ahead, prof. We're with you," the students encouraged me.

The policeman blew his whistle again and drew his billy.

There might have been a serious altercation, for I removed my nose glasses and made ready to try conclusions with the policeman.

But Miss Browne prevented it.

"Listen, Doctor Morris," she said; "lay off the boy friend." She meant the policeman. "This is all my party and if you want to come along, I'd love to have you. But I insist on letting this overgrown bellhop"—again she meant the policeman—"take me down to headquarters. It's the grandest thing in the world that you're excited enough to fight about it, but put your glasses back on your nose and watch Jean—poor little Jean who got pinched."

There was something in her manner—a quiet confidence—which made me believe she had a plan or scheme.

"My dear Miss Jean Bentley Browne," I said in as low a tone as I could, "I'm afraid the faculty will not be very tolerant of an escapade of this nature. No student, to my knowledge, has ever been allowed to remain in the college after having been arrested, with the attendant publicity. At least no male student has, and I do not believe President Jennings would make an exception for a freshwoman."

"Don't you worry, old dear," she smiled confidently at me. "Stick around. You'll hear some good swearing."

Reënforcements of three policemen arrived, and the five of us—Miss Jean Bentley Browne, the three policemen and I—moved along the sidewalk together toward police headquarters. A crowd of at least a hundred male students escorted us.

"For what did you take the barber pole?" asked one of the policemen who had just arrived.

Miss Jean Bentley Browne, who was still carrying it, refusing to let anyone else so much as touch it, replied sweetly, "I wanted it for the bonfire."

"I'll book her for petit larceny," said the first policeman.

Arrived at the police station, the male students were all excluded, but I, since I had signified my intention of placing bail money for Miss Browne, was allowed inside.

As if she had been a common felon, Miss Browne was made to stand before the desk, while a sergeant of police made out an arrest card for her, filling in her name, age, residence and occupation.

"The charge?" asked the sergeant.

"Petit larceny; in that and to wit, she did steal one barber pole, owner unknown ——"

"But I didn't steal it," said Miss Browne. "I bought it."

The desk sergeant looked sharply at her. "Call th' chief down," he ordered one of the men.

"You told me you stole it," said the first policeman.

"I did not," returned Miss Jean Bentley Browne. "You said I stole it and I asked you how you knew."

Chief of Police Patrick Ryan came in from his private office. He was a large man with an aldermanic stomach which preceded his red face by some little distance.

"Chief," began the policeman who made the arrest, "I meets up with this young woman and she's carryin' a barber pole. 'Where do you think you're goin'?' I says. 'T' th' bonfire,' says she. 'How'd you like to take that barber back his property an' restore it?' I says to her. 'How'd you like to mind your own business, if any?' she says. Then I put her under arrest and called the wagon, and six hundred young devils let the wind out of our tires, and while we're fixin' th' tires, they drained the gas tank, and the wagon is stuck until it gets towed out and ——"

"Why did you steal the pole?" demanded the chief.

"I didn't steal it," replied Miss Browne. "I bought it."

"Who from?"

"From the barber."

"What barber?"

"I don't know." The officers exchanged glances. I could feel the outraged tentacles of the law closing in upon her. "But I guess he signed his name to the bill of sale," Miss Browne added.

From her hand bag Miss Browne drew out a paper which she passed to the chief of police. I caught but a glimpse of it, but I could see that it duly recorded the sale of one secondhand barber pole to Miss Jean Bentley Browne.

"Turn her out," said Police Chief Ryan, "and you, Mulcahey, there, don't be so fresh makin' pinches."

Miss Jean Bentley Browne and I were greeted with loud cheers as we made our exit from the headquarters building. The crowd of students had visibly increased. And at the sight of the barber pole, which Miss Browne carried triumphantly, hats were thrown into the air.

We started for the Court House Square, where the bonfire was to be held. But we had scarcely proceeded four blocks when two policemen slouched out from the curb.

"Where 're y' goin' with that barber pole?" demanded the first.

Miss Browne signed to me to be quiet. "Just to the bonfire," she replied.

"And you," the policeman turned to me; "you're old enough to know better."

"So are you," was the reply that came unthinkingly to my lips.

"No back talk, neither," said the policeman. "Miss, you either have to restore that barber pole to its owner or I'll have to put you under arrest."

"I'm the owner—now." Miss Jean Bentley Browne made a slight hesitation between the words "owner" and "now."

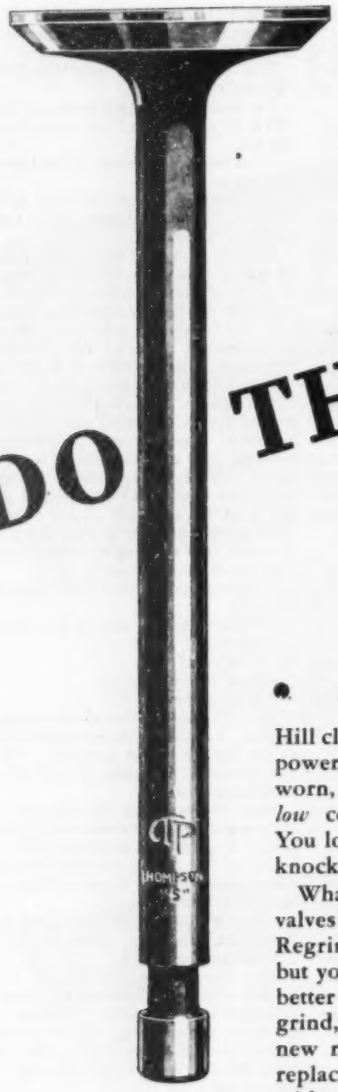
"Petit larceny," said both policemen together.

As we were being escorted back to headquarters, I really began to enter into the spirit of the thing. As for Miss Jean Bentley Browne, she was delighted. We were immediately discharged, with an admonition from Chief of Police Ryan not to annoy the police any more.

"Annoy them?" said Miss Browne, her eyebrows rising. "Annoy them? I wish you'd explain why they persist in annoying us."

The chief of police said nothing. We took a different route upon leaving the headquarters building. We passed through Sutton Street and were again arrested at Sutton and Andrews streets, by the traffic officer at the intersection, who escorted us back to

(Continued on Page 181)



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TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 179)

the chief's office. A little later we were arrested by three plain-clothes men and, the fifth and final time, by a squad of mounted policemen on duty in the Court House Square.

Our last appearance caused much commotion. Chief of Police Ryan had all the motorcycle officers called in and, in our hearing, ordered them to warn all officers on and off duty, that a young woman, carrying a secondhand barber pole to the students' bonfire, was not to be molested, as she had bought and paid for the said barber pole and that if he, Chief Ryan, saw her brought into headquarters building again, he, Chief Ryan, would personally prefer charges against the policeman who so brought her in.

"Good-by, chief," said Miss Jean Bentley Browne. "Thank you and your department for a grand afternoon. And I wish you'd do one favor for me."

"Anything, miss," returned the chief, his voice a bit husky—"anything, if you'll just keep out of here in the future."

"Thank you so much, chief." Miss Jean Bentley Browne smiled sweetly. "Just think it over and see if there's anything to write letters about this evening. You're a swell letter-writer, you big pawnshop snooper."

PLAYING TAG WITH THE GAME WARDEN

(Continued from Page 56)

fly up, cuss you out, threaten to get you canned ——"

"Or wallop you one," I suggested.

"Yeah. You can't knock 'em down or shut 'em up. But that cost this party fifty bucks. You have to teach that kind with a club. If they have to be watched, we'll watch 'em."

But I thought it probable that this party would kill no more sick grouse with a small stick—not at fifty dollars per.

Not always are poachers caught red-handed, though under the jury system this usually is necessary for conviction. Sometimes a bit of fine detective work, leading over a long trail, occurs. There was the young girl picker in a strawberry field lying along the foothills. She was but one among scores of imported pickers, but she had been singled out by the proprietor as the recipient of a little gift from him—an elk tooth he had in his pocket.

An Idea Nipped in the Bud

In that state the native elk had been exterminated years before, and at heavy expense the state had purchased, imported and liberated a few small bands in selected locations. They were, of course, protected and a fine of five hundred dollars set up in store for whoever should slaughter an elk.

The strawberry picker, charmed by her gift, displayed it to various admiring women and girls, among whom was the wife of the district warden. Thus the warden was informed. His trail, after securing the tooth from the girl, led him to the berry farmer, thence, as the surveyors say, a hundred miles to a summer national-guard encampment, thence due south to a pair of young men on ranches, thence straight to the bar of justice.

The little tooth, strayed from pocket to pocket and hand to hand, had strayed at length into court as Exhibit A, and though the young men had to dig deeply for the cash, and privately may have felt indignant, there was another side to the punishment. For the state—which is the people—had spent thousands of dollars planting a few elk; and if young men hatched the idea it would be clever to destroy this public property for teeth to give to friends, that idea must be firmly nipped while young and very tender. They wouldn't have considered shooting the majestic elk in the city park—public property for enjoyment and education, and the elk in the mountains were no less public property—breeding stock to furnish sport and meat for the future.

The greatest threat to deer and the sharpest thorn in the necks of officials, aside from local hand-picked juries, is the boom-light hunter, as he is known in the West. Where skill, patience and endurance, not to mention good shooting, are required to bag your bucks in daylight—a game of wits with the reward well earned—nothing but a total absence of sportsmanship, a dry-cell battery spotlight and gun are needed by the boomer. His is the simple business of "shining their eyes."

That method always has been known, but it never came into general practice until good roads through the mountains and automobiles with electric lights made it possible. Today, in some sections, it is used the year around by some hunters, usually city men who have a tooth for fresh venison and can take a day and a night off at any time for the purpose. A few hours' drive puts them in the deer country. An old orchard, meadow or natural opening is selected, where the spoor shows that deer are using that feeding ground every night.

Such trips are made in the dark of the moon. The same deer that would run a mile at the faint crack of a twig in daylight, will not only stand still in the glare of the light, but as like as not will walk up to the light and permit itself to be killed with a revolver.

Ordinary hand torches sometimes are used, but the automobile spot light, with its longer range, is most common. It is not surprising, when the light is snapped on in a deer pasture, to see from two or three up to twenty or thirty animals scattered about. Mostly they are does, fawns and towheads, of course, but that means nothing to the boomer. He selects his victims and booms away, throws them in his car and is home before daylight—perhaps in a humming city a hundred miles away.

The deer are blinded, and the scent and sound messages their noses and ears bring, warning of the presence of man, they disregard. They will stand staring, turning one great green eye, then the other, directly into the beam of the light; they will shake their heads in annoyance at this strange moon moving about on the earth, and uncertainly walk toward it. The boomer may circulate about the meadow, among a score of deer, looking them over; and they seldom will tear themselves away into the safety of the brush, even when he starts slaughtering them.

A Miracle Needed

So the warden, seeing a light in a distant glade and hearing the dull boom of rifles, curses fervently and mutters: "Boom lights." He curses because such game hogs are the most vicious of all violators; because it is only by a miracle that he can catch them, and catch them with the goods present he must, if he is to secure a conviction in court. There is nothing illegal in possessing a light in the forest; it is only illegal to use it to kill deer with. Especially during the open season on deer, the warden must do his arresting at the moment the deer is killed, or he has small chance ever of doing it. He dare not use a light himself; he must stumble around in the inky blackness of the jungle, cracking his shins, stepping into bogs and falling over cliffs.

The men, with their light, can blind him and flee to camp, leaving their dead deer; they can hoot at him so far as identification goes. If he waits at their camp while they pack in their deer, they can swear mightily the killing was done before sundown. From the carcass he will know better, but he

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can't prove that in court. So it is with deep and righteous pleasure that he occasionally traps these sneak thieves of the night.

The warden, however, is solving this problem by settling down to make life generally miserable for the users of the boom light. He lists these gentlemen, watches their comings and goings from the cities, trails them, stops them everywhere on the roads, searches them, and arrests them on every triviality. At length it is apt to occur to a devotee of massacre that the law is wise to him and that the country seems absolutely infested with game wardens all engaged in dogging his footsteps. Being a coward by nature, he pulls in his neck, as the warden puts it, adding darkly: "He'd better!"

This low form of worm life, though very vile, is not overly numerous, and in the end will bring down on itself and everybody else stringent legislation governing the use in the public woods of lights of more than one-half of one per cent dazzle power.

In the Backwoods

The new method of law application was demonstrated lately in a backwoods district settled by homesteaders seventy-five years ago and held chiefly today by their descendants. These hill billies, fern jumpers or natives were of the old type which considered their mountain domain in the light of an exclusive preserve; and of all outsiders, the game warden was their oldest and bitterest enemy. The usual stories of shooting wardens' hats off, throwing them into the lake, running them out, and so on, were current, and also true. One warden had been caught by the hand in a fanged wolf trap, by means of a cunning set made for his benefit alone; and the owner of the trap had yanked on the chain, demanding his trap back, and badly lacerating the warden's hand. This was considered very fitting; the fern jumper could not be arrested for it, and the warden left the hills with his arm in a sling, to ask for duty elsewhere. These people killed their own meat at all times, and killed some for sale. They pioneered the country, the game was theirs proverbially.

After a period of rest, the state game commission selected a man with a keen knowledge of human nature, a diplomat's courtesy, and a square nature of his own besides. He was taken from his private law practice and made what was anciently considered a lowly game warden. He was sent into this large backwoods area.

Day by day he called at the lonely ranches, talked with the fern jumpers about everything, learned their ways, their children's names, asked no dangerous questions and did no snooping. The bolder men would greet him with whoops, offer him white mule, and in great voices detail how they or some other "doe pelter," as they called one another, had missed an old doe the day before. The newly baptized warden had a ready grin for all the badinage—behind which more or less truth lay—but he had no six-shooter at his belt or under his arm. Day after day he was seen on the rutted mountain roads, riding to some settler's front door for a chat; and all the usual methods of mountain surveillance and checking-up used against him never revealed him snooping, sneaking or spying. In short, it was admitted that he was a good feller, while the older heads insisted he was just smooth; he had a game of his own he'd spring purty quick.

He sprang it by getting a few of the leading lawbreakers together and announcing that the state game commission itself—possibly even the governor—would come down and have a banquet and meeting with all the men of the district. It abruptly occurred to the citizenry that they were a tiny part of a great state; the honor of official visitors undid them, and they set up a tremendous outdoor banquet, spruced their whiskers and sat down in company with the great.

A Few Laughs for a Lesson

The speeches, leaving out the goodfellowship line, might be boiled down to this: "We've always heard you were pretty tough on game wardens in here, but here we are, the commission itself, the very root of the trouble, and not dead yet. [Guffaws.] The state highway, as you know, will be through here before another two years, and you'll have thousands of outsiders pouring in. These lakes and streams, our warden tells us, are fished out, done. We want to stock them up for you, put in screens, possibly a hatchery; fix things so you'll have something to show all the tourists. You've got a good stock of deer left, but with the outsiders they won't last—if the law isn't enforced. Our warden here will keep the outsiders straight for you, and you'll get their spare change.

"There was a time when some ugly things happened here—officers sometimes dragged a man out. It took four or five officers, I'll admit. [Loud guffaws.] And the same officers never came back here. [Long hi-yis and yells.] But that was before our time. We want to come in here every year, hunt here ourselves, stock your waters, protect your game from extermination. Our man will be here all the time; you can go to him with anything needing attention. He'll not be trailing you around, searching your houses, raising hell at all. Perhaps he would rather live to old age. [Roof-raising laughter.] But at the same time, if anyone insists on being arrested, and rubs it in, we have got some hard-boiled babies on our force who can accommodate them. We won't need them here; we're going to get along." And so forth.

The local warden then organized the fern jumpers into a game club, placing at its head the most notorious doe pelter of them all, and thereafter he saw to it that regular meetings were held.

Day by day he rode over the hills, checked up on outsiders, privately warned one or two natives who seemed to be insisting on arrest. And gradually the natives saw, of their own shrewdness, that law was necessary, right and very good. Every law must rest on public understanding and acquiescence.

It was the change all America has faced and gone through, the transition from the pioneer help-yourself days to the settled-up period when game is considered as breeding stock publicly owned, its increase to be used, but never to the point of endangering the stock. In this change the warden's status has risen. He is no longer the persecutor of the citizen desiring a rabbit for dinner; he is rather the administrator of one of the nation's finest public resources. He—and the public—now are saving some for seed.

BULL TAVERN

(Continued from Page 34)

she found she'd picked four peas out of the same pod!"

Laurie looked at her with an earnestness decidedly out of place on so public an occasion, but she had forgotten where she was. "Is that the truth?" she asked fervently. "Have they really and truly been all alike to you?"

The tone of her voice, her unaffected simplicity, and above all, her young beauty still imbued with its virginal glow, reached Meta with the touch of a bold caress and stirred her to one of her rare gleams of genuine humanity. Her face, which had instinctively hardened, seemed to break, to dissolve, overcome by a spontaneous illumination from within. She forced her mobile lips to a quizzical twist, but her dark eyes remained grave and luminous.

"Listen, baby, it always takes one man to make the others all alike. Don't ever let them tell you anything different. With me, it was my fault, not his, but that doesn't help; it only makes it worse. He had so little money I used to laugh every time he talked about marrying. But he never could see it was funny—it used to take my breath the way he couldn't see it was funny—and now I guess perhaps it was because he had everything else—everything but money. He wasn't the kind that would stand for half-time marriage, so in the end I felt sorry for him and cured him."

"How?"

"With another lover. It's the only way and it always works."

"It's horrible," said Laurie, rising. Her lower lip trembled violently. "It's terrible to have done a thing like that to somebody—to somebody you ——"

"—— to somebody you love," Meta finished for her quietly. She raised her eyes and opened them unreservedly to Laurie's fascinated gaze. "Don't I know it? You do those things, but you can never undo them, because you must always go on from where you are, from what you've become. That's why the cure works." She shrugged and looked away. "Try to remember that one." She nodded a good-humored dismissal. "Run along and write it down."

Laurie fled along the edge of the room, feeling bruised inside; not beaten with little switches like after the judging in the high school, but somehow torn apart within. She went in search of her aunt and found her besieged by Mr. Shenski. He nodded to Laurie and then continued impassively with what he had been about to say.

"Madam, this little niece of yours was chosen by a competent set of judges as the most beautiful girl in the United States. Strangely enough, that doesn't mean much, but it happens I believe she can act—and how she films! But that's neither here nor there at the moment; what I've got to find out is whether all the sense has gone out of the world—if it's she that's crazy or me."

"I don't think Laurie's crazy," said Aunt Laura with disarming placidity.

Though puzzled, he could not help but laugh. "There you go! I believe you're deaf in the same ear as she is. Listen! I offer her twice as much as I've ever given any other beginner to go into pictures—six hundred a week, thirty weeks guaranteed. That's eighteen thousand dollars for the first year she works. Does that mean anything to you? I mean, would it mean anything if you saw it in writing?"

"It's a large sum of money," murmured Aunt Laura noncommittally. "Does she ask for more?"

He turned to Laurie and stood staring as if he would force her to speak, but she only made a queer motion of her head, half bewilderment and half denial. Abe Steinhoff, scenting a development which might prove of prime importance to himself, came hurrying up, ostensibly to ask for a dance.

Suddenly Mr. Shenski relaxed and made a gesture of relinquishment with both his hands. "She doesn't ask for anything," he muttered, but his words were quite audible. "Before I laid eyes on her I would never have believed there was a person alive who didn't know what money is. I mean it. She may be able to tell a ten-cent ice cream from a five-cent drink, but she can't tell a dime from a nickel."

Abe emitted an appreciative chuckle, then he came to himself and whispered unbelievingly, "Ike—no fooling—are you through?"

Shenski hesitated, but he had been more deeply hurt than appeared on the surface. He had spent years in building up a mountain of self-respect before which others had long since learned to bow, and now, having foolishly descended from Olympus to assume one of the humble duties of his minions, he had been repulsed by an idiotic child. But the real damage lay in his not being quite sure she was brainless. If it were she who was sane, then indeed were his foundations shaken.

"Yes," he said sourly as he turned away, "I'm through, and I wish you the same luck."

"One dance," begged Abe, seeing Aunt Laura rise at a sign from Laurie.

"No; I'm sorry, but we're going home. What's become of Mr. Shepstiro, auntie?"

"He's—he's asleep."

"Asleep! Where?"

"I mean, I think they must have put him to bed."

"Oh!"

"We mustn't be too hard on him, Laurie. He was so discouraged I think I would have done the same myself. In fact something I said may have suggested drink to him."

"Auntie!" gasped Laurie, and then she laughed.

"Please—one dance," insisted Abe.

Again Laurie refused, but she permitted him to take them home, which suited his book equally well.

XIV

LAURIE scarcely slept. Everything about the party kept coming back at her—the blaze of gems on fat folds of flesh, the way that lovely Kane had looked, what Mr. Shenski had said and evidently felt, the dogged smiling insistence of Mr. Steinhoff up to the hotel door, through the lobby and almost into the elevator, talking not so much to her as at poor Aunt Laura, digging out things about Bull Tavern and the history of the entire Bull tribe. But most of all she remembered every word that had issued from Meta Vaudraye's mobile lips, not forgetting her cool offer to pay handsomely for grounds for divorce.

Lying on the unhomelike hotel bed and staring up at the ceiling, lighter by night than by day because you couldn't draw the shades against the street lights without shutting out the air, she set to work to take stock of herself. So far she had been merely standing up to Young, Mr. Shepstiro, Berry, Mr. Shenski and Mr. Steinhoff through a vague feminine instinct, but now she deliberately turned around and faced herself.

Was she crazy, as all of them seemed to think? Hadn't she been happier tonight, more alive than at any time since she had won out to beauty's throne and found herself the chattel of the vulgar and the catchpenny of all the bazaars and every chamber of commerce in her state? Was she an idiot? Hadn't even Mr. Jones—that nice Mr. Manville Jones—suggested that this might be one way out? Then what was holding her back?

Absurd as it might seem, even to herself, that was the very question she could not answer. There were things you wanted to do without knowing why, and there were things you didn't want to do without knowing why. What you did know positively, though, was that you didn't want to do them; and tonight, even after having had such a sense of resurrection, of being part of the world instead of a billboard, she had less inclination than ever to sign away her life for the next five years.

Why? Wasn't Mr. Shenski a perfectly reasonable, well-behaved and eminently trustworthy person? And Abe Steinhoff—had he tried any of the villainous tricks you read about? Wasn't he so human she had wanted to put him in a class with Mr. Donovan and her own precious grandfather? Then she remembered Kane McKane's face—the most beautiful yet the most tragic face she had ever seen—and suddenly all the puzzling mists of doubt cleared away.

The answer was so simple she laughed aloud at herself—so loud that she heard Aunt Laura stir uneasily in the next room.

(Continued on Page 185)

...What sleepless nights COLUMBUS MUST HAVE HAD

COLUMBUS was scared. Who wouldn't be? With all his convictions, there must have been a lurking fear that after all the Earth might be flat, just as everybody thought. In the middle of any dark night the Santa Maria might go careening over the edge into oblivion. Every lurch of the vessel helped to keep the ugly thought alive.

After all, Columbus was challenging the belief of centuries. No one had sailed into the Western Sea before. There were no charts . . . how could he know? How could he sleep at night?

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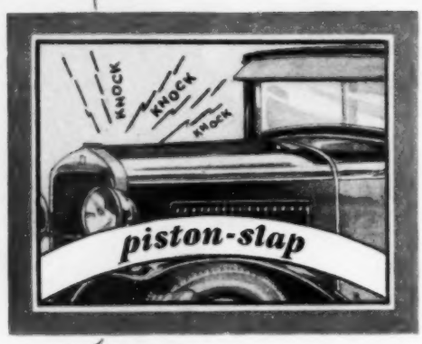

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THE SIMPLEX METHOD of Motor Reconditioning

SIMPLEX PISTON RINGS

LENGTHEN THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTOR

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(Continued from Page 182)

All she wanted was to feel sure she was going to be happy, and up to the present she had evidently been quite sure without knowing it that as far as her individual make-up was concerned, the trail of the silver screen was just another road to misery. It all boiled down to something so elemental it was positively silly. She was homesick, that's all—painfully, horribly homesick.

Abruptly she felt as light-hearted as the boy who has worked out the problem that stood between him and the swimming hole on a hot Saturday afternoon. If homesickness was all that was the matter with her, how easy to go home! Then several things began to rise up against her—Young's face, the Donovan boys' money, Mr. Shepstiro, driven by her to drink; even Manville Jones, who had sensed so strongly she was in a trap that he had suggested the movies as a way out.

All that was true, but he hadn't said it was the only way. Perhaps Bull Tavern, by some extraordinary twist in the natural orbit of the universe, might fail her. But if it did—if such an astonishing thing should actually come to pass—there was still Rex. He wasn't one of the things you wanted, but he was rapidly becoming something you might want a lot more than the only other thing you could have.

Rex had begun to amaze her. She had heard George and her father speak of hearing the corn grow on a still night, and Uncle Jap had sat on a fence for an hour and actually seen a stalk move upward. Well, Rex was like that. If you looked at him, you could see him getting bigger while you watched. From being afraid of nothing—good or evil, right or wrong—he had turned the power of his iron will into a single channel. It still annoyed her to have his eyes eternally upon her, but she could not misread the message into which his entire strange make-up seemed to have crystallized: "What you want you can have."

She called him up, though it was barely seven o'clock in the morning. "Rex, will you do me a favor?"

"Sure! What is it?"

"You won't tell anybody?"

"No."

"I want you to drive us down to Bull Tavern."

"When?"

"As soon as you can get here."

"I oughtn't to go away, Laurie, not without taking Berry along."

"I don't want Berry."

"Neither do I."

"Please, Rex."

"That settles it. I'll be over inside an hour."

She rushed in to waken Aunt Laura. "Oh, auntie, I'm so sorry. Are you too awfully tired?"

"For what?" asked Aunt Laura sleepily.

"To run down to Bull Tavern."

The words were magical. Aunt Laura sprang erect. "When?"

"As soon as we're packed. In an hour, if you like."

They were ready and waiting when Rex arrived. Laurie went to pay her bill. She had not spoken the literal truth when she told Meta Vaudraye she hadn't a hundred dollars; what she had meant was that she did not have it to bet. She had autographed a few photographs for Young and these Mr. Shepstiro had succeeded in selling without her consent to purveyors of cold cream, perfumes, face powders and other feminine contraptions as signed testimonials.

Her share of the few thousand dollars thus realized had gone toward meeting her current expenses, and when she had settled with the hotel she had left two hundred and forty-one dollars, a sum inconsiderable in New York, but it loomed large against the prospective background of Bull Tavern. The porter took charge of the trunks, which would have to be sent to Salem by express, carried down the bags and stowed them in the driver's seat, but when Laurie came out she ordered them moved into the tonneau.

"You won't mind if I ride in front, will you, auntie?"

"I was going to ask you to," said Aunt Laura. "I'd like to finish my sleep."

Rex looked on wonderingly, but said nothing until they struck the more or less deserted stretch across the flats behind Newark; even then he only turned to glance at Laurie. Never had she appeared to greater advantage. She wore a close-fitting tailored suit that clung to the line of shoulder, hip and thigh, making her seem smaller than she really was. The short skirt, reaching barely to her knees, displayed two perfectly matched legs which disappeared with a slanting sweep under the cowl. She had dragged off her hat, and her hair, eyes and cheeks were aglow with a light which had been a stranger to them for many weeks.

"What's the big morning brain wave, Laurie?"

"Which? What?"

"You wanting to ride in front."

"Why shouldn't I?" She smiled. "Perhaps I wanted to be where I could reach the emergency brake."

"No, that wasn't it," he said soberly. "You know well enough all you'd have to do would be to say the word and I'd fall in behind a funeral." He frowned. "You're riding in front because you wanted to sit next to me, but when I've said that, I haven't told myself a thing about why."

"I don't mind sitting next to you."

"Great! If it was Fourth of July I'd stop and buy me a bunch of firecrackers."

"Please don't be horrid, Rex. I was so happy until you started picking on me."

"What were you happy about? If it's something easy, I'd certainly like to learn."

"Because I'm going back to Bull Tavern."

"Oh? Then what about your cream-and-robin's-egg fancy wagon? Did that doorman driver break his wrist lifting a cup of tea?"

"Can you see me trying to cross the state in that car?" asked Laurie sharply. "Don't be foolish."

"All right, I won't. But I can't help wondering if Young is feeling under the weather this early morning."

"I called you up because I thought you'd like to go with me, and I'm sitting beside you because I wanted to look you over for a while without your eyes eating holes into my face and bones and brain. That doesn't mean any more than it says; perhaps it doesn't mean anything at all, but I've been awake all night and I did think you'd be glad enough just to sit there and drive and let me take it easy. If you're not, all you've got to do to get rid of us is to catch up to the first Philadelphia bus."

His fingers tightened on the wheel until the knuckles showed white and his frown cleared as if she had passed her hand over his forehead. "Smoke, Laurie, you certainly have grown up! But why couldn't you have said it all at the start? Ask me to turn around and I'll drive you to California without opening my peeper. Listen, if you should sit back and go to sleep right there beside me where I can see you, do you know what I'd do? I'd give you a million dollars! I'm not talking to hear the words flow. I mean it, Laurie. I'd be willing to give you a million in hard cash, and call it cheap at the price."

"Why, Rex!" she cried, genuinely touched. "But you won't have to pay me, not a red cent!" She smiled, leaned back, and presently fell asleep.

He did not waken her until the car had drawn up before Bull Tavern; only then did he lay his hand lightly on her shoulder with the touch of adoration. She awoke with a start to find his eyes blazing into hers. "What you want you can have." Then she was standing under the old familiar portico, still bemused, half hesitant, asking him politely if he wouldn't come in.

"I can't, Laurie. What's the use? I've got to get back. I hadn't ought even to have come away."

"Rex ——"

"What?"

"I'm not saying anything—don't think I'm saying anything—but if Bull Tavern

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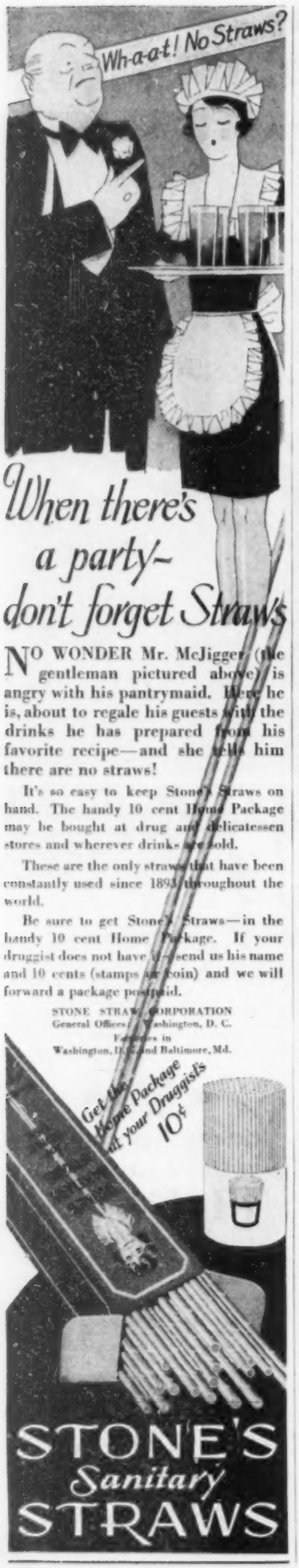
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should go back on me—it won't, but if it should—you won't be far away, will you?"

He came toward her like a thunderous storm. "Laurie!"

"No, no!" She pushed him back as Aunt Laura awoke, stared around wonderingly, and then quietly descended from the car, eyes to the front. "Please, Rex. Please go."

He turned away like a man in a dream, but his eyes were wide open and blazing. Before he had started the engine she was hurling herself into Jasper Bull's amazed arms.

"Oh, grandfather, I'm so glad to be back—I'm so glad to be back!"

"Why, Laurie! Baby! Where did you come from? Gee-whillikins but it does me good to see you! And you too, Laura. I'll give you my bounden word I've lost ten pounds since you went away. That girl Fonda can't cook without you hold her hand."

"I'll go and see about dinner now," said Aunt Laura, stripping off the gloves she was never again to wear.

"You home for a holiday, Laurie?" asked the old man when they were alone.

"Not exactly," said Laurie, laughing nervously. "I decided I didn't want to be a beauty or a movie queen, or anything like that. I'm home for keeps."

The old gentleman pursed his lips and emitted a long descending whistle. He sat staring at the floor for a moment before he spoke. "It's good to have you back, anyway," he said, evidently having passed over in silence some of his thoughts. "Things have been getting pretty bad here lately; glum isn't the word for it." He tried vainly to look over his shoulder. "Anybody around?"

"No, grandfather," laughed Laurie. "Only Aunt Laura, and you know she's in the kitchen."

"That's just the trouble, Laurie—nobody's ever around any more. Elmer and George, of course, because they can't help it, but I've hardly laid eyes on Young since you went away; and lately your good-for-nothing uncles haven't been showing up evenings like they always used to."

"What's the matter with them?"

He looked at her and a troubled glaze filmed his eyes. "Oh, I dunno; let 'em tell you themselves. I guess perhaps it's the devil that's in 'em."

She frowned, but refused to let herself be unhappy during her first hour at home. "Do you mind if I leave you for a while?" she asked. "I want to go out and look at the flivver and take just a peep into the Barrens. Dinner can't be for two hours yet."

"Yes, I do mind," protested the old man. "There's something else I've got to tell you while we're alone."

"What is it?"

"Since when you been gallivanting with one of them marsh Dunstans?"

The unexpectedness of the question bowled her over and she sank back into a chair. "What—what do you mean?" she stammered.

"I thought that would make you stay a while," he grunted. "Long about two weeks ago, while I was setting by the window, a young feller come up out of the woods as straight as a taut string and asked me if I was too busy to give him a word." He paused.

"What did you say?" asked Laurie finally.

"What could I say? I told him to come right in and set himself down. So he did, and I asked what could I do for him. Then he said it was something important, but I mustn't git angry because it was something he had to know so as to keep things straight. So then I asked him why should I git angry, and he said because perhaps I would think he was taking an advantage of me, coming into my house, but he wasn't, because he had to know. Then like a durned fool I promised I wouldn't git angry." He paused again.

"What happened then?" asked Laurie impatiently.

"I can't believe it yet. He sat there, right where you're setting, and he says, 'My name's Hugh Dunstan.' Well, I'd passed my word, so I couldn't git angry, but I let fly my hickory slabs, and you ought to of seen him jump! Then I says to him, 'Now you're up, you might as well keep on going.' Then he said he couldn't go without my telling him what the row was about between the Bulls and the Dunstans, because he'd lost track and he had to know so as to tell his son, if he ever had a son, and sort of keep things straight like they ought to be." The old man stopped, fished out his handkerchief and sat waiting for a sneeze which did not materialize.

"Go on, grandfather! What did you say?"

"I thought you was in such a hurry to have a look at the car."

"I think you're mean! I've just got home, and I think you're mean!"

"There, there now! I'll tell you, only you ought to know already. I couldn't say for the life of me what the row was about, could I? So he looked at me and I looked at him and we begun to laugh. We laughed for quite a spell; then he said the real reason he come was he wanted to know if we'd heard how you was getting along, because him and you were friends and he hadn't seen anything in the papers for quite a spell."

"I don't know how he could say that," said Laurie, "because we're not friends at all."

"Not friends, eh?"

"Of course not. Was he barefoot when he came up here?"

"How should I know? He didn't walk in on his hands. All I remember, he was a quiet-spoken young man—quite a decent feller, coming from the marshes."

"Quiet spoken!" jeered Laurie. "Decent! I wish you could have heard him swear at me, and the last time I saw him he knocked me down. That's how much we're friends!"

The old man let his hickory slabs settle softly, gripped the arms of his chair and leaned forward. "Laurie, are you fancying?"

"Fancying?"

"Are you lying to me?"

"No."

Jasper sank back in the chair and closed his eyes. "The dirty skunk! The slimy marsh rat! Serves me right—serves me good and right for taking the hand of a Dunstan."

Laurie sprang to her feet and stood trembling before him, her eyes suddenly large with fright. She was desperate with indecision and bit her quivering lip. "Grandfather ——" she began uncertainly, and stopped. "Grandfather ——"

"Marsh rat! Marsh rat!" muttered Jasper. "Wait till he comes snooping around here again!"

She turned and fled from the room by one door as Aunt Laura entered by the other.

Elmer came in from his work, having left George to stable the team, and stood spellbound staring at his sister. His small eyes searched about cautiously and gained comfort from Laurie's absence.

"So you're back, Laura. Where did you leave Laurie?"

"She's upstairs."

He sank on a settle, but was not so overcome as not to enjoy the look of amazement which spread over George's face at sight of his aunt. "Hello, Aunt Laura. Where's—where's Laurie?"

"She's upstairs."

Elmer laughed shortly. "Come back for a rest?"

"You'd better ask her," said Aunt Laura, going on quietly about her work.

At the sounding of the gong, Laurie came down, kissed her father dutifully, but only spoke to George, and took her place at the table. George stared steadily at the humble linen frock she had put on.

"What's the great idea?" he asked finally.

Laurie merely glanced at him and went on with her eating. She could feel her father's eyes studying her curiously; he, too, decided to speak: "Home for a rest, Laurie?"

"Leave her alone, Elmer," commanded Jasper Bull suddenly. "She'll tell you what she's here for when she gets good and ready."

Laurie gave the old man a grateful look. "I'm ready now," she said, laying down her fork. "I've come back home—that's all. What are you going to do about it?"

Her father's round body seemed to shrink, to deflate. He said nothing, but let go one of his faintly whistling sighs. George, less awed by Jasper than Jasper's own son, spoke up: "Wait till Young gets here, and Rex and Berry. It's their money you've been spending."

"Let me see," said Laurie—"how much was it you put in?"

"I've helped to feed you ever since you were born, haven't I?" asked George hotly.

"And now you had a chance to help us," her father ventured to murmur; and lest old Jasper rebuke him again, turned immediately to his sister: "You're looking perked up a lot, Laura. I guess the journey done you good."

Aunt Laura gave him a slow, measuring look. "I'm all right," she said quietly.

XV

LAURIE could escape from them all after supper, but not from herself. Her heart was a heavy round lump about as big as a green apple. Everything was spoiled. Old Jasper talking that nice way about Hugh Dunstan, and then all of a sudden calling him terrible names. Well, that had been her fault. She had told the truth, exactly as it was, and then somehow the truth had turned on her. She couldn't say she had lied, she couldn't say Hugh hadn't sworn at her or knocked her down, because he had, and because then her grandfather would have ——

She was unable to follow her own thought to any logical conclusion, so how could she have answered the things he would be bound to ask? And now Elmer, her father, her brother George and probably her uncles, Jap, Warren and Alfred! It had never occurred to her that Bull Tavern—peaceful old Bull Tavern—should have been taking its share in the frenzy of Mr. Shepstiro, the impatience of Young, the sinister waiting on circumstance of Rex, and the insolent rebellion of Berry, to say nothing of the mounting exasperation of a long list of would-be exploiters of her charms and notoriety.

It was hard to think of sleepy old Bull Tavern as nervously awake, holding out the apron of its woods for gifts and pining away under the strain of hope deferred! She waited until morning before going out into the Barrens, and then only tentatively, for she scarcely dared cross Horse Run for fear Dunstan might approach the house in her absence and collide with her grandfather before she had a chance to sound a warning.

What would she say to him? She did not know, but the simplest thing would be to tell him just what had happened and how her grandfather had taken it. She could not imagine what Dunstan would think about her own reaction, because she did not know what she thought herself; but at least he could not accuse her of having lied.

Presently she heard his step approaching with a strangely broken stride. She was sitting on the bank of Horse Run with her feet hanging over its edge, just as the car had hung on a certain memorable day. She watched him coming, picking his way; and while he was still some distance off she caught an impression of change inside and out, of a sort of enveloping and penetrating cleanliness. From his dark moist head to the pipe-clayed shoes which incased his feet, causing him to walk with care, he seemed to glow.

"You!" he cried, genuinely startled.

She was amused by the way he looked, and instantly the green apple in her breast warmed into a live heart, dissolved into

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 186)

blood and began to flow through all her veins. For the first time since her homecoming she could laugh.

"Well," she said, "you've had a shave at last."

He put up his fingers to his smooth bronzed cheeks, but continued to look at her wonderingly. "I didn't expect to find you here," he said finally, with a gravity so simple as to be disconcerting.

How subtly she had changed! He remembered her as a fascinating hoyden, luxuriantly beautiful, but with the beauty of promise rather than of fruition. Now she looked tired, dragged out, tamed, and yet exquisite with a sort of guarded incandescence. Anybody could admire the Laurie she had been, but in her place sat a girl before whom a man might kneel.

"Really?" said Laurie. "Why shouldn't you? I'm even nearer the house than usual."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, continuing to look at her fixedly. "I just didn't. Are you home for a rest?"

A wave of anger, utterly beyond her control, surged through her, staining her pale cheeks red and white and blazing in her eyes. "No, I'm not. I've just come home—that's all. I've seen four people and you are the fourth to ask me that—that ——" She broke off and sat staring before her.

"I'm sorry, Laurie. I didn't mean to make you angry, but if four people have put the same question to you it's simply because it was the most natural thing to ask. It doesn't mean at all that each of them asked it for the same reason. I can't speak for the rest of them, but as for myself, I know I'm glad to see you back."

In spite of the surprising calmness with which he spoke, she was not mollified; if anything, his very self-control, with its cool assumption that all had been well between them at their last parting, added a cutting edge to her anger.

"I suppose you've missed having somebody you could throw around without getting beaten up yourself—a woman!"

His eyes darkened. "That's fair enough," he said quietly, "but it wasn't you I threw around."

"Who was it then?" she was stung into asking.

"It wasn't anybody—it was something ten thousand times stronger than you or any person. I was afraid—frightened as you've never been frightened in your life—and I fought fair or foul to get away."

Now that she would have liked to hold it a little longer, her anger died out of her without warning and, as far as she could see, without reason. It abandoned her, leaving her destitute not only of its fictitious urge but robbing her of content, of any dawning sense of well-being. She felt numb again—almost too numb to realize that having come home in the sure expectation of finding peace, she was profoundly troubled and unhappy.

The day was one of late autumn, but it might have been midsummer, for these woods, made up of stiff runt pines and stiffer scrubby oaks, did not bow lightly to the seasons. Once they had changed their garb in the spring, they held to it tenaciously, with only moderate modifications of color, thickness or texture, until long after all other leaves had varied. It was this uniformity, this dogged pertinacity so repelling to a stranger, which made the Barrens a refuge only to the chosen and patient few.

Where many a landscape can impose its charm in a few minutes or even at a first glance, it took this wilderness without vistas years to establish the domination of a deeply founded and enduring friendship. Thus Laurie was a partaker rather than a visitor. So attuned were her nostrils that when none other could detect an odor, she quivered to the separate fragrances of leaf, bark and sand, determining them with the precision of an adept musician dividing a note into all but imperceptible sixteenths.

Yet with Dunstan standing at her side and Bull Tavern at her back, she had a feeling she could not quite define. Either the Barrens were subjecting her to a temporary desertion or, aroused to jealousy, they were decreeing against all other gods, inviting her to a solitary and unbroken communion, or none at all. She was lonely. Returned to the very source of happiness, she was unhappy.

"I was on my way to see your grandfather," said Dunstan, breaking a long silence. He had seated himself near by, half facing her, and was curling and uncurling a blade of grass, extended between his thumbs and index fingers. He had long wiry hands. They were so expressive that to look at them was like looking in the face of an intelligent dog and wondering why he did not speak with the tongues of men and angels. "He and I have buried the ancient hatchet. We're great friends."

"You're not," said Laurie.

"Oh, yes, we are!"

"That's why I came down here. I wanted to warn you not to come near the house, because I think it might kill him."

"Nonsense ——" began Dunstan.

"It isn't nonsense," she interrupted.

She did not look at him, but kept her gaze fixed before her, and presently tears began to roll down her cheeks and fall on her hands, which lay unclasped in her lap. They did not fall fast, but one at a time, as they overflowed from the trembling lower lids of her staring eyes. Nor did she stop talking. She told him what had occurred exactly as it had happened.

He frowned, nodding his head. "Yes," he said, "you told the truth, but not all of it, because nobody can ever tell all the truth. We don't know it ourselves. Today I'm one thing, yesterday I was another, and that alone is enough to make me into a walking lie. But it's too bad. I liked the old man, and he was beginning to like me."

"Why did you ever go there?" she cried in vague regret. "Why couldn't you have stayed away?"

"I went to hear about you. I couldn't write, because there's a brand of popularity that destroys a letter before it's sent." His tone seemed to harden to a touch of bitterness. "It didn't take much effort to see all your letters being opened by some lawyer's clerk, because I happen to know about that sort of thing. I could even imagine their being left around for others to read."

She shrank into herself without moving and her tears rolled faster. She felt an impulse to turn, to look at him and forget herself, but she dared not give way to it, because her pride was still sore from an old hurt.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"I—I don't know."

"I'll tell you. You're crying because you know that in spite of what you said to your grandfather, you and I are friends. But that's only half of it. You're crying because you're lonely, and you're lonely because you don't dare talk to me. Say I did curse you out, say I did throw you around—I didn't do it to hurt you and you know it."

She looked at him at last, wonderingly, her tears arrested by interest. "I do know it, but how did you know that I know it? If you didn't do it to hurt me, what did you do it for?"

"I did it because I've been your friend from the first minute I saw you lying up there on the knoll. I didn't want to be yours or anybody else's. People are silly when they say you can choose and pick your friends. I had to be, just as you can't help being my friend whether you like it or not."

"Then why ——" she began, and stopped.

"—— why should I blow hot and cold, sweet one minute and bitter the next? Because that's the kind of a stray you happened to pick up in the woods. I can't help being a remnant, but I had to try not to be a cur."

"Don't talk about yourself like that," said Laurie, dropping her head in her arms.

He came to her side with a swift soundless movement and put his arm around her gently. At his touch, all the hardness in her own body seemed to melt and all the knotty problems which had been piling into life to dissolve. She felt an extraordinary sensation of ease and indirection; if she let herself go she could flow like a lazy warm stream, always moving yet eternally placed.

She relaxed against him with utter relinquishment, but at the first spasmodic pressure of the hand of possession, eager, though still only half-believing, she wrenched herself away and leaped to her feet. A vivid memory of Rex had risen before her—of Rex advancing on her like a thunderous storm, his face alight with the consuming fire of her own thoughtless building.

The half promise she had made him had seemed a little thing at the time; but now, in an instant, it had grown into a huge hard obstacle. There were men to whom half a promise meant nothing, but not Rex. By this time his ardor would have made a molehill into a mountain and she would have only herself to blame if it toppled in an overwhelming avalanche.

"Oh!" she cried, gazing down at Dunstan with wide-eyed dismay. "Oh!"

He scrambled to his feet. "Laurie!"

She turned and ran from him, but this time he followed her. She could hear him coming, and as she drew near to the entrance to Bull Tavern she slackened her pace, tortured between the alternative of stopping to explain the inexplicable or of permitting him to add disaster to bewilderment. Naturally, what he was thinking was that the memory of Jasper Bull had crashed between them.

"Don't come in," she panted. "Please don't."

"Of course I'm coming in!"

He pushed by her, and with a sickening sinking of her heart she followed him into the main room and saw her grandfather's head snap back with the fractional movement which was all his abnormally short neck permitted in the way of a gesture of outraged amazement. Dunstan walked straight to him, as if he knew the exact value of the element of surprise.

"There's been a serious misunderstanding, Mr. Bull, and I've come to put it right. I want you to hear Laurie tell you with her own lips whether we're friends or not." He faced about boldly. "Am I your friend, Laurie?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Do you forgive me for anything you thought I ever said or did to you when it was only because I was scared out of my right mind?"

She could almost have smiled, but she did not. "Yes," she answered.

"There you are, sir," said Dunstan to Jasper. "Does that satisfy you?"

"Well," drawled Jasper, "what I might say is this: You sure got her well trained."

Dunstan whirled around with the satisfied air of one who has swept away all barriers, but Laurie was gone. He looked so foolish that the old man took pity on him.

"Set yourself down, young feller, and talk a while."

XVI

THE conclave of the Bulls was gathering—such a conclave as the tavern had not seen for fifty years. From its inception it filled Laurie with amazement, but a sense of impending conflict made questions seem out of place. Moved by some hidden spring, Aunt Beulah had crept out of her convent to come to lodge in the room in which she had been born. Propelled by the same secret spring, Aunt Mary arrived from the seat of her sect and took up her abode in the opposite wing. Nor was Aunt Martha, the strong-nosed educator, missing from the consistory. Only Aunt Jane, for some recondite reason, had not been reached—perhaps because the thought of money never moved her from where she happened to be happy.

Laurie was puzzled as she examined her new aunts curiously at the supper table—Mary at one end, on the right of Laurie's father, and Beulah in her striking robe and cowl at the other, next to Grandfather Jasper Bull. Of course, Aunt Beulah was the more familiar, owing to her intimate connection with schoolhood days, but somehow they both seemed new beside Aunt Martha, with whom she had so lately established friendly if not sympathetic contact.

Young also was present. He had thrown his arms around her, kissed her fondly, but had remained unwontedly silent. He had said nothing, not even to ask her how she was. Her brother George and Aunt Laura made up the complement at table, nine in all; but after the supper things had been cleared away, the others began to arrive.

She was accustomed to see her uncles gather for the evening hour, but tonight Uncle Jap brought his wife, Emily, his three spindling daughters and his son Ernest, whom Laurie detested as one can loathe only an unappreciated near relative. What little nastiness she knew had come from Ernest. In her opinion he had been born nasty and would remain so to his dying day. All four children were peaked and miserably clothed.

It was Emily's great grievance that though her husband was his father's namesake, he had come into the world a year later than Elmer, the oldest of the four brothers, thereby losing the chance to ape old Jasper Bull during life and wear his mantle as master of Bull Tavern after death.

Warren also had brought his wife, and so had Alfred. Warren's wife was a colorless individual, an uncomplaining drudge who was now blinking like a bat in daylight at being torn away from her unvarying background of wood-burning range, scrubbing brush and dishwater. She had never had a baby of her own, but she had with her two taken children, a boy and a girl, too young to have been left alone at home at night. Laurie had never seen them before.

Alfred's wife was of a different type. Small, wiry and not uncomely, she did as much work as her downtrodden sister-in-law in half the time and looked around for more. She always found it, for she had five children she had brought into the world herself. Two of them were already self-supporting, and sat apart from her as if to emphasize the fact, but the three others clung close to their mother. They were exceptionally neat at a casual glance, but close examination would have shown almost every article of wear they had on to be skillfully darned or otherwise mended.

The main room was peculiarly adapted for the gathering of such a clan, made up as it was of the stalwart parent stem, twenty-one lineal descendants, three extant daughters-in-law and two grandchildren by prospective adoption—an imposing total of twenty-seven as diverse souls as ever congregated under a single roof.

Nor was the explanation of their united presence less remarkable than the assemblage itself. Unknown to most of them, they were there through the inspiration, conception, connivance and execution of Mr. Abe Steinhoff, a gentleman of whom scarcely any of them had ever heard, though, once convinced it was not a joke, he might have suffered a stroke at the news. Aided and admiringly abetted by Mr. Shepstiro, he had conceived the plan of unexpectedly hurling against Laurie such pressure as many a girl has had to face but few have been known to withstand.

She had welcomed the coming of her Aunt Martha and wondered mildly over the arrival on the same day, though by separate routes and equipages, of her divergent aunts, Mary and Beulah. But when her uncles commenced to gather to the charge, supported by their consorts, offspring and appendages, she was more than puzzled—she began to smell a rat—not the rat, but a rat. No suspicion of the half-forgotten Mr. Steinhoff entered her head.

Centering on the massif of Grandfather Jasper Bull, seated in his famous chair, the lesser family hills, knolls, mounds and hummocks fell naturally into two wings or tapering claws which seemed only by accident to hold her isolated between their tips. She could have risen and seated herself elsewhere had she wished, and had been on the

Engineering skill reaches new heights in the perfection of the operating principle of the Holmes Electric Refrigerator, which will be announced very soon. Be on the lookout for it!

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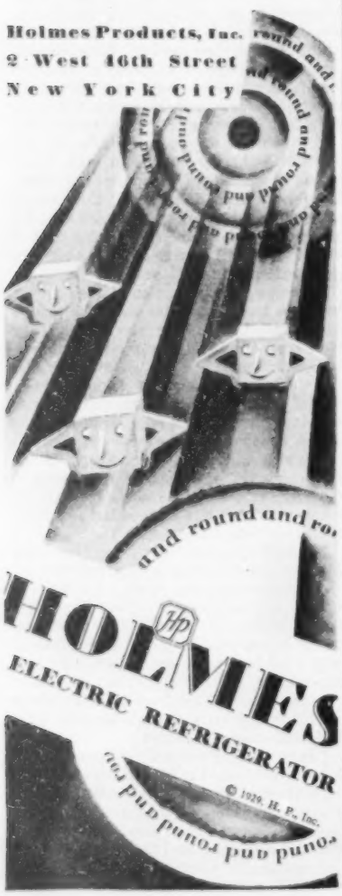


point of doing so, but the moment she scented a battle she lost all desire to change. She could have asked for no better position than this, where she could rise at will and stand with her back to the wall.

Silence fell upon the company as though by common consent. Elmer gave vent to one of his whistling sighs, either to draw attention to himself or perhaps in the way of calling the meeting to order. As a matter of prescribed form, he turned to look insistently at his father, but Jasper Bull only shook his head quickly from side to side. Elmer then cleared his throat and spoke:

"Well, Laurie, here we all are, and seeing as I'm your father, they sort of picked on me to begin the talking." He paused and frowned, embarrassed by the too weighty attention to his words. Ordinarily he was interrupted freely by his domineering father and unheeded by the rest of the tribe. "To begin talking," he repeated.

"What about?" asked Laurie.

"Well, I reckon each one on us has some thoughts, but I'm attempting to speak only for myself and let the others have a chance. Almost everybody in this room, Laurie, including some of the children, has done a lot of work to help feed themselves. You're a big girl now, you're really a woman grown, and as your father, I ask you to think about how you ought to begin thinking about trying to help the Bull family the way the Bull family has always helped you."

He looked around and was pleased to find that his clarity and moderation had made a hit, not only with his highbrow sisters returned from the outer world but with old Jasper himself. If the truth had been known, entire credit for the moderation was due to the respect bordering on fear which the fat and flabby son bore his fat but by no means flabby father.

"Go on," said Laurie, eying him disdainfully.

"That's my say," said Elmer—"just to ask you to begin thinking."

"Don't look so solemn, Laurie dear," said her Aunt Martha cheerfully. "I admit it's enough to frighten anyone, having so many Bulls all headed at you without the slightest warning."

"I'm not frightened," said Laurie quietly.

"What I mean," continued Aunt Martha, "is you haven't any reason to be, whether you are or not, because every one of us will keep right on loving you whatever you do. All we ask is for you to try to get our point of view before you make a momentous decision—so momentous that no young girl should attempt to solve it all by herself."

"But I've made it already!" protested Laurie.

"No," said her aunt, smiling. "You don't think I'd have come down here on a wild-goose chase, do you? Unless there had been something concrete, definite and signed to put before you, I would never have left my work. But as it is, I feel that this is my work. Laurie, you are about to be offered opportunity—a great overwhelming opportunity—and I beg you to consider it, not only from one angle but from all, before you decide. Beulah wants to speak to you." Aunt Mary made a protesting gesture with a slip of paper she held in her hand. "I said Beulah," repeated Aunt Martha sharply.

Aunt Beulah, her hands clasped in her lap and her head with its towering winged coif bowed as if in prayer, swayed backward and forward as she spoke in a voice which would have been inaudible had not the silence her manner imposed been so profound.

"The order and the school which nursed you at the breast of learning are in need of your help. The school had hoped for recompense, the order still prays for help."

There was a pause, then almost a gasp at the realization that she had finished.

"Now, Mary," said Aunt Martha, recovering herself.

Aunt Mary actually stood up and read rapidly from the slip of paper she held in her hand: "The libraries of the United States are either blind or rebellious. With only ten thousand dollars you could distribute among the libraries of America three thousand copies of the Testimony of the Great Pyramid, two thousand five hundred copies of Hark, British and American Israel, four thousand copies of the Anglo Heritage or the Stone of Destiny, because it's much cheaper, and two thousand copies of Doom and Destiny of the U. S. A." She lifted her eyes, bright with the fever of fanaticism, and glanced around. "Think of it, Laurie," she said to the company in general, "for only ten thousand dollars!" And she sat down.

Laurie wanted to laugh out loud. If this was a sample of the ordeal to which she was to be subjected, her Aunt Martha was right, and she was a fool to have looked so solemn. She felt a surge of relief beginning at her toes and starting to rise toward her heart; but, uninvited, Uncle Jasper began to speak and almost immediately the wave of elation commenced to recede.

"Aw, rubbish and skimmed milk!" he began with a spontaneity which the others had lacked. "Look at my children, Laurie, your cousins, your own flesh and blood. Look at your Uncle Alfred's five kids—what they have on. Doesn't that make you feel anything? Doesn't it kind of make you want to blush? Look at the two poor little orphans, tooken by Warren when things looked so bright that me and Alfred went out and bought ourselves new cars that ain't paid for yit, and never will be unless blood turns out to be thicker than water."

Laurie made a protesting movement, but he hurried on, raising his voice: "When you've finished looking at them things, swing your eyes around and take a look at the whole of Bull Tavern, hanging on by the skin of its teeth if it wasn't for Young giving the money to keep a roof over your granddaddy's head."

"Oh!" cried Laurie. The cut of the whip had found her at last.

"Never mind about my money," said Young quietly, but without looking at her. "It isn't my money I'm worrying about or you wouldn't catch me mixed up with this bunch of hijacking pirates. It's Rex and Berry's money I'm thinking about, and Mr. Shepstiro's too."

"Oh!" breathed Laurie.

He turned his eyes upon her. They had never looked so sad, so filled with pleading all the more potent because it was tortured by a doubt. He drew a document from his pocket and laid it on the table before him. "All you got to do," he said, "is to sign this, with a couple of us to witness it, and soon there'll be more money than you know what to do with. God knows, I don't want any of it, Laurie, with you feeling the way you do. I'm only thinking of the guys that stood by us."

"Wait a minute," said Laurie.

She turned, ran up to her room and took out her money. It had been two hundred and forty-one dollars, but she had had the car greased and filled with gas and oil, so now it was only two hundred and thirty-eight. For a moment she stood in a daze, not thinking about the money at all. She was wondering that a few minutes ago she had been full of fight and quite cool, but now she was sofe all over and hot.

Not hot inside—hot so that her hands, her arms, all her body were wet. Remembering the people waiting for her, she threw up her head and started downstairs. At each step her thin frock, nasty cold, stuck to her back between the shoulders and then peeled off again. She took up her stand beside the chair where she had been sitting and glanced at Elmer.

"You're quite right, father. At my age, and the way things are, I certainly ought to be looking after myself." She looked at her visiting aunts one after the other with a faint curl to her lips, but did not bother to speak to them; then she turned to Jasper. "As for you, Uncle Jap, if you aren't big enough to look after your own family, why don't you take it out and drown it?" She stared at her hateful cousin, Ernest. "What difference would it make? Uncle Warren too. Why should he adopt children for me to bring up? I may want to have my own. I don't see anything the matter with Uncle Alfred's kids. The ones who are old enough work already and the rest will certainly learn. But you, Young ——"

Her whole bearing and her voice changed. "Of course we've got to find some way—some way to pay Rex and Berry, but—but just signing a paper won't do it. It's what you have to do after you sign. How much do I owe them?"

"It's not what you owe, Laurie," said Young thickly; "it's what they are entitled to expect, what they would have made if you hadn't—if you hadn't ——"

"—— if I hadn't quit. . . . I see." She had been twisting the money in her moist hands until it was a sodden coil. In spite of the steadiness of her voice, her heart was thumping so that it shook her body. The old torment was on again—the necessity of deciding whether you are going to do something every fiber in your being is determined you shall not do. "Well, I—I've got to think." She looked around and her eyes fell on her grandfather, who had refused to take any part in the debate, whose face was a suffering mask, deliberately assumed. "If you'll all leave me absolutely alone," she said finally, "I'll tell you tomorrow night what I'm going to do."

She stood for a moment longer, frowning and staring at the floor. One of her father's sibilating sighs broke the silence. "I guess there ain't any complaint to that, is they?" he asked, preparing to adjourn the meeting.

"Here, father," said Laurie, stepping forward and laying the wadded bills on the table before him. "That's toward my keep."

He poked the mass apart and counted without picking it up while many a neck was craned to watch him. "Two hundred thirty-eight dollars," he stated, but there was something in his tone that drew ejaculations of unbelief and disdain from Warren and Alfred and a derisive snicker from George.

"It's—it's all I've got," murmured Laurie, almost inaudibly. She knew that if she tried to speak louder or add another word she would inevitably break.

Young's fist crashed on the table as he rose to his feet. "You'd take it, would you?" he shouted at his father. He snatched up the notes, rolled them into a ball and threw it to Laurie. "Keep your money, Laurie. I'll spit in the face of anybody else that touches it, and don't you worry any more. Stick up for yourself, kid! Fight 'em! You've been right and I've been wrong. I don't know how I know it, but I'm sure I do know it! Never give in, Laurie. If it's money they want, I'll get it for them. I've got it before and I know where to get it again. I'll come back with bunches of it in my two hands and you can all line up and I'll ram the stinking stuff down your throats till you holler for air."

He thrust George and his father aside, passed between them and through the door, leaving a heavy silence behind him that was not broken until they heard the rasp of a starter and then the roar of his motor, rapidly diminishing.

Jasper Bull heaved a long sigh and smiled. "That done me good," he chuckled. "I been waiting for something like that from Young, 'cause I didn't have the breath to say it myself."

Aunt Laura was the only one who could join in his smile, but her face clouded with trouble as she looked at Laurie, still standing spellbound, gazing with a sort of blind yearning at the door which had swallowed Young, as if she had a presentiment that never again would it open for his coming.

So absorbed was she in her unspoken farewell that she was not aware when Rex, followed by Mr. Shepstiro, entered from the kitchen, where they had evidently been waiting and listening. In the few days which had elapsed since Rex had driven her down he had gone through some elusive transformation; his spirit had aged and his body had been fined by the action of ardent sleepless hours. So pale were his cheeks that his brilliant eyes seemed to have grown out of proportion to his face.

(Continued on Page 193)

New Notes in Smart Accessories of the Winter Mode!

Here is the newest Ball-Band galosh. Trim as a tailored suit, with its concealed "Monopul" slide fastener. Finished in moiré rubber with a lighter piping of the same color. It weighs only a few ounces and is washable!

HOW charmingly they blend with the season's richly furred ensembles, these trim new galoshes by Ball-Band! Women of fashion everywhere have accepted them as important additions to the winter out-of-door costume.

For here is bad-weather footwear that combines grace of line with lovely color harmonies. Slender as today's tailored silhouette . . . and built to hold its shape! Colorful with two-toned effects in the newest shades of tan, brown or gray!

These stylish Ball-Band galoshes come both in rich fabrics and in the new washable rubber. Added features of special interest are the swanky cuffs . . . washable linings . . . clever snap fasteners or the unique "Monopul" slide fastener . . . and lightness measured in ounces.

Choose the styles and colorings to complete your costumes. You can be sure that every one will retain its youthful, shapely lines. Extra fine quality is evident in each detail of the design, the materials and the workmanship of Ball-Band footwear.

The rubber used is prepared for but one purpose: to make long-lasting and good-looking footwear. It is live . . . firm . . . tough! The knit fabrics are durable, yet amazingly elastic. They have the "give" so necessary for a snug yet comfortable fit. Made exclusively for Ball-Band footwear, in our own mills at Mishawaka, their special qualities are the result of sixty years' textile experience.

Examine this new Ball-Band footwear now. There is very likely a Ball-Band dealer near you who can fit you in an interesting variety of smart styles. If not, please write us for the address of one who can.

But wherever you buy, be sure to look for the Red Ball trade-mark that identifies genuine Ball-Band footwear.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. COMPANY
467 Water Street Mishawaka, Indiana

This Ball-Band snap-fastened rubber galosh comes in two-tone combinations of moiré rubber, piped with a still darker shade. It is one of the season's jauntiest galoshes, with its clever turn-up cuffs. It is easily cleaned and comes in net or fleece lining.

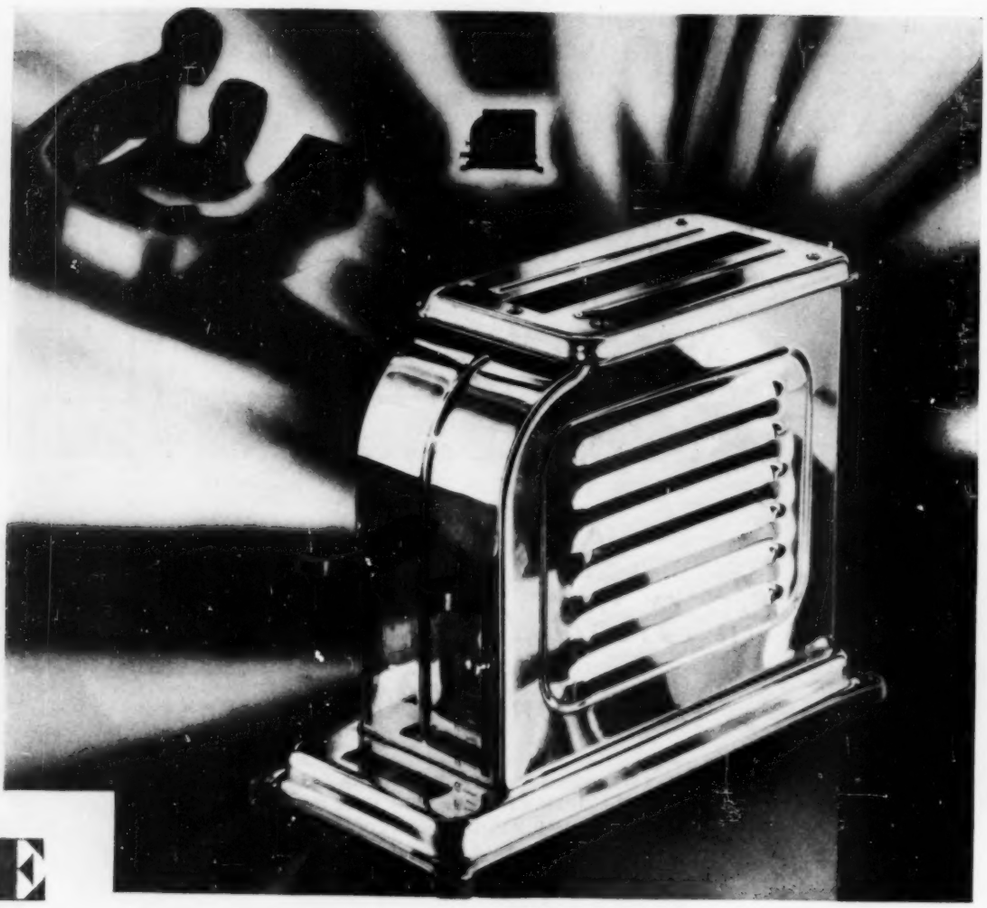
The Ball-Band "Betty" shown above is as practical as it is good-looking, with its simple snap fastener that is adjustable to fit. This galosh is made in two-tone combinations and three different fabrics, wool jersey, cotton jersey and "Rayon," a pleasing mixture of rayon and cotton yarns.

For wear in cold and snowy weather you could not select anything more practical than this 4-buckle Ball-Band arctic. It comes in three weights: light, medium and heavy; in sizes to fit every member of the family.

Look for the Red Ball

BALL-BAND

GALOSHES ◥ LIGHT RUBBERS ◥ ARCTICS ◥ BOOTS ◥ HEAVY RUBBERS ◥ SPORT AND WORK SHOES ◥ WOOL BOOTS AND SOCKS



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Of the World's ONLY COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC Toaster

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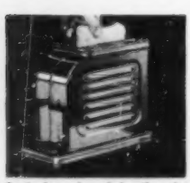

1 *Just drop bread in the slot and press down 2 levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.*

2 *Leave the room; read; do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—*

3 *Pop! and it's done. Perfectly toasted, both sides at once—and current cuts off automatically.*

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It toasts the bread to just the degree you want. Then, when the toast is done, automatically discharges it. It toasts both sides at once, giving you crisp, crunchy slices with all the flavor sealed in. And, there is no turning, no watching, nothing to think about. So *it can't burn toast.*

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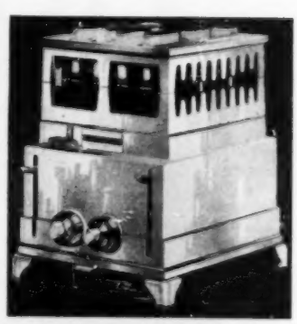
Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other like it. *It does everything automatically*, down to the point of discharging the toast when it's done. That cannot be said of any other toaster made.

Before buying any toaster, do yourself the justice of seeing the Toastmaster work. It is fascinating and amazing—a revelation in speedy toasting. Does everything but talk.

When buying, remember the name TOASTMASTER. For automatic toast-making means Toastmaster. And Toastmaster means automatic toasting. All stores have the Toastmaster, in the United States and Canada. Waters-Genter Company, 231 North Second Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



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TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

(Continued from Page 190)

"What's the use of waiting till tomorrow, Laurie? Why not tell them now and be done with it?"

By his manner alone she could tell that into those two questions were packed all his aspiration, all the devouring hopes which she herself had aroused. One half of her mind was engaged in thinking how clever he was to manage to say before others so much that she alone could understand, while the other half stood appalled before a fresh dilemma.

"Tell them what, Rex?" she temporized.

"Didn't you say you'd give them their answer tomorrow night?" His eyes burned into her with a desperate insistence born of his surmise that she had stipulated the delay only that she might have time to call him to her aid. "Bull Tavern has gone back on you, hasn't it? And I'm here, ain't I? Give it to them now."

She had known she did not love him when she had spoken the words which swept him to the peak of elation, and now she knew positively that she would never love him; but so strong was her sense of loyalty to one's acts at whatever cost that she felt herself more than half pledged by the half promise.

While she hesitated the main door from the hall crashed open and every head turned toward it as on a pivot. Berry stood there, a bundle of evening papers clutched in his hands. His blond hair was plastered across his forehead with sweat, blood and dust. In the light of the lamps his eyes shone red as garnets as they swept the startled assemblage in search of his brother.

"There you are, damn you! Why don't you stay on the end of a wire where you belong?" He hurled the papers toward Rex and they fell, some on the floor, some slithering across the long table. "Read that and run!" he shouted, as he whirled and rushed out into the night.

Laurie stared at the headlines glaring up at her from the floor and felt her body slowly turn numb and cold. Across the full width of the sheet ran the scare line in huge black letters:

MANVILLE JONES, PUBLICITY EXPERT, MURDERED

Then followed the long heading:

HIS LEGACY PHOTOSTAT EVIDENCE POLICE DECLARE WILL SEND EVERY MEMBER OF DONOVAN RING TO THE CHAIR

She stooped automatically, picked up the paper and continued to read:

No more ingenious plot was ever hatched than the clever ruse which led to the killing of Manville Jones, one of the leading press agents of all time. Briefly stated, the facts are these: He was kidnaped by agents of the notorious Donovan bootlegging ring, carried out to Rum Row and set adrift, just as a revenue cutter hove into sight, in the cockpit of a launch running at full speed. The government patrol gave chase, overhauled the speed boat and megaphoned an order to the lonely occupant to throw up his hands. He did not comply and a moment later was riddled by machine-gun fire. When the runaway boat was finally boarded it was found that Mr. Jones' wrists had been bound at his sides and his feet clamped to the floor grating. Those are the facts leading up to the technicality as to who really killed Mr. Jones over which opposing battalions of lawyers would probably have fought all the way to the Supreme Court had not the deceased left as a legacy the most complete record of a gang's crimes ever gathered by one man.

Her face white and her lips bloodless, Laurie looked up, desperately determined to meet Rex's eyes. He was still reading with an avidity which had scanned not only the prelude but much of the specific evidence. Presently he crumpled the paper with the action of one who would throttle an enemy, then his hands grew lax and the mass fell to the floor. When he met Laurie's gaze his eyes, usually so brilliant, seemed all but opaque.

"They've got my number seven times over," he muttered dully, "and I've got to run for it. They've even got the old man!"

"Oh, Rex, I'm so sorry."

A momentary gleam flickered across his set face. "They won't catch me, Laurie. You're not sorry enough to take a chance, are you?"

"To—to take a chance?" she stammered, puzzled.

"Go with me, and you'll never be sorry. I'll beat the game yet."

"No, Rex. I wouldn't have gone with you anyway—not even if this hadn't happened."

His shoulders slumped. He nodded, turned and went out swiftly through the kitchen. Mr. Shepstiro had long since departed. It had taken him only a single glance to perceive the shadow of the electric chair beyond the printed page, and he had promptly fled.

The first sound of which Laurie was conscious after Rex's departure was Aunt Laura's voice, speaking with amazing dryness: "Well, Laurie, it's most like being back on that fine trip we had, isn't it, dear? You'd better go upstairs and lock your door."

Strange to say, that speech, and no declamation from Elmer, was the signal for the desultory break-up of the gathering, which melted or decomposed rather than dispersed, leaving Laurie still dazed. Poor Manville Jones! Poor little giant! She went slowly up to her room and threw herself on the bed, but not to sleep.

Unusual steps sounded around the house, and even after they had ceased she could imagine the commotion of so many people breathing, rolling over, snoring perhaps. Outside, instead of turning darker, the night was getting brighter and brighter. Somewhere out of sight to the east the great disk of a brilliant moon must be rising above the trees. Poor Manville Jones, and poor Rex! What good had it done him to change—to shear off the link between him and his past? Hadn't he done his best? But where your boat goes, there you also must go. She was lonely. Her heart cried out for Young and there was no answer.

Springing from the bed, and without lighting the lamp, she began emptying the old cedar chest which had been her mother's and her grandmother's before her. She did not throw things about, but laid them in heaps to right and left of where she was kneeling. At last the box was apparently empty. She ran her fingers around the bottom until they came across the thickish letter addressed to Hugh Dunstan, Esquire.

Though as yet she had only a vaguely formed scheme for its delivery, she crept downstairs and out. She did not deceive herself—the letter was merely an excuse, but half an hour later the headlights of her old car were throwing two lonely beams across the level marshes. When she had rattled over Long Bridge the noise had frightened her, but now, with every house left far behind, she did not feel afraid. She reached the end of the grass-grown, rutted and muddy way, switched off her lights and sat for a long time looking at the distant dome of oaks, standing solidly black against the moon-paled sky.

The air was so chilly it made her shiver. What tiny spurs urge us to our greatest decisions! Because she was cold, she got down and started to walk toward Oak House, and only after she had gone some distance did she put up her hand to make sure the letter was safe inside her dress. At first, although she was already breasting coarse dry grass, the walking was not so bad; she even stumbled into a patch where they had been harvesting salt hay and she could run.

But a few yards beyond, the grass was not so dry; it still had juices in its stalks and arose in an ever thicker barrier against her. The reason was soon evident; she began to sink into mud at every step. A thick clump of mallows on a low rise arrested her and proved a refuge. She took off her sandals, packed her stockings into them and hung them on the tallest of the weeds. It was scarcely strong enough for such a burden. It bowed to her and made her laugh, very low, as one laughs when none can hear.

She started on slowly, fearful of hurting her feet, but the live grass bent to her step and the cool soft mud protected instead of hindering her. Oak House began to take form, a dark and yet glimmering mass amid its canopy of mighty trees. She never doubted she could reach it; where any boy of fifteen could go, she could follow. But her heart leaped into her throat and she stopped abruptly when just before her, almost beneath her, she heard the gurgle of rushing water.

She parted the overhanging verdure and the moonlight struck down on the turgid flood of Muddy Creek, flowing upstream under the urge of the rising tide. The banks were so steep as to be concave and she had no means of knowing how deep was the water, but it looked bottomless. Here was where the boys—her grandfather and his brother Will—must have stripped, but she had so little on that stripping would not have helped.

Seizing a clump of sedge, she reached down a tentative toe; the water was far warmer than the air. She was about to take the plunge when she was arrested by a paralyzing thought. No light shone from Oak House—what if he were not there? She sat on her heels for a long time, weighing the chance of a barren, wordless visit against a certain wetting. Then a gleam shone in her eyes; she put up her hand, fixed her lips and uttered a rasping, tearing call that would carry far.

After the proper pause, she tried it again. There came the sound of a door opening on creaking hinges and from the safety of her blind she saw a white figure emerge and come to stand at the edge of the square balustered veranda, upheld by ghostlike pillars. She trilled only a few notes of song, but they were such as no catbird would utter so late in the year.

"Laurie!"

The cry was not loud; her name had been lightly and incredulously spoken, as though Hugh were talking to himself, but the sound carried so strongly through the still night air that she could even hear the sigh which followed it. She stood up. Holding the letter high in one hand and the edge of her short skirt in her teeth, she slid down the muddy bank, breasted the tide, and with the help of the current shooting out from a point, she was able to reach the other side, but was powerless to climb out. She caught a clump of roots and clung to it. Presently she heard a rushing this way and that through the grass above her.

"Laurie! Laurie! Where are you?"

Her teeth had begun to chatter, but she managed to call out weakly, "Here." He caught her wrists, dragged her up into his arms and started toward the house. "Do you know you're getting yourself all over mud?" she asked presently.

"You're crazy!" he muttered. "Stark crazy."

She laughed. Never in all her life had she felt so completely safe. Her body had been cold, but now, though he held her lightly with one arm beneath her knees and the other around her waist, it was warm, relaxed, almost nonexistent. It was as though she had no body at all, but still had kept all its sensitiveness to physical comfort and to an interior, penetrating consciousness of ineffable well-being. Then he set her down suddenly on an old brick walk, grass-grown and uneven.

"There you are," he said with unconcealed relief. "You can walk without hurting your feet."

She dragged her clinging skirt down into place and followed him into the house. He left her in the great square hall, and she could hear him striking matches as he stumbled up the stairs to the floor above. No lamp was lit, but by the light from a huge open fire she looked around upon magnificence marred by such disorder as she would have believed incredible had it not been where she could see, touch and feel it.

Dust—such dust! It gritted through the rug into the soles of her bare feet; it cast a veil over such mahogany surfaces as were not otherwise occupied, and seemed to hang in the air. Only such things as were in constant use were free of it. For example, an enormous sway-backed chair near the

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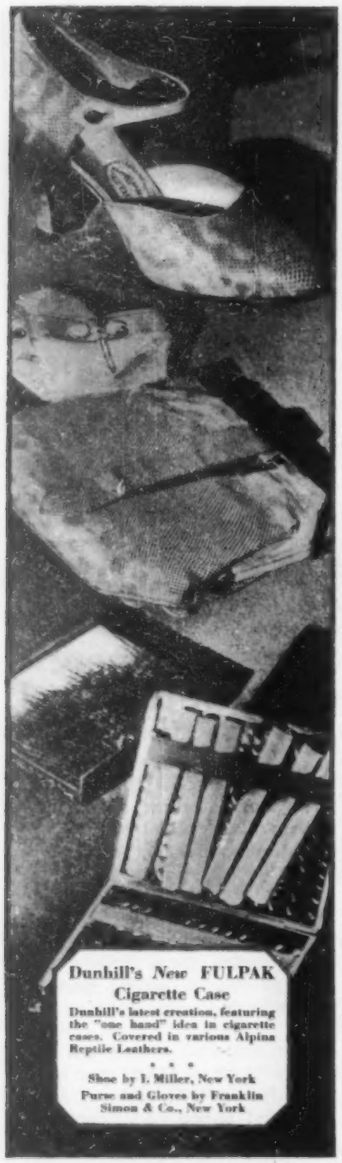
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broad fireplace and the heaps of strange-looking books, bound and unbound, which flanked it on either side.

While she was still staring open-mouthed at furniture which could impose an air of serenity even in the midst of such chaos, he returned with an assortment of old-fashioned dresses and a soft towel which he tossed on the big chair.

"Wait till I'm gone," he commanded methodically, "then take off your things, hang them in front of the fire, give yourself a good rub with the towel, pick out one of these dresses and a petticoat, put them on and call me. I'm going into the kitchen to fry you an egg."

"I don't like fried eggs," said Laurie.

"You'll do exactly as you're told or I'll leave you here and go over to Bull Tavern and fetch your grandfather."

Even at that she might not have obeyed had she not found among the dresses an adorable little Empire gown which could certainly be made to fit. Having gone through all the prescribed preliminaries, she put it on and by much unaccustomed squirming managed to fasten all but two of the buttons in the back. Then she looked around for a mirror and found none except the great oval in a tarnished gilded frame above the mantel. She climbed to a precarious perch on one of the heaps of books, but it was not high enough, so she called to him impatiently.

He came as far as the door, carrying a plate with a fried egg on it in one hand, and stood there, staring at her.

"Laurie," he said impulsively, "you're lovely. You'll never know how lovely you are."

Surely this was another world, and she some newborn person, come into it full-grown without an ache or a care! "I won't if you don't put down that silly egg and come and help me. Lift me up. Please, Hugh."

He put one arm around her stiffened knees and carried her backward away from the mirror until she clapped her hands and cried out, "Oh! Oh!"

"That's enough," he said, setting her down. "The first thing you know you'll be falling in love too."

"Why," she asked, looking teasingly up into his face, "are you in love?"

"I am."

"With me?"

"Yes. But don't let's talk about that now, please. Why did you come here?"

She thought for a moment. "Oh, yes, I remember! I came to bring you your letter." She picked it up from the table where she had laid it and handed it to him.

XVII

DUNSTAN lit a lamp beside the sway-backed chair, settled himself comfortably and began to study the faded superscription on the letter his grandfather had failed to open. Laurie had found a hassock, kicked it until it was reasonably free of dust, rolled it into place and was now sitting on it, her feet close together, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands and her eyes on the mysterious yellowed oblong of paper.

"Feels kind of heavy," he said, weighing it on the tips of his long fingers.

"Oh, open it!" she cried impatiently.

"That's easy."

He snapped the edges together and as he relaxed the pressure one end of the envelope fell apart. He tipped and shook it. A tightly folded document struck his other hand and slid to the floor, but he managed to catch the single sheet of note paper which followed. The letter was soon read, for it was comprised of only three lines, but its effect on Dunstan was immeasurable.

He turned white as only men pale, with a passing suddenness no woman's face can equal. His jaw fell open, soon to close slowly as the color returned with a rush to his cheeks. He stooped to pick up the tightly folded paper, opened it, glanced at it, threw himself back in the chair and laughed until he was too weak to laugh any longer.

"Hugh!" whispered Laurie.

He tossed her the letter. "Read it."

The script ran thus:

My dear, My own: Here are the damned marriage lines. Do with them as you please. I am coming back.

Her face remained blank, as if the words had no meaning; then she read them again and frowned. Presently her eyes began to grow wider and wider, as they plunged back through the years to the reconstruction of a vision. Once more she read, and as she finished scanning the minute handwriting, her throat, all her body, filled with tears. The paper slipped to the floor. She dropped her face into her hands and began to sob—deep tearing sobs.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Dunstan sharply, as he leaned forward. "What can it mean to you? Why on earth are you crying?"

"She was the lady!" whispered Laurie.

"What lady?"

"The lady with the little boy."

"Well, what if she was?"

"Don't you see? She came back, but she never knew—she never knew he didn't get the letter."

"That's so," said Dunstan, frowning and sinking backward. "Poor old grandmother! Must have kept her mouth shut for fifty years—till she died, and after—because she thought that old scoundrel ——" He stopped.

"Hugh! Please tell me the rest. Why? Why?"

"If you'll promise not to whimper any more, I'll try."

"I—I promise."

He knotted his brows in concentration. "You remember that when you wanted to know who owned the letter I told you there was no legal wife, so there couldn't have been a widow?"

"Yes."

"Well, it now appears I was wrong." He tapped the document he had picked up from the floor. "This, my dear, is a marriage certificate issued to my grandfather and Mathilde Duplesse, a worthy refugee Huguenot housekeeper's lovely daughter. So the first thing we can put down as settled is that my father wasn't illegitimate, after all. Then it follows that he needn't have bought this place back from the so-called legitimate heirs."

"But why—why should your grandfather have wanted to get hold of his wife's marriage lines?"

"Money—you can be sure it was money. Let's dope it out, shall we? Suppose he had an uncle almost as mean as himself who wouldn't have left him a cent if he'd known of the marriage. But on account of her child—my father—my grandmother would be all for telling the world. I can imagine my grandfather raving at her to go ahead and tell the world, but get out and stay out forever. As I figure it, she went, but she didn't tell, and I guess he must have got so he wouldn't even open her letters."

"Is that the way it really was?" asked Laurie shrewdly. "Or are you making it up?"

He frowned. "Yes," he said finally, "that's the way it really was. The old lady never once said she'd been married, but she told me all the rest." Again he tapped the marriage certificate. "Want to hear some more? If I should go to the courts with this I could raise hell with three families, tear their homes right from under them and make them sign over their bank accounts. To name another ——"

"Oh!" gasped Laurie, springing to her feet and pressing her hands beneath the high bodice of the Empire gown.

"What's the matter now?"

"Grandfather! If only he hadn't taken the letter. You've got a right to hate him, Hugh."

"Hate him? You're crazy. I couldn't hate the fat old boy if he bit off all my fingers and toes."

"But he did you out of all that money!"

"Don't worry. I'm not what you'd call rich—certainly not nowadays—but you won't see me starving to death."

"Then why do you hunt terrapins?"

He laughed. "The insides of men are funny, Laurie. My father worked like the devil all his life and made a small fortune out of oysters. Well, I couldn't just lie around and live on what he left. I might spend it, throw it away like a fool—and I did, once, all I could lay hands on at the time—but I couldn't lie around on it. So I make enough out of terrapin to live the way I do."

"If grandfather knew that ——" began Laurie.

"Who's going to tell him?" interrupted Dunstan. . . . "Now I come to think of it," he continued, "he did me a great favor. I've tried to tell you more than once that a woman burned me out. Well, if it hadn't been for your grandfather, she would have eaten me alive instead. Every time I asked her to marry me she used to laugh her head off because I hadn't enough money."

Laurie drew a sharp breath and looked at him with startled eyes; then she asked in a low voice, "What was she like?"

He scowled and answered only after a pause. "She was a great actress, morning, noon and night, asleep and awake. She was a chameleon, a thousand people in one. As I look back at her, I can now see she was never static except when she was ordering a meal. She was wonderfully sincere about her food. Yes, that must have been her norm."

"Do you still love her?"

"No," he said without hesitation.

"Not even a little bit?"

"She's dead, Laurie—went out and killed herself. I suppose she still eats her fancy meals, weeps, screams and goes through the motions of making love according to her lights, but she was just a coward. What I meant was she killed the woman in her for the sake of the —— Oh, well, I won't say the rude word; it might shock your pretty ears." He looked up at Laurie; immediately his brow cleared and an untroubled smile filled his face. "You can't imagine the sweetness of yourself in that funny old dress. You're adorable. But now it's your turn. Why did you come here? It certainly wasn't just to bring the letter."

She told him of the conclave of the Bulls, described its inquisition more graphically than she knew, let him glimpse the long torment of indecision to which she had been subjected, and concluded: "Hugh, what shall I do? I'm almost crazy. What ought I to do?"

He did not hurry to answer, but when finally he spoke, sincerity throbbed behind his quizzically smiling eyes: "It's a great thing to be happy, Laurie, and it might actually be easy if people could only learn to quit bullying one another and themselves—mostly for money." He held the marriage certificate loosely between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and beat a light tattoo on it with the fingers of his left. "For instance, here's half a million dollars, and it's tied up with disaster and heartache to a bunch of people I've hated all my life. I wouldn't mind if they were all struck by lightning, one after another, men, women and little children. I mean, it wouldn't make me lose a meal or keep me awake for twenty minutes. But when it comes to hurling the thunderbolt myself—that's different." He leaned toward the fire and dropped the long-lost marriage lines in the flames.

For an instant she stood staring and fascinated; then, as the flare of the burning paper died away, she hurled herself forward to cast herself between his knees. With her arms locked around his neck, she half sobbed, half laughed, "I love you, Hugh. Please love me."

He held her body close, but with trembling hands. "There are things you can't do for a price. You don't know why you can't, and it seems crazy, but you just can't, and that's all there is to it. You needn't ever go back to that congress of harpies if you don't want to. Let me talk to them for you."

"You do love me?" she persisted.

(Continued on Page 197)

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(Continued from Page 194)

"How foolish to ask! There must be a place, a region of the mind, where Love enters with nobody's permission. You can live all your life without meeting him, but once you've walked by his side, you must stay there or die. It must be like that."

She stirred nervously in his arms, with a slow, warning tensing of all her muscles, raised her head and looked at him. "So you're not sure," she stated.

Their eyes met, hung vacillating on the verge of an abyss—and plunged. He swept her upward and kissed her on eyes and neck and mouth, whispering hoarsely, almost incoherently, "I love you—feel me love you—heart, soul, body!" She clung to him and then relaxed, let herself go in an abandonment more profound than surrender itself.

Thus morning discovered them. Still in the quaint dress, she found herself being carried to the wharf, down the path of sunken bricks along which the lady with the little boy had come so many years ago, to find only bitter silence where she must have hoped so ardently for welcome. How alive and throbbing her heart as she climbed the shallow steps; how heavily it must have plunged, never again to rise, as she entered the deserted house!

"Hugh."

"What?"

"If he'd only opened the letter!"

"Who?"

"Your grandfather. You can never be sure he was as mean as you think he was. Perhaps he would have rushed out along this walk to meet her and they would have been tremendously happy. I mean, if he'd only opened the letter."

"He's been dead so long," said Dunstan, as he lowered her to the middle thwart of the tiny shallop, "that there's no harm in letting you have your way. Though he was as low-down mean as a rusty nail, perhaps opening the letter would have shined him all up bright and new!"

"I think you're horrid," she said mildly.

He tossed his coat over her shoulders, untied the painter, and standing on the extreme stern facing her, began to pole the boat along with expert thrusts. The suppleness of his lean body struck straight at her senses with a sharpness equal to the bite of the morning air. His erect poise as the pole came shooting upward, raining gems of water, and then the long straight slant of upthrown arms, head and legs, as he leaned forward to put weight into the next drive, followed one another with a precision as soothing as the rhythm of a poem.

He was not beauty in himself, but he was part of beauty, welded fittingly against a vast and satisfying foil. She loved him with that ultimate devotion which the broad marshes, the Barrens and Bull Tavern itself had drawn from her through all the years of her life, not loving her themselves so much as imperiously levying tribute on her eternal affection.

So long as she lived never would she forget the penetrating stillness of marsh, water and overhanging trees as the shallop forged its way first through the broad reaches from Arnold Point to Cumberland Causeway, and then along an embowered tunnel to Drunken Bridge. Forgotten the faithful car in the moment's obliteration of everything past and gone; here and now life drew its first long quivering breath.

The path along which in dark but happy ages had trundled hogsheads of whisky seemed still to guard the impress of their lumbering passage. It was level, but blanketed with mold, grass and the fallen needles of the pines. She walked along it, hand in hand with Dunstan, and thus they entered the main room at Bull Tavern at the close of the breakfast hour. Of all that odd gathering, made up of four contrasting aunts, one father, one brother and one supreme grandfather, Jasper Bull alone was not struck dumb with astonishment at the sight of Laurie, whom they had believed to be still asleep in her own bed.

"Well, young feller?" he drawled at her escort.

"I've brought Laurie back," said Dunstan.

"Brought her back from where?" asked the old man.

"From Oak House."

At those words Aunt Laura paled and leaned quickly forward, her eyes riveted on Grandfather Jasper Bull. If ever he was to die suddenly, felled by a stroke, surely this would be the moment. But the strangest reaction came from Elmer, Laurie's plum-pudding father. As if anticipating by a few seconds the catastrophe which must promote him to the mastership of the house, he swelled with held breath until he began to turn purple and struck the table before him a terrific blow with his round fist. "Stop!"

Jasper Bull cocked one eyebrow and slanted a scornful glance at his son. "Who called on you for a speech?" As he returned his attention to Dunstan, Aunt Laura sank back with a faint smile of relief, while Elmer, dropping his eyes and pursing his trembling lips, let go a long whistling sigh. "She been at Oak House all night?" asked Jasper.

He spoke with what seemed to be ominous calm, but Dunstan, far from wincing, appeared to have difficulty in keeping his lips straight. His eyes and the old man's were locked in the twinkling communion which can give to two individuals a sense of isolation and companionship in the face of any number of puzzled and excluded onlookers.

"Yes, sir," said Dunstan.

There followed a long breathless pause. "Well, Mr. Hugh Dunstan, you willing to make an honest girl of her?"

"Nobody could make her any more honest than she is," said Hugh, slipping his arm around Laurie's shoulders, "but I'm willing to try."

"Under them circumstances," said Jasper solemnly, "I invite all present to remain for the wedding."

It was at this moment that Aunt Laura's eyes, which had almost dreamily been taking in, from her head down, all Laurie's loveliness in the entrancing old-fashioned gown, arrived with a jolt at her feet.

"Why, Laurie!" she gasped. "You go up to your room this minute and put on some stockings!"

(THE END)

WE MUST BE ON OUR GUARD

(Continued from Page 29)

their unique contribution to American civilization may not be lost. Far from regarding the mixed composition of races in this country as unfortunate, it should be regarded as a distinct advantage of which not enough use has been made.

"Shortsighted reformers think to help matters by obliterating these racial groups as fast as possible. To destroy their contribution would be to take away something important from our too barren civilization. If the folklore and cultures of these races were obliterated the country would lose instead of gain."

Obviously the purpose of such argument is to prove that the melting-pot idea is wrong, which carried to its logical conclusion means that the restriction of immigration is wrong, being based upon unsound principles.

Even the most pronounced restrictionists will agree that "the American nation is made up of a great variety of racial, religious, political and social strains, so that no single comprehensive title can accurately or truthfully describe it." They will likewise agree that there are many advantages in this mixed composition of races. One contributes music, another art, a third love of learning, and so on. Their folklore and cultures have helped to enrich our own.

But where shall we draw the line? What is the other side of the picture? Have we paid—are we paying—too dear a price? Can America expect to find herself greatly enriched intellectually by the huge masses of non-American-minded individuals, living in colonies, or even cities and counties of their own, where they perpetuate their racial mindedness, their racial character and their racial habits; where they speak their own tongue, read their own newspapers and often maintain their separate educational system?

Has not experience proved that it is becoming increasingly difficult to preserve our American democracy with so heterogeneous a population? Many of our cherished ideals and our political, economic and social systems are foreign to the new immigrants. Indeed, is not excessive heterogeneity breeding a confusion of ideas and cross purposes utterly hostile to the successful carrying on of our democratic form of government? Even granting and making a liberal allowance for the contributions in folklore and culture that America has received in the past from the older types of immigrants who have settled here, is not mass alienage under present conditions our greatest national danger?

Is not the marked increase in crime throughout the country due in considerable measure to the mass of degraded, lawless and mentally defective aliens who have gained admission or who have come in illegally? What contributions in folklore and culture can we hope to receive from the lawless gangs of aliens which have been and even now are terrorizing Chicago and several other of our larger cities? Is not the enormous expense of maintaining asylums, institutions, hospitals, prisons, penitentiaries, and the like, due in considerable measure to the foreign-born socially inadequate classes?

These statements are not meant to reflect upon the large number of law-abiding aliens who are striving to build up America and who hope to become a part of her great citizenry. Rather are they made to protect them, for they have caught the spirit that is America and are giving their all to promote her welfare. The folklore and culture of such as these will enrich us indeed. They desire to become one with us—to be assimilated. We can best add to such as these through the present restrictive legislation. It is they and they alone who contribute to America's welfare. In brief, it should be our aim to secure the best types from all lands who seek admission. Such a policy must inevitably be for the best interests of all groups in America. Such is the fundamental policy incorporated in the present immigration laws so far as it is practicable to do so under existing conditions.

We know now that the melting pot did not melt. It failed because it did not take account of the true nature of group unity, of the conditions of its preservation, or of the actual consequences of such inroads upon unity as are involved in an immigration movement. As Professor Fairchild has put it: "If immigration is to continue, and if our nation is to be preserved, we must all, natives and foreigners alike, resign ourselves to the inevitable truth that unity can be maintained only through the complete sacrifice of extraneous national traits on the part of our foreign elements. There is no give-and-take in assimilation."

Unrestricted immigration was slowly, insidiously, irresistibly eating away the very heart of our country. The American nationality was losing its form and symmetry, its beauty and character, its nobility and usefulness. What a price to pay for a dish of porridge—the folklore of other lands! Let the justification for checking this force be voiced in the words of two distinguished foreigners. Rabbi Joel Blau has written: "The chief duty that a people owes both

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itself and the world is reverence for its own soul, the mystic center of its being." Then Gustave Le Bon: "A preponderating influence of foreigners is a sure solvent of the existence of States. It takes away from a people its most precious possession—its soul."

Much was said and written during the recent presidential campaign concerning the national-origins provision in the Act of 1924. Doubtless due to the fact that the author first suggested the use of the 1890 census as the quota basis, numerous appeals have been made in recent weeks to him to set forth clearly the status quo of these two plans, their relationship to each other and their effects.

The 3 per cent emergency-quota legislation based on the census of 1910 was superseded on July 1, 1924, by the 2 per cent quota act based on the number of foreign born in the United States according to the 1890 census. The purpose of the latter plan was to insure that our future immigration should correspond in its make-up with our population as it is today. The Republican platform in 1920 had declared for such a policy, and stated: "The immigration policy of the United States should be such as to insure that the number of foreigners in the country at any time should not exceed that which can be assimilated with reasonable rapidity, and to favor immigrants whose standards are similar to ours."

A Historical Basis for Quotas

The 1890 census as the quota basis does successfully apportion the total annual immigration so that it corresponds to the racial make-up of the United States as between the two great regions of Europe from which the old and the new immigration come, respectively. However, it does injustice in the determination of the quotas of the individual countries within the two major groups. Thus, if it so happened that 75 per cent of the population here in 1890 was of a certain stock, derived from one particular nation overseas, and yet in that year there were no people here who had been born in that country, such country would have no quota whatever other than the minimum allowed by the law. It is the purpose of the national-origins plan to rectify such discriminations—which are in substance discriminations against the American people—and to place the immigration quotas on a better historical basis. The development of such a policy can be traced throughout our national history and certainly seems to be the logical solution to our immigration policy. At least it has become the declared purpose of those who are earnestly seeking the permanent solution to this greatest of all American problems.

When the Act of 1924 was passed the 1890 census was intended to be only a temporary basis on which to apportion quotas. The Act of 1924 provided that the annual quota of any nationality for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1927, and for each fiscal year thereafter, should be the number which bears the same ratio to 150,000 as the number of individuals of the continental United States in 1920 having that national origin, bears to the number of inhabitants of the continental United States in 1920.

Mr. Pepper gave, in the Senate, an excellent illustration of the plan. He said: "It would come down in practice to this: That if one were to imagine all the immigrants from other countries in a given year congregated on board a single vessel, the ship's company, in the numerical relationship of the racial stocks on board, would be in microcosm the United States of America in its racial distribution. . . . The amount of immigration would be regulated merely by determining how large the aggregate ship's company would be."

A careful study of the history and discussion of the Act of 1924 will show that the primary object of using the number of foreigners in the United States according to the 1890 census as the quota basis was to get our immigration quotas so that they will more nearly harmonize with our national origins.

The majority report of the House committee on the Johnson Bill proposing the 1890 census as the quota basis stated: "If immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe may enter the United States on a basis of substantial equality with that admitted from the older sources of supply, it is clear that if any appreciable number of immigrants are to be allowed to land upon our shores the balance of racial preponderance must in time pass to those elements of the population who reproduce more rapidly on a lower standard of living than those possessing other ideals."

Congressman McReynolds, of Tennessee, stated: "The census of 1890 was selected not because it was 1890, but because the results obtained from that year came nearer giving us a proper percentage of the immigration in this country of the countries from which they came."

Congressman Bacon said: "I think they also [the committee] had in mind—I know I did—that the fairest thing to do was to maintain in future immigration as near as possible the same proportions between races and nations as exist already in our country. . . . The census of 1890 unquestionably comes nearer giving these results than any other census."

From these statements it is evident that the purpose of the 1890 census as the quota basis is to preserve the present apportionments of our racial or national elements. Because it does it in an obviously artificial and indirect way, even though it reaches fair results, many advocates of restriction declared themselves in favor of the more direct way, now known as the national-origins plan.

The Hon. H. H. Curran, former United States Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, put it thus: "I do not see why we should measure the immigrants wholly by the foreign born in America. Why not pay some attention to the American born in America? Have you who are American born no say in this thing? Must we always measure the future of our country by the numbers of foreigners who are here? Is it true that the United States is already a collection of foreign colonies, rather than a nation of native Americans?"

Two Ways to the Same End

The chief exponent of the national-origins plan in the House was Mr. Rogers, of Massachusetts. It was his contention that the other plans being considered discriminated against the native-born Americans. "There are about 80,000,000 American born in the United States, as I recall, and about 20,000,000 or 25,000,000 foreign born. . . . I am not suggesting that we should not with propriety consider the foreign born here as one element in determining the quotas. But no plan except the national-origins plan recognizes this elementary point. . . . Why the quotas of immigration for the United States should be based only upon foreign born and why those born here in this country should be superciliously disregarded is altogether beyond me. I simply cannot understand the reasoning."

Mr. Reed, of Pennsylvania, has been its outstanding champion in the Senate. He stated: "What I want to do is not to discriminate against the Italians, not to discriminate against the Jews, not to discriminate against the Russians or the Poles, and I cannot say that too often; but what I want is to end the discrimination against the American born, and I want to end the discrimination against the nations of Northwest Europe."

Senator George stated: "I do not take his amendment [Senator Reed's national-origins amendment] nor the census of 1890 upon any reason other than this: Both the census of 1890 and the amendment offered by the senator from Pennsylvania seem to me to admit the largest number of assimilable—wholly assimilable, easily assimilable—races into the United States, and to exclude those races or the people from those nations that are with most difficulty absorbed into our life without injury to us."

The outstanding argument in each House of Congress thus resolved itself into the question of preserving the present status quo among the various nationalities that have made up our distinctly American race. The national-origins and the 1890-census plans each undertake to secure the same results. The authors of each had identically the same purpose in mind. The solution thus comes down to this: Which is the more practical, which is based on a sounder historical basis, and which is fairer to the American people?

Patriots of Other Countries

Twice, by congressional action, the use of the national-origins provision as the quota basis has been postponed, each time for a year. The present status quo expires April 1, 1929. Congress adjourns on March 4, 1929. Before doing so it is the solemn duty of Congress to legislate definitely on this important problem. Continued postponement and indecision are dangerous to the whole restrictive program. It gives the opponents the opportunity to attack. Indeed, it invites attack. Charges of discrimination, sob stories and what not fill the air. These very opponents have been making the most of the indecision between the two plans to split the restrictionists and thus, if possible, to destroy the quota method entirely. Though they are doomed to failure in this, yet Congress could devote its time at present to no greater purpose than to consider each plan impartially, without bias or prejudice, and to select either the 1890 census or the national-origins plan as the permanent-quota basis.

Congressman Box, an advocate of the national-origins plan, put it thus: "If the law is right why do you not let it [national-origins plan] go into effect? If it is bad why do you not repeal it? But you do neither. Why? The foreign blocs have made you afraid to let it go into effect, while the patriotic societies and patriotic citizens who believe in restriction have made you afraid to repeal it. You are like the chap who was chased by a mad bull across the open ground and into a hole in the hill, where he found a bear. If he stayed in, the bear would tear him. If he came out, the bull would gore him."

Now, however, that the presidential and congressional elections are over, and in view of the overwhelming success of the restrictionist policies, continued indecision concerning the national-origins plan should not be tolerated. Congress must legislate before it adjourns in March!

Regardless of the arguments used by the opponents of the various plans, the fundamental objection is always that the quota of a particular nationality has been cut. The opposition to using the census of 1910 was based on the argument that it did not give sufficient representation to the countries of Northern Europe. The people from Southern Europe were loud in their protest against the use of the 1890 census, as their quotas were greatly cut by it. Most of the protest against the national-origins plan has been from those whose quotas would be somewhat diminished. It is evident that no apportionment could be made which would be favored by all countries. They are willing for the quotas of other countries to be low, but never those of their own.

The United States should enact its immigration laws to meet its own needs. It is too great an undertaking for one nation to attempt to legislate to suit the world. When Congress realizes this and stops being buffeted around by first one national group and then another, and settles down to make laws for the United States, we shall have progressed.

This is not a selfish point of view. The United States can be an asset to the world if she keeps her institutions intact. Only by the preservation of our unity can we be a factor for good in world affairs.

(Continued on Page 201)

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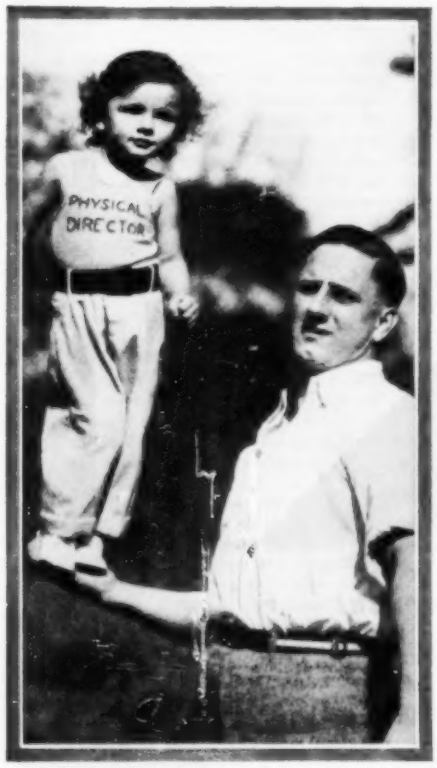

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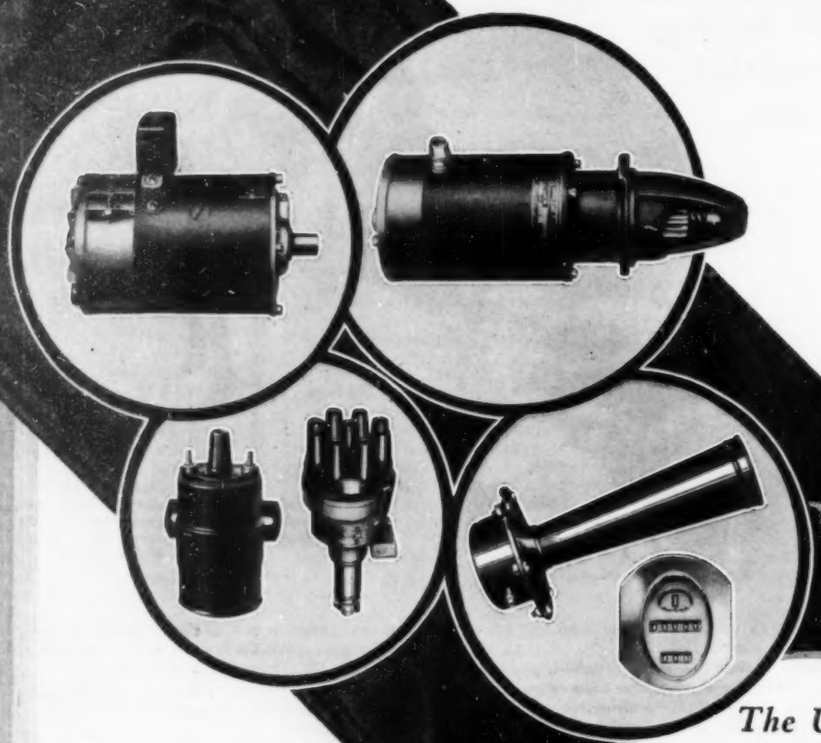

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London, England

(Continued from Page 198)

"The country will not be a haven or a beacon light for native or immigrant if it is not maintained a country."

Much still remains to be done along other lines to make restriction of immigration really effective. All aliens should be obliged to register. This would be a strict democratic requirement, as every voter must register. The objection most frequently raised to it—namely, that it would open the way to the European system of espionage and harassment—is without foundation in fact. Registration of aliens in this country will be of greater benefit to the aliens here legally than to anyone else. They have nothing to fear from such a requirement. Alien registration would, however, greatly facilitate the apprehension of those who enter this country illegally. Everyone must grant that those here illegally are undesirables, who have no valid argument against their whereabouts and activities becoming known. It is true, therefore, that they have every reason to fear registration, and rightly so. Indeed, their opposition and fears seem to be the most valid of all arguments for such registration.

By order of the Secretary of Labor immigrant identification cards have been issued since July 1, 1928. These are signed by our consuls, by the immigrant and by the inspector, and contain a description and photograph of the alien. These cards provide alien registration in so far as this can be done by executive order. The purpose of these cards is to put into the hands of aliens lawfully admitted a certificate which will enable them at all times to prove such legal admission. Whether it does so ultimately or not, the successful working out of this well-designed order should prepare the way for congressional action requiring the periodic registration and identification of all aliens in the United States. We have pursued such a policy toward the Chinese in this country since 1893. The Supreme Court of the United States held such action to be constitutional.

Concerning the recent order of the Secretary of Labor, Senator Copeland, of New York, stated: "Some large business concerns, before they will employ an alien, require him to show that he has been permanently admitted to the United States. It aids the alien in this way. It also aids him in getting a preference for his family, as the consul will accept it. If the present system is not abused it is not believed it will be harmful."

As was to be expected, however, those opposed to restriction have expressed themselves as bitterly opposed to such identification cards for aliens entering this country. Congressman Emanuel Celler, of New York, stated, concerning the Secretary's order: "In my opinion it is absolutely illegal. It is unenforceable. It need not be obeyed."

The Secretary of Labor was certainly within his rights in requiring such cards, Congressmen Celler and La Guardia to the contrary notwithstanding. Furthermore, it is difficult to see how the technicalities involved could possibly outweigh the obvious advantages. Congress and the American people should study the results obtained from these identification cards as a step toward a successful plan of registration for all aliens in the United States. Such ultimate action is as inevitable as it is necessary if we are going to make restriction of immigration effective.

It has been officially estimated that there are more than 1,000,000 aliens illegally in the United States. Including the undesirable immigrants, the number subject to deportation will greatly exceed this figure. Some authorities estimate it as high as 3,000,000. An excellent deportation bill has been reported to Congress. The House of Representatives passed it at a former session of Congress. The author discussed its provisions in a previous article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. This deportation bill should be passed without delay, prior to the adjournment of Congress in March. Its results will be of inestimable value to the American people in terms of human welfare. It will help us free ourselves from the dangers and expense of uninvited and undesirable guests who have challenged our right to deport them. Their presence is but another illustration of the fact that always we must be on our guard.

Such, then, are the immediate phases of the immigration problem which Congress should and must face during its present short session. That Congress should take definite and positive action in the interests of the American people, and in their interests alone, should be the demand of every patriotic American citizen.

THE WAR HEROES

(Continued from Page 58)

"Yeah? Well, you can stop me when I get me to be an admiral. Office work makes my head ache. Get outa them blues an' grab yourself up topside an' uncover that pea shooter. Bull an' me aims to do some inspectin' after we check the chow aboard."

"O. K. by me."

During the next three days what Ordnance didn't put aboard the Solar Star in the way of home, sweet home, wasn't worth mentioning. Into her for'ard hold they packed row on row of four-point-seven and five-point-nine shells, all brand-new and slimy with green grease. Into her after hold they stacked box after box of rifle and M. G. ammunition. In the cracks between they packed Mills grenades, fourteen-pound Cooper bombs, Stokes mortar and seventy-five millimeter shells and Very pistol cartridges until it looked like the first five minutes of a comedy reel.

For three days more, the gun detachment sat by dejectedly and watched the cargo mount slowly to deck level, watched the hatches closed and the tarpaulins snugged and clewed down over them. Then, still flying her ominous red ammunition flag, the Solar Star moved slowly out to a lonely anchorage off Tompkinsville. All the way out, Bull and Rory stared at the Kid without saying a word. The Kid grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "I guess we got everything but parachutes to come down in."

"Yeah," said Bull, "I guess you're the berries. Anyways, I know who does all the work this trip, an' we'll only be taking about ten or twelve days to get acrost too. To start with, you can get after them recoil cylinders—drain 'em and fill 'em properly. Ain't you never seen a new gun before?"

Two days later the Solar Star lugged out of the harbor on the tail of a convoy, with a lone destroyer far behind her to pick up the pieces and a proud cruiser ahead that completely ignored the whole business.

At sundown Captain Palmer sent for Bull and had him up on the bridge.

"Listen, Logan; we'll get this much settled. We don't fight this ship. Got it? If you can get off a round or two while we're lowering the boats, all well and good. Otherwise we go anyway."

"You mean we blow at the first sign of trouble?"

"Yes. We go so fast we'll be home by the time a fish hits the Solar Star."

"Whyn't you tell 'em that before they sent us aboard?"

"I'm working for my owners. I know this game. You haven't got a dog's chance even if you have got a gun—especially on a munition ship."

"Yeah?" said Bull. "What kinda dog?"

"You heard me," said Palmer. "I've been sunk twice and I know what I'm talking about. Suit yourselves. I aim to keep healthy."

"Yeah?" said Bull. "O. K. Give us an issue of rafts then an' we'll see who gets home first."

"We understand each other?"

"If the rafts float, mebbe we do."

Bull went into conference with Rory. "It's this way, Duke: Our innocence has been sedooced. This is a thousand-to-one shot, see? And no parlaying bets. The Old Man may have the right dope, or he may be playin' politics with his owners, or he may be just plum yellow. Anyways, we gotta earn our pay."

"Sure," said Rory. "Le's get us a long lanyard—about a mile long—and pull it from the small boat."

"I'd like to, but the point is that it won't look right in a report. We gotta let go a slug or two from the deck. Leastwise as long as the Old Man's aboard we gotta be firin', don't we?"

"Sure, I got it. Le's leave the Kid stand perpetual gun watch. He got us into this. Then we can shove off with the rest."

"Nope, we might as well do it ourselves. We'd have to stand by anyways, an' the exercise 'll keep us warm."

Rory looked at the tarpaulin hatches. "I ain't aimin' to do no freezing this cruise, no matter what happens."

"Well," said Bull, "stack them rafts port and starboard at the break in the rail."

"Sure," said Rory. "Hey, Kid! Skate aft and rustle four rafts and stack 'em port an' starboard at the break in the rail."

"O. K. by me."

It is a matter of record that the Solar Star, by dint of forced drafts and an engineer named MacDonald, kept the convoy in sight for three full days. On the fourth day, however, the genii who rule the North Atlantic dropped a curtain of wet black fog that completely cut her out of the picture. For eight hours Sparks kept her in touch with the convoy ahead and the destroyer aft. Then the destroyer notified her blandly that it was turning back, wished her luck, and tore out of her antiquated wave length.

"Which reminds me," said Bull, when the news spread around, "I bought me two chantces on a gold watch they was raffling off at Dinty's—I ought to of given 'em to some of the boys ashore."

"Yeah," said Rory, "you ought to of. I ain't even botherin' about holes in my socks no more." He looked at the tarpaulined hatches with a fishy eye. "This here Navy don't seem to like us much, Bull."

"Yeah, that's a fact. Makes a guy wonder what he done with his last hitch's pay."

"Yeah," said Rory. "I wisht I'd kinda kep' up with my billiard playin'. A guy kin make money at that. Looka Willie Hoppe. I mighta been outa the Navy long ago if I'd only worked at it like I oughta."

"They was a dame oncet in Portsmouth who had a farm her old gent left her up in Vermont. She was kinda sweet on me." Bull spat overside and rubbed his chin reflectively. "A guy don't always think of the future like he oughta."

"Nope, that's a fac'. They was a fella on a pig boat down to Coca Sola. Useta study about how to be a traffic manager outa books they sent him from some school. I guess they's somethin' in that all right. He gotta diploma and a lotta stuff from the school. I guess he'd been pretty well fixed up by now, only they was an explosion in the battery room. I don't know what they done with the diploma."

"Them pig boats is tough."

"Yeah, I never could see 'em myself. I like air and room—an' the chow ain't too good on 'em either."

"Wal," said Bull, "I hope that lousy destroyer rams the Mayflower in the next Presidential Review anyways. Ef I knew she'd do that I'd feel better."

"Yeah, so'd I."

Sometime before dawn the next morning, Bull mustered the crew on the foc'sle head

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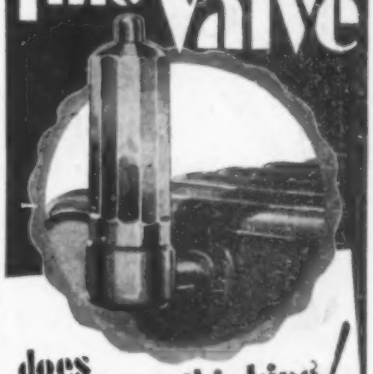

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and served them a slug of coffee. Palmer and his two mates were on the bridge waiting nervously for the gray light to break on the ragged horizon ahead. The Kid and Rory stood on each side of the gun while the passers crouched and shivered in the darkness around them.

Another fifteen or twenty minutes. The light spread faintly, like a gray pallor on the cheeks of a fresh corpse. Slowly the rim of water etched itself against the opalescent fog ahead and the ghost light of cold dawn crept across the oily sea in a faint leprous smear that seemed to stain and chill the laboring Solar Star. There was no convoy in the small radius the fog had left.

"Wal," said Bull, "that's that. On your toes now, swabs. Here's the time it generally comes—an' when she do, she do."

Behind him, on the tiny bridge, Palmer and the two ship's officers swept the narrowed horizon with their glasses. The silence was broken only by the occasional whipping swish of tobacco juice.

"'An' I says to her'," said Kid suddenly, "'I says: "Take the fifty thousand dollars and get your divorce in Paris."'" He stretched languidly. "But I'm a son of a gun if she don't go an' buy po'ka-dot pajamas with the money."

"Shut up," said Rory. "You ain't home."

"O. K. by me." The Kid stretched again. His arms were bent at the elbows, with his fists pointing to the sky, when there came a faint whistling scream well forward in the rising fog. The top of a wave ripped into soapy spray off the port quarter and two hundred yards beyond it a white column of water splashed up slantwise and slapped down again. Everyone was on his feet in a second. The engine-room bell clanged furiously and the bow swung sharply around to starboard.

"We got company!" yelled the Kid.

Bull leaped to the starboard rail. "Off there, Duke!" He yelled: "Can't see her, but I got the direction! High angle!" He looked up at the bridge.

"There they go, the buzzards!"

Stokers were pouring out of the engine-room vent and tumbling headlong onto the boat deck. Palmer was still on the bridge, waving frantically and shouting at the foc'sle head. Meanwhile the Solar Star's crew was lowering away the two boats.

"Let her have three rounds blind, Duke!" Bill screamed. "That's your direction!"

The gun came around and pointed. The Kid stood taut, with his hand on the lanyard while the muzzle came up.

"Fire, Kid!"

The lanyard jerked. There was a yellow flash, a roar, and a buckling crash of torn steel. Like a torpedo from its tube, the gun jammed back onto its recoil cylinders, sheared through everything in its way, left the carriage completely and dove overside, carrying a raft of splintered deck timbers and most of the port rail.

The Kid stared blankly at the hot, twisted mount and rubbed his thumb against the raw flesh where the lanyard knot had burned across the palm of his hand.

"Well, I'm damned!" yelled Rory.

"I'll be a ——"

"Outa action, I guess," said the Kid.

"You guess?" roared Bull. "You know ——" Then suddenly he stopped. "Say," he said, "you was the swab who drained them recoil cylinders."

"That's right," said the Kid. "I guess I forgot to refill 'em."

The nose of the Solar Star came up into the slight wind and fell off again with a dull slap. Her helm was free. White-faced and trembling, the men were standing by the rafts waiting to jettison them. Then suddenly panic took them.

"Well, I'm going!" A raft slid off and scaled through the air like a great gray doughnut. It struck the water with a flat splash and almost immediately four men dove overside.

Bull, his fists flaying like pistons, leaped across the deck. "You lousy rats!" And to get away from him, someone kicked off the second raft and the five other men tumbled overside after it. Bull stood at the break in the rail shaking his huge fist. "All right, you yellow-bellied skunks! You'll break rocks for this!" Rory looked at the Kid. The Kid looked at Rory.

The Solar Star's port boat was in the water now, with the last of her crew swarming down the ropes. Palmer, one hand on a davit, waved frantically for them.

"Ain't no use, Bull, I guess," said Rory. "We're outa action an' Palmer's goin' home. Le's go."

"The hell I will," said Bull. "Go ahead if you wanta."

"Listen," said Rory. "You gotta lotta sense, but you lost it. Le's go."

"No!"

Rory reached out and grabbed the Kid's hand at arm's length. Together they ran at the break in the rail. Their clasped fists struck Bull in the stomach, doubled him across their arms and carried him overside kicking. He came up sputtering and they pulled him onto a raft. He dashed the spume from his eyes and glowered.

"A fine bunch of swabs!"

That was the last thing he said until Palmer gathered up the gun crew and piled them into his boat. For a few minutes everyone who could get a hand on an oar rowed furiously away from the abandoned Solar Star. She seemed to have some headway herself, or perhaps the breeze, carrying her thin plume of funnel smoke aft, gave the illusion. Presently there was almost a mile of open water between them, spotted only by the other boat, but nothing happened.

Finally MacDonald, the engineer, raised his head and looked at the captain. "I thought you said there was a U-boat after us."

"They fired at us," Palmer said.

"Aye. How many times?"

"Once; then Logan's gun blew up."

"Humph," said MacDonald. "See anything?"

Palmer looked at him. "No."

"So we lose our jobs over nothing; just because somebody gets an idea to abandon ship?"

"Well," said Palmer, "if Logan hadn't've started to fire, I'd never thought ——"

"You lie!" said Bull.

"You better keep a civil tongue there for'ard."

"Is that so? I ain't workin' for your owners."

Palmer bit his lips. "No, you ain't, but you're in my boat, and I guess it ain't goin' to look too well for you fellows when I tell 'em you never fired a proper shot—but your gun dismounted on the first recoil. I guess somebody'll have to do some explaining why there weren't no glycerin in them recoil cylinders."

Rory slapped his wet knee. "I got it! I thought so at the time. That wasn't no small caliber shell, that was a big one, and it wasn't meant for us. It's a ricochet. That convoy cruiser popped her off at something in the fog ahead."

"That don't make any difference about you fellows losin' your gun."

"Yeah?" said Bull. "What about you abandoning your hooker in a yellow panic before anything happens? How'll that go with your owners, eh?"

"An' we losing our jobs, too," said MacDonald sullenly.

Palmer looked doubtfully at the distant Solar Star.

"Well," he said finally, "I guess we got a good excuse with your gun blowing off the carriage. That leaves us helpless, don't it? An' I noticed you fellows left about the same time we did, and anyways I didn't have any say. The crew just went."

"You seen three gobs on that foc'sle when you was in the boat," said Rory—"me an' Bull and the Kid here. We was the last to leave an' I guess we can make the world believe that. That makes your name Woodrow Wilson, I suppose? A hell of a skipper you are if you can't keep your own crew aboard."

"Come on," said MacDonald. "Ther-re isn't any use o' staying her-re arguin'. Might's well be aboar-rd as her-re."

Patterson looked doubtfully at the other boat and then at the Solar Star.

There she was, apparently steaming slowly on her course as if the mere matter of a crew was of no account whatsoever to a ship of her years and experience. She who had been the old Cardiff and the General Kearney—her Kasegawa Maru days were a blot on her 'scutcheon; she was Clyde-built and Anglo-Saxon to the core—and the Herbert Smedley. Her bow luffed up proudly into the rolling head seas that were melting the distant fog blankets. As the Cardiff she had once carried a prince regent. She seemed to remember it for a moment with that proud lift of her bow—to remember it and to ignore completely the two lifeboats that had abandoned her. Then she appeared to droop as she fell off into the trough. She was tired and old and worn. She was a ghost ship, long since dead, come back again to haunt her old course. Her rightful place was Puritan Bay—pity it hadn't been deep enough for her to sleep in forever.

Palmer grasped the tiller ropes and turned his boat toward her uncertainly. Suddenly the air seemed to bulge in his lungs and crack his ears. The Solar Star bloated like a bladder that is filled with air, then she leaped half out of the water in a blinding holocaust of yellow flame—leaped and melted into a cloud of torn plates, splinters and shreds of steel. Where she had been, a thick bellying cloud of white smoke, twice her size, rolled swiftly upward and outward across the waters with her funnel and one mast sticking crazily out of its top. A blasting concussion roared down over the small boat and knocked everybody in a heap along the bottom.

MacDonald clawed at his bleeding nose. "Welb," he said, "we aid't god jobs dow adywades."

Rory grinned at Palmer. "I guess we better call it quits after that. Our crew ain't gonna talk"—he looked slowly from face to face—"because they ain't hankerin' to have their mates know that they shoved off without orders, leaving me and Bull and the Kid behind. Ef you kin keep yours quiet on the same basis, I guess we c'n forget about the gun dismountin' and you abandonin' ship half an hour ahead of time."

Bull growled.

"You kin all go to hell!"

"I'm sorry about them recoil cylinders," said the Kid.

"Go back to Kansas," said Bull, "an' milk cows."

"No kiddin', I guess I better."

"Aw, shut up."

Rory pointed suddenly over the gunwale. "Here they come."

Two destroyers, with smoke fanning low behind them in corded billows, were cutting in toward the small boats from the distant fog curtains. They fanned out and circled frantically beyond the mat of wreckage that marked the spot where the Solar Star had been, their Y guns arching depth charges into the waters, port and starboard. Raised white circles of swirling foam marked the underwater explosions. Then presently one of the destroyers slithered over to them and lost headway.

A hoarse voice called through a megaphone: "Come in aft, you people! Make it snappy!"

They pulled in to the low gray side and clambered up onto the slippery, spray-washed after deck.

The gob who took Bull and Rory down to dry out and refit told them the story.

"You guys were sure lucky. It must've been the same sardine we had the fight with this morning. The cruiser got after her, but she got away. What happened?"

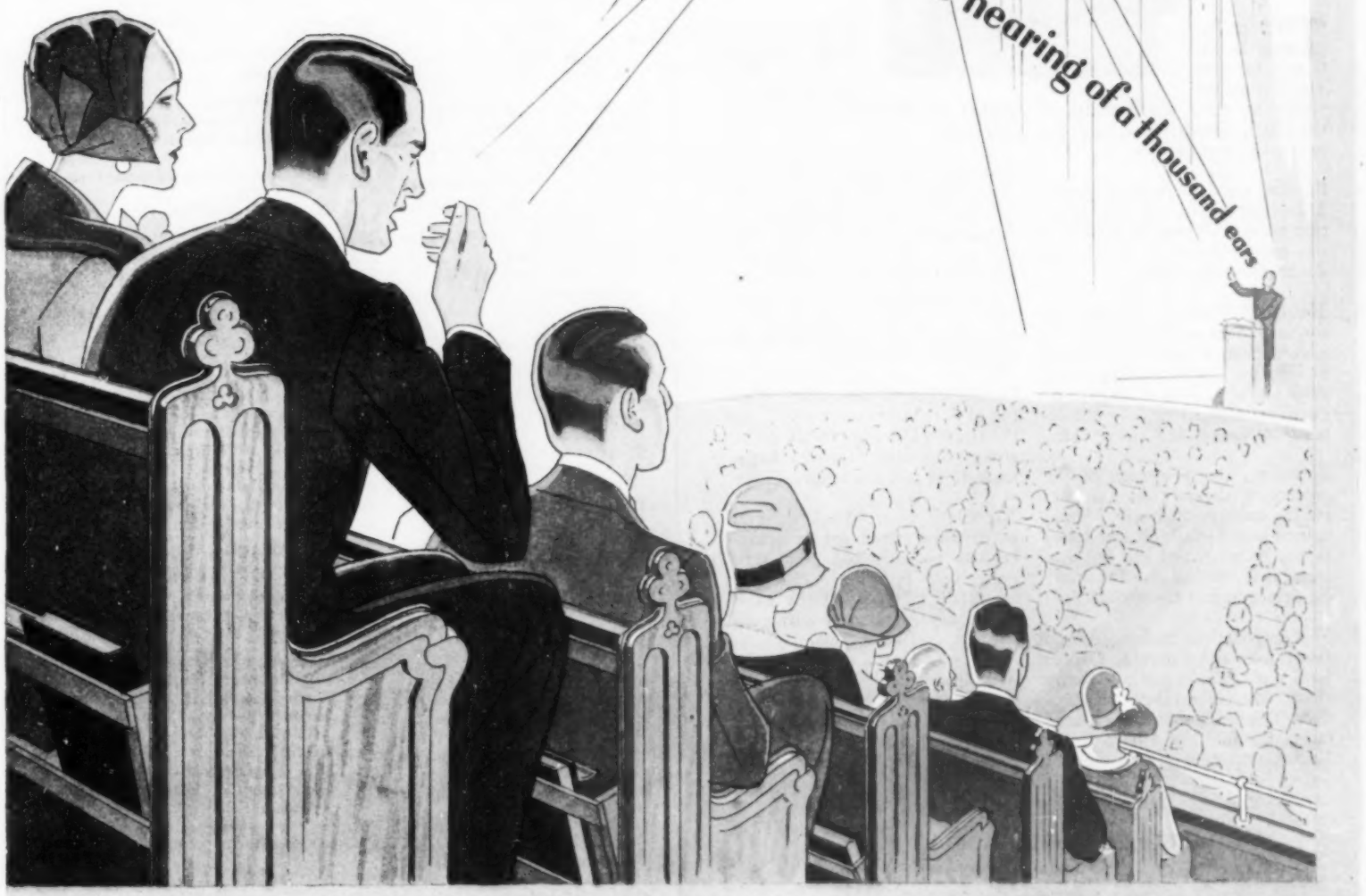
"What happened?" said Bull. "Our gun ——"

"We don't know what happened." Rory gave him a sweet kick on the ankle. "We get a shot across our bows an' then we open fire ourselves an' then we just get away in time to keep ourselves healthy."

The Kid came down the ladder and peeled off his jumper.

(Continued on Page 206)

A COUGH will dim the hearing of a thousand ears



Would you interrupt the Sunday service by heckling or applause? Certainly not—and yet every church service, every lecture, every concert, every public gathering is constantly interrupted by hacking, gurgling, rasping, strangling coughs—

In the triple-sealed yellow package everywhere—just say "LUDEN'S." 5¢

Because coughing in public is now unnecessary—it has been outlawed by considerate people. It has been set outside the pale along with other mid-Victorian crudities of conduct.

You have only to know LUDEN'S—the instant, cooling, refreshing relief that the *Luden's Menthol Action* gives—to realize that a cough is not only an affliction but an evidence of thoughtless discourtesy.

LUDEN'S are essential to this modern hygienic age—they occupy a definite place in your standards of living—not only because of the discomfort from which they free you personally, but also because their use shows consideration for those with whom you must come in contact.

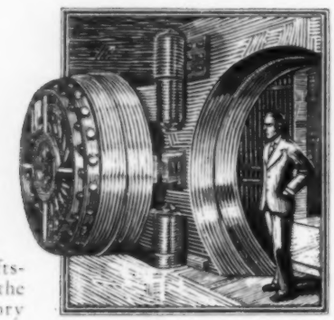
Hence, considerate people—those who give thought to the rights of others—go prepared to let *Luden's Menthol Action* quell a cough before it starts.

The *Luden's Menthol Action* is decidedly different—it gives quick relief—imitated, of course, but available only in the exclusive Luden Menthol blend.

LUDEN'S

LUDEN'S, Inc.

IT MUST GIVE COMPLETE PROTECTION



THE craftsmen at the Clark factory are far more exacting in their requirements of the Clark Grave Vault than the public can ever be.

Because *every vault must protect*. There can be no compromise on this point. The use of a vault is too serious for there to be any doubt about the result.

The Clark Vault is designed according to an immutable law of nature, that of inverting a vessel to keep out water. So long as the vault endures, it must protect its contents. The Clark does not depend on man-made locks or seals.

Therefore, the *permanence* of the protection depends on the materials and workmanship. Metal is used in the Clark because metal is not porous. And the finest of metal is secured to give the greatest degree of rust-resistance.

The corporations making Armco Ingot Iron and Keystone Copper Steel were called upon to develop the very best metal they could produce. The finished metal produced especially for The Clark Grave Vault Company is of a new higher standard of quality and rust-resistance. The sheets are 12 gauge in thickness to insure strength.

The same care is exercised in making the vault. The seams are doubly-welded, oxy-acetylene on the outside and electric on the inside. No putty or filler is used; the seams are so skillfully made that the metal flows into one solid piece. A submergence test under 5000 pounds of water proves the strength of every seam.

On the higher priced vaults a plating of pure cadmium is added (by the famous Udylite process exclusive on this vault) giving a larger measure of rust-resistance.

The Clark Grave Vault delivers positive and permanent protection because positive and permanent protection is built into it. Leading funeral directors recommend it and give a 50-year guaranty with each one.

A de luxe model, beautifully designed, of 10 gauge Solid Copper is also available. It is practically indestructible and carries a perpetual guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

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A Frank Statement To The Public--

THE acquisition by The Black & Decker Mfg. Co. of a number of subsidiary businesses, and particularly the recent purchase of The Van Dorn Electric Tool Co. and merger with Domestic Electric Co., has caused considerable comment, making a frank statement seem advisable at this time.

There are Black & Decker plants in Towson, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Montreal and London, with certain other logical extensions in view which will be announced later.

Paralleling the increase in manufacturing facilities there has been a corresponding expansion of sales activities, and there are now more than thirty branch offices with service stations in the United States--to say nothing of branches in Canada, England, France, Japan, Australia, etc.

This extension of resources enables this company to set entirely new standards of price and quality for electric tools. As an immediate example: we have just announced a Quarter-Inch Drill at $25, a price heretofore thought impossible for a tool of Black & Decker quality.

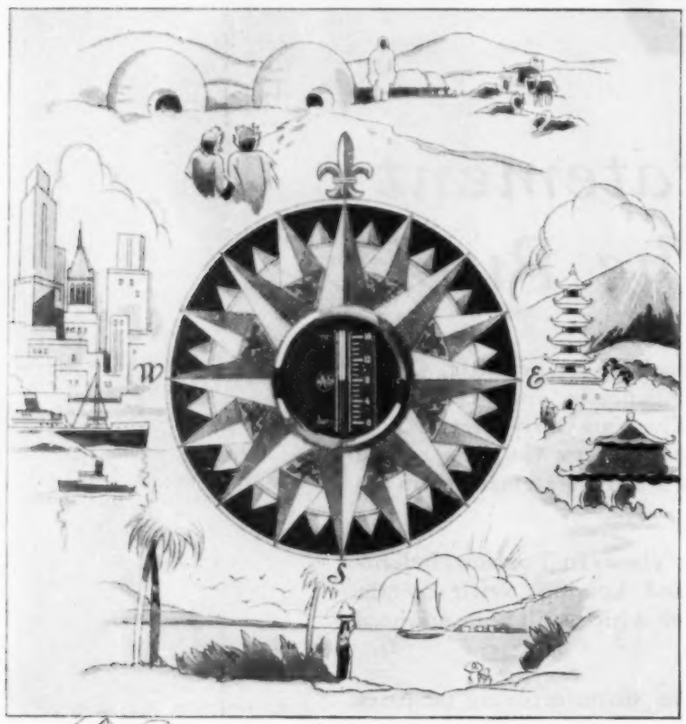
It is the intention to utilize the increased resources of this company to carry out a program of improving present products, creating new Electric Tools and motor driven appliances, and making them available to the public at unprecedented values.

The BLACK & DECKER MFG CO.

Duncan Black
President

Alonzo G. Decker
Vice-President

THE HYDROSTATIC DISTANT READING GAUGE



To the Four Corners of the Earth!

Wherever you may go, you will find the K-S Telegage guarding the gasoline supply of automobiles throughout the world.

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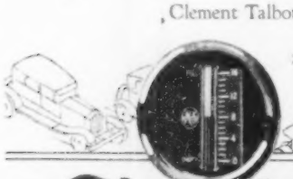

The K-S Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

Makers of Distant-Reading Gauges for Automotive, Domestic and Industrial Purposes

(Continued from Page 202)

"Well," he said, "I guess we're the war heroes all right. You shoulda heard Palmer handing it to the Old Man. He says, 'Yes, sir, that's a fine Navy crew you fellows give us. When we seen the U-boat, they started to fire on it at once an' very nearly blew it out of the water, only the visibility was that poor we couldn't see much; an' when we thought she was gone, there she pops up again and plunks a couple a shells into us from such an angle we couldn't bring our gun to bear. So we has to abandon, which we does jus' before she sticks a fish into the Solar Star and blows her ballywest. No, sir. I been torpedoed three times, but I never seen such exceptional gunnery nor such coolness nor such downright guts in no gun crew in all my life. They was real heroes.' That's what he says," said the Kid.

"Listen, Bull," said Rory. "I guess Palmer ought to get him another chance with his owners, eh? I guess I'll make out the report for you to sign."

"You can all go to hell," said Bull. "I'm going to catch me some sleep."

Two months later, when they were back aboard the Carmencita, it came out in orders.

The Kid read it out loud to Bull and Rory: "For exceptional bravery in the line of duty while acting as gun crew on the ammunition ship Solar Star. The following men," and so on. The Kid read on until he came to Bull's name. Then he stopped.

"Leaping Moses," he said, "You ought to of got the Navy Cross!"

Bull stood up. "How they got that name?" he growled.

"Full out," said the Kid. "Forced draft."

"Ef you read it," roared Bull, "I'll break your neck!"

The Kid looked at him sorrowfully. "I sure am sorry I didn't fill them recoil cylinders; then we'd never of found out!"

Bull took a step forward.

"Wilfred," lisped the Kid. Bull swung on him, but he ducked.

"Marmaduke!" yelled the Kid, and dodged again.

"Saint Joseph"—he gasped for air—"Logan! Hit me now while I'm happy!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Banish the shiver with a— Cannon Bath

OPEN the door and dash out into the cold and snow. Catch your breath, shake and shiver—or fight the wind with a vim that turns the edge of the cutting cold. Which? A lot depends on the kind of bath you've had. Gone are the days when the necessary caution for winter was, "don't go out-of-doors right after a bath." *Now* we use the bath as a tonic whose action is immediate. We're ready to meet the cold outside with joy because we met the bath's closing cold water.

And towels are so much better than they ever were before. Cannon towels are so excellent and durable and economical you can have as many as you want or need. Because Cannon is the largest towel manufacturer in the world, the high quality of Cannon towels can be had at very reasonable prices. Ask at your favorite store for Cannon towels. Look for the label. Get an ample supply, enough to provide real towel comfort for every member of your household.

It's important to have plenty of towels in the winter, for many people like to use two after the morning bath—one for the first rub, and the second to be absolutely sure of a dry skin. In winter it is unusually important to dry the skin thoroughly. Only when your skin is completely dry, pores as well as surface, can you dash out-of-doors confident of your physical mastery of cold.

Cannon turkish towels come in so many sizes, textures and prices that you are certain to find a type to suit your exact demand. The leading hotels and hospitals, athletic and country clubs and other institutions buy Cannon towels because of their luxury combined with long life. There are also Cannon huck towels, wash cloths, bath mats and bath sheets. Prices range from 25 cents to $3.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

All colors in all Cannon towels guaranteed absolutely fast

CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON

Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

At the rink, on lake and shore, wood and stream, you'll meet winter's cold more happily after a Cannon Bath.

Cold water will warm you

Here's the Cannon Bath for every wintry morning: warm water, and soap to cleanse the skin of its accumulated grease and perspiration (yes, you perspire on even the coldest day). Stay in the warm water long enough to warm the skin thoroughly. Then a dash of cold water, just as cold as it comes from the spigot. The greater the force of the water, from shower or hand spray, and the more you jump about, the better. Get the cold water all over you, quickly but thoroughly. Then hustle out and dry with a fresh clean Cannon turkish towel. Make the rub an exercise. And it is most important to get the skin really dry. A second rub with a second towel is wise insurance against taking a damp skin out into the winter weather. This bath and rub tones up skin and nerves and muscles to withstand any temperature without a shiver.

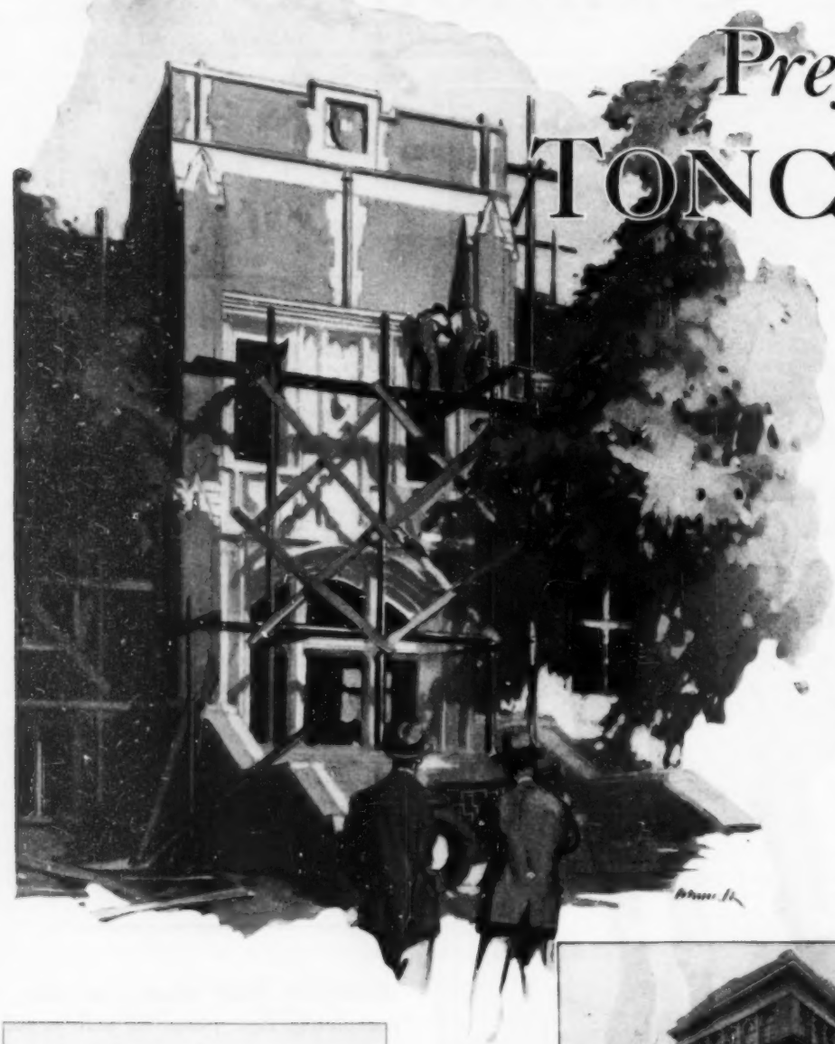
Cannon dobby border turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold or green. About 30 cents.

Cannon Flamingo turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.25.

Cannon dobby border turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About 50 cents.

Cannon Lighthouse turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $2.00.

Why Leading School Architects *Prefer* TONCAN IRON



How superior resistance to rust and corrosion solves the problem of permanence in school construction

SCHOOL architects know the importance of permanent construction. They are responsible to the taxpayer and to the youth of the nation alike.

But permanence does not mean resistance to fire and weather alone. The ventilating system, so vital in the modern school building, must be permanent, too. Made of sheet metal, it must resist rust and corrosion as long as the building is in service. That is why leading school architects the country over are specifying Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron for ventilation systems, skylights, roofing, cornices, gutters, downspouts, flashing and metal lath, wherever rust and corrosion menace.

Toncan is an alloy of copper, mo-lyb-den-um and pure iron. It was developed in America's largest metallurgical laboratory, to resist rust and corrosion far longer than ordinary materials. It is unique among ferrous metals.

Manufacturers of metal equipment were quick to avail themselves of Toncan's exceptional durability. It is used in thousands of stoves, refrigerators, washing machines, clothes dryers and other equipment subject to rust and corrosion. Many of these producers identify their products with the Toncan label, so that the buyer may appreciate the quality of their construction.

Toncan is available in many forms, for use wherever metal meets moisture—welded and seamless tubes and pipe, spiral welded pipe, bars, plates, sheets, strip, wire, rivets, bolts and screws. In every form it fights a stubborn battle against rust and corrosion.

An instructive, non-technical book on the manufacture of sheet iron is free for the asking. Write for a copy.

Tilden Technical High School, Chicago, Ill. Toncan Iron was used for 3000 sq. ft. of skylights, and for cornices, amounting to 2000 lineal feet. Designed by John C. Christianson, Architect for Chicago Board of Education. Sheet Metal Contractors: E. A. Rysden & Co., Chicago.

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James Madison High School, Brooklyn, N.Y. Blowers, ventilation ducts, hair drying apparatus, etc., of Toncan Iron. Architect for Board of Education, Wm. H. Gompert; Sheet Metal Contractor. Perpignan Beaumont Corp., N. Y. City.

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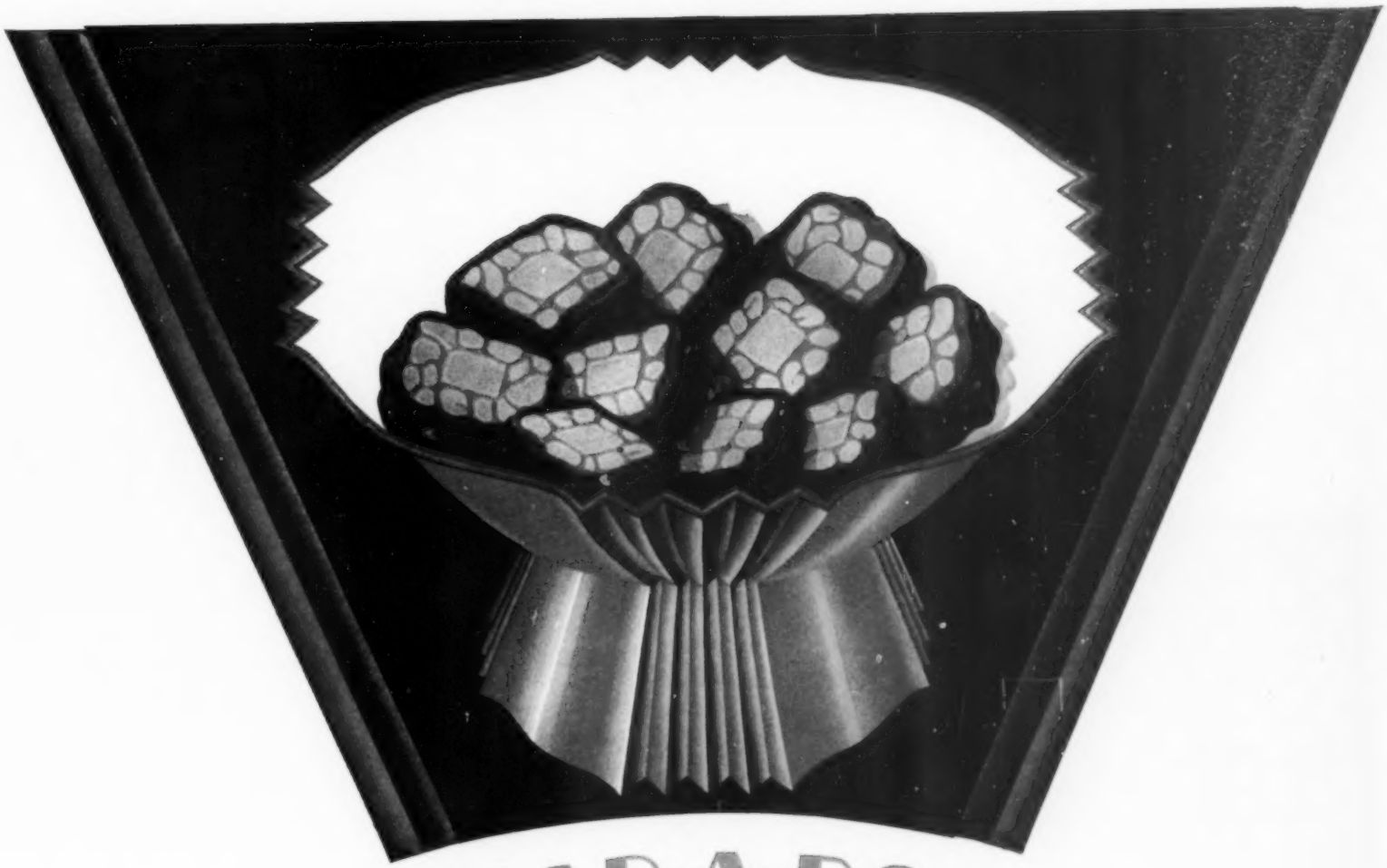

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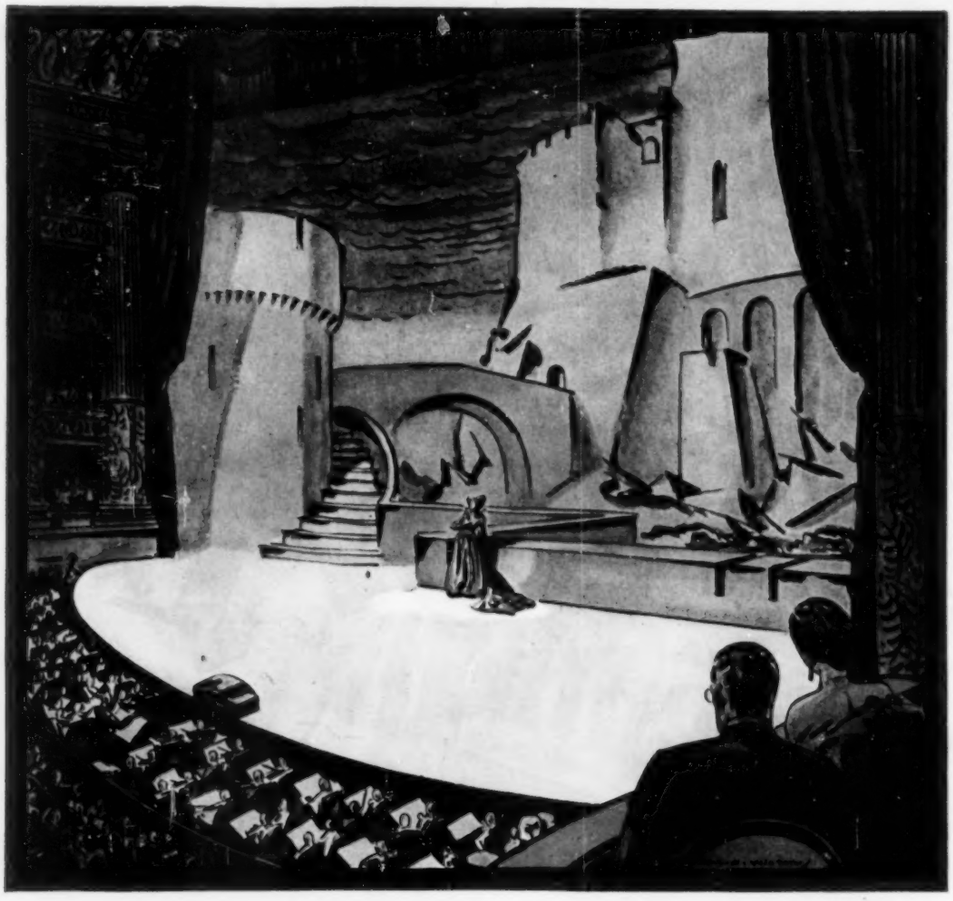

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